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Comprata quest'Opera dal Sig. Dr. Hendel il 4. Dec. 1824. Con la grande edizione delle Opere d'Alfieri Vol. 22. in 8.vo Italia 1805 a 1815 pagata £ 150. Sterl.a Libri Subito.

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"Malheur au bon esprit dont la pensée altière
D'un cœur indépendant s'élance tout entière,
Qui respire un air libre, et jamais n'applaudit
Au despotisme en vogue, à l'erreur en crédit.
* * * * * * * *
Mais ferme dans ma route, et vrai dans mes discours,
Tel je fus,—tel je suis,—tel je serai toujours."

"We travellers are in very hard circumstances. If we say nothing but what has been said before us, we are dull and we have observed nothing. If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as fabulous and romantic; not allowing either for the difference of ranks (which affords difference of company), or more curiosity, or change of customs that happens every twenty years in every country."—Lady M. W. Montague.

VOL. I.



PARIS:

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,

AT THE FRENCH, ENGLISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, AND SPANISH LIBRARY,

No. 18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1821.

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THE following Work has been composed from a journal kept during a residence in Italy, in the years 1819–20. The notes on Law, Statistics, and on Literary Disputes, together with the Appendix on the State of Medicine, have, at the Author's request, been contributed by Sir C. Morgan.

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ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORIC SKETCHES.

Italy under the Lombards.—Under the Republics.—Under Spain and Austria.—At the period of the French Revolution.

THE fables of antiquity have assigned to the Peninsula of Italy a golden age; and history, sufficiently vague, but better accredited, has peopled its Eden plains with confederated tribes; and has covered regions with numerous flocks and plenteous harvests, where desolation now reigns over pestilential marshes.[1]

The Etruscans occupying the vast and lovely tract between the Arno and the Tibur, took the start of the surrounding states. Their career was brilliant,

[1] "In un clima caldo l'irrigazione è la naturale nutrice dell' agricoltura: ma questo prezioso dono non può ottenersi senza permanenti lavori, e continue spece, la cui negligenza produce oggidì in quelle medesime provincie, in cambio di felicità, l' insalubrità e la miseria."—MICALI, *L'Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani*, vol. i. p. 231.

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but their story brief. In their origin, brave, ingenious, and united; in their progress, corrupt, luxurious, and divided; they flourished by their unity, and fell by their divisions: but they were still to the peninsula, what the Athenians long were to Greece, when from the midst of the warlike and pastoral villages of Latium, Rome arose. Vile in its origin, barbarous in its institutions, a casual association of robbers and of outcasts became the destiny of mankind. Opposed to the Roman prowess, the states of Italy ceased to exist. Europe to the extent of its known boundaries was subjugated to slavery, and the independence of almost the entire civilized world merged in the dominion of the Quirites.

The dissolution of the mightiest social combination which had ever existed, stands foremost among those rare events that serve as beacon rocks, in the ocean of time, to break up its vastness, and give to the eye of philosophy a point of concentration and repose. When Rome fell, the elements of existing society separated, to recombine under new forms, and to unite in new proportions. A race of another mould and fibre from that with which the redundant population of the east had colonized the more temperate regions of Europe, swarmed over the cultivated plains of Italy, and violated its luxurious cities. An unknown product from the foundery of a new creation thinned the ranks of refined degeneracy; and as they poured forth in successive multitudes from their northern forests over the Alps and the Apennines, the Jura and the Pyrenees, they carried conquest in their van, and left desolation in their rear. Less animated by enterprise than goaded by want, with massacre for their means, and spoil for their object, they exterminated

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while they plundered, and destroyed what they were unable to enjoy. [1] Such was the origin of those feudal dynasties, which now trace back their rights to Divine dispensation, and confound their existence with the laws of the creation.[2] For it is notable

[1] "Les Francs, rendus maîtres de la France, regardèrent l'agriculture et les arts utiles comme des occupations d'esclaves, ou des Gaulois. C'est ce gothique mépris pour les pères nourriciers de la patrie, cet honneur à l'oisiveté, et cet esprit d'indépendance et de domination, d'où devait sortir la noblesse héréditaire et le monstre de la féodalité, ce fléau le plus épouvantable dont le ciel, dans sa colère, peut frapper une nation libre."—Mémoires sur les États-Généraux, par le Comte d'Entragues.

In 1777 a Constitutional Minister of France, authorized by the King, endeavoured to strike at that terrible remnant of feudality, the Corvée. The hereditary nobility and the clergy rose against this innovation made in favour of the people, and, in their remonstrance, made use of the following argument: —"Que l'exemption de la Corvée confond les états! que l'impôt territorial confond le clergé et la noblesse avec le peuple! que, dans le point de droit, celui de la Corvée appartenait aux Francs sur leurs hommes; que les Francs étaient tenus de faire *servir* leurs hommes à divers ouvrages utiles au Roi et à l'état; que, suivant Loiseau, jurisconsulte célèbre, *la noblesse n'est tenue de payer la taille, ni faire vile corvée, mais servir à la guerre et autre acte de noblesse.*"—Observations sur les Remontrances relatives aux Corvées: Paris, Mar. 21, 1777.

Thus the line between Franks and Gauls was as distinctly marked at the period of the French Revolution as in the 6th century. To this remonstrance the unfortunate Louis XVI., the victim of this faction of Franks, was obliged to yield; and he retracted the consent he had humanely given to the measure of his minister.

[2] "N'en doutons pas, Chrétiens, Dieu a préparé dans son conseil éternel les premières familles; mais principalement celles qui doivent gouverner les nations. C'est par la suite de ces conseils que Dieu a fait naître les puissantes maisons, celle de France et celle d'Autriche, *dont il se sert pour balancer les*

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that there are no legitimate beginnings of empires; and that all monarchical governments, owing their origin to the wants or the crimes of man, are founded in conquest, or are consolidated by usurpation. Different stages of society may variously colour the event: but the Odoacres, the Alboins, the Clovises, the Charlemagnes, the Guiscards, and the Bonapartes, have all equally proceeded upon the same principle, and triumphed by the same means.

While monarchies and dynasties thus rise by physical force and moral feebleness, constitutional governments have other means, as well as other epochs, of developement. The era in which they are called into existence is the brightest, and the best, in the history of humanity. It is that, in which an universal diffusion of knowledge, leading to a just appreciation of rights, demonstrates the evil of privilege, and ripens the instinct of liberty into a fixed principle of personal inviolability and political independence.

On the fall of the Roman empire, the social and political organization of Europe, her master language and universal laws, alike submitted to change, or to extinction. Every trace of the Asiatic characteristics, which distinguished her southern regions, was effaced; and the brilliant mythology she had adopted and naturalized, which had so long peopled her temperate climes with the bright imagery of more fervid zones, faded away like the fantasms of a gay dream. Then arose a system to govern the minds of men, remote alike from the divine revelation of Jehovah, as from the splendid rites of Jove. Founded in sacrifice, en-

choses humaines."—Bossuet, Oraison funèbre de Marie Thérèse, Reine de Louis XIV.

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forced by persecution, with terror for its spring, and human degradation for its object, dark, despotic, exclusive, and sanguinary, it rose above all temporal power; and arrogating a divine origin, called itself—THE CHURCH.

The northern hordes were well adapted to receive and propagate a doctrine, gloomy and powerful as the creed of their fathers; and while the altars of Odin still smoked, his followers presented themselves, smeared with the blood of victims, at the baptismal font,[1] whence they went forth to plunder, and to kill; to propagate doctrines by the sword, to punish resistance by the faggot.

During the operation of causes which desolated and re-peopled nations, the paradise, which had invited the Greeks, which had lured from the land of Canaan [2] and the plains of Egypt, partook largely and fatally of the changes, which were impressing a new

[1] When the bands of the fierce and petty chieftain Clovis were flying before the Germans in the plains of Tolbach, he, having in vain invoked the aid of his own battle god, exclaimed, in his despair, "God of Clotilda, I vow, if thou gainest the battle for me, to have none other god but thee." The battle was won. Clotilda, who was carrying on the war in the south, hastened to her husband's christening, burning some towns in Burgundy on her way, which belonged to her own uncle. Clovis was baptised at Rheims, with *three thousand* of his followers, for whose faith he pledged himself to St. Remi; declaring, that when he had time, he would inform them what the ceremony meant. It was upon this occasion that Clovis received the St. Ampoule, which has conferred divine right upon all his successors. An angel descended from heaven with the holy ointment to St. Remi, which lasted till the Revolution, when it emigrated with the other legitimate relics, to return with them at the Restoration.

[2] Maffei.

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character upon society; and Italy had more than her share of the vicissitude and suffering which distracted the rest of Europe. Involved in the fiercest contests, alternately overrun and oppressed by Imperial exarchs, and Gothic chiefs, she retrograded with a rapidity proportioned to her previous superiority in arts and literature; and had already far sunk into the Cimmerian darkness of that fearful period termed the Lower Ages, when the Lombards, the last and the least known of the northern tribes, quitted their Pannonian forests, and, led on by their noted chieftain Alboin, marched in the track, usurped the power, and surpassed the fortunes of all their barbarous predecessors.

Among the vigorous races of the northern hive, the Longobardi seem to have been stamped with nature's own mark of physiological superiority. They brought with them into the enervating regions of the south, a fierce, but generous courage, and a powerful and dominant instinct of liberty, which has been found working at intervals through all the successive stages of Italy's woeful existence. It was that spirit which so early resisted the prescriptiveness of feudality, and gave the first shock to foreign influence under the German emperors. It was that spirit which enfranchised northern Italy, founded herglorious republics, and cemented that holy alliance of free citizens, the LEAGUE OF LOMBARDY, the miracle of its age, the Magna Charta of southern Europe.

This warlike and independent race had spread and settled from the Alps to the Tibur, and had rendered itself master of northern Italy, when the dynasty of its chiefs, after a turbulent and contested reign of two centuries, fell in the person of Desiderius; and

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the iron crown of Lombardy for the first time encircled the brow of a foreign victor. Charlemagne, who had won it, at the head of his barbarous Franks, affected to receive it at the hands of the Roman Pontiff:—at the distance of a thousand years, a soldier of fortune, an usurper, like himself, led on *his* ultramontains, and waiting for no holy hand to consecrate the act, himself placed the iron crown of Desiderius upon his own brow, with that threat, then so bold, but now so vain,—

DIO ME L'A DATO, GUAI A CHE TOCCA.[1]

The glory of the Carlovingian race was short-lived: *Louis-le-Gros* soon lost all that Charles the Great had won. The politics of Europe changed. The Popes found it their interest to oppose the German power to the preponderance of French influence; as, to forward their own views, they had assisted the French, against the independence of Italy. The intrigues of John the Twelfth placed the diadem of the German empire and the crown of Lombardy upon the head of Otho the Great. Then the kingdom of Italy lost its individuality, and ceased to have a capital; while its new master was a stranger to his foreign dominions.

But the sway which was delegated, was lightened; and that neglect which is the natural result of a distant rule, opened the door to a new and fearful invasion. In the eleventh century, the incursions of the Huns and the Saracens, and the internal disorders of

[1] "God has given it me; woe to him who touches it"—the words pronounced by Napoleon when he crowned himself at Milan.

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Italy, pressed on the very life-nerve of human endurance. The spirit of the Lombards broke forth in their Italian descendants, as the salient features of an antique coin penetrate and brighten through the rusts of time, under the force of a rude and accidental friction. The towns of Lombardy demanded permission of the Emperor to defend themselves; and political necessity produced their enfranchisement. The immunity became universal; the effect was electric. Every town had its charter, every village its diploma, to use the right given by the God of nature, the true and only right divine, the right of self-defence. In walls, raised by the hands which defended them, in municipal institutes founded in the election and the confidence of the people, existed the first rude outline of that consummation of legislative wisdom, A NATIONAL ARMY, AND A REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT. Even the Church felt the vibration of the shock given to ignorance, prejudice, and power: for the Arian bishops of Lombardy permitted a freedom of inquiry, which had some resemblance to the fearless researches of philosophy, and the mild toleration of more enlightened times.[1]

The maritime states of Venice, Pisa, and Genoa, had procured their freedom before the cities of Lombardy had sued and obtained that benefit; but in the twelfth century the doctrines of civil liberty had been practically taught throughout all Italy, by the exigencies which had enforced an equal distribution of power; and the municipal ties, originated by neces-

[1] The Lombards established Arianism in Italy. "Les Italiens du onzième siècle," says Sismondi, "étaient de tous les Chrétiens les moins disposés à croire à un ordre émané du Ciel."

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sity, had gradually developed into republican institutions: thus by slowly infringing upon prerogative, the States of Italy usurped their liberties, through the same means as princes acquire an unconstitutional authority.[1] The yoke of a foreign master was gradually lightened, till it was no longer felt; and the extent and limit of the imperial States became so vague and faint, that even the umpire called upon to decide them, failed in the attempt.[2]

The theocratic domination, first impatiently supported, was soon disputed, and its dogmas attacked; until in the twelfth century the independent States of Italy took their place among nations, and exhibited to the startled apprehension of prescriptive power as many prosperous republics, as there had been enfranchised towns. The Imperial claims were derided. Feudality escaping from her battered Donjons, sued for the protection of the free cities, by which she had been shorn of her power and restricted in her privileges. The baronial bishops were deprived of their temporal jurisdictions; and Popes, who had trodden on the necks of kings, were defied by the citizens of Milan and of Florence. Even Rome, fallen as she was, reflected the light which civil liberty had kindled; and the eloquence of a republican monk forwarded the cause of freedom in that forum, where Cicero had so often defended it.[3]

[1] Sismondi, Hist. des Rép. Ital. vol. i.

[2] "Trop faibles pour faire valoir leurs droits dans toute leur étendue, leurs prétentions sur la Lombardie et sur l'Italie, les Rois de l'Allemagne ne tiraient de ce pays qu'un revenu incertain."—Müller, Hist. Univers.

[3] Arnold of Brescia, the friend and disciple of Abelard. He preached the *gospel*, in opposition to the Church, and mingled

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Power thus attacked in her two great holds of authority and of opinion, roused all her energies, and coalesced all her forces. The most puissant of potentates and of pontiffs, Frederick Barbarossa and Eugene III., now closely bound by mutual interests, forgot their recent feuds in the common cause; and consecrated their holy alliance by ceremonies that pourtrayed their respective views. The Emperor received the crown of the Cæsars from the hand of the Pope in the Basilica of St. Peter; the Pope received the keys of his temporal power from him by whom the Cæsars were represented. Hecatombs of Roman lives were offered up on the ratification of this alliance, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul; and a plenary indulgence was granted by the Pontiff to the German legions, which had, previously to these rites, massacred his republican flock.

Thus prepared and pledged, these two great protectors of the social order of that day marched with their foreign cohorts of thousands and tens of thousands against the liberties of Italy. Milan, then the most beautiful and populous of the Italian cities—Milan, with her faithful ally Tortona, was the first destined object of this imperial and holy crusade, as she had been the first, by her illumination and prosperity, to alarm its leaders. But it was in vain that

the doctrines of civil liberty with the precepts of the Christian faith. He painted the Saviour as the first of reformers, and the Scriptures as the basis of political freedom. The people, kindled by his eloquence, assembled at the capitol to substitute a senate for a conclave. The result of this sedition was the union of the Pope and the Emperor; and Arnold was burned alive, by the advice of St. Bernard, the director of the Pope's conscience.

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thousands were opposed to hundreds; and that disciplined and permanent armies, fresh from conquest and from slaughter, were led against citizen soldiers, inferior in skill as in numbers. Tortona indeed was laid in ashes, the plough passed over the streets of Milan, her name was erased from the list of nations, and history shudders at the details which truth extorts from her records. But in the destruction of these fair and free cities, in the extermination of one half of their inhabitants and the sufferings of the other, originated the great pact of Italian emancipation and national confederacy. The Imperial conqueror received congratulatory homage from feudal princes and legitimate kings; from prelates and from Podestas (the corporators of those times); but Italy stood apart. Stunned, not subdued: superior to complaint, she armed for vengeance. The re-action was as terrible as the offence which had excited it. Invading legions were routed with an almost exterminating slaughter; and the hitherto invincible enemy of the independence of Italy, defeated on the very site of his former conquest, was driven forth a wanderer, to die obscurely, amidst the ruin of his disastrous fortunes.[1]

[1] After his complete defeat, on his second invasion of Italy, Barbarossa was reduced to fly almost alone, through the mountains of Savoy, and to seek shelter from Count Humbert. Pavia alone, of all Italy, remained true to him during the twenty-two years which had elapsed between the two invasions. He had brought from the remotest parts of Germany seven powerful armies, and had armed, in his personal cause, a million of men. By a sort of poetical justice, the career of his baffled ambition terminated in defeat and disgrace, on that spot on which he had obtained his most signal triumphs over liberty and right.

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Milan and Tortona arose rapidly from their ashes. The free States of Italy, animated by one principle, and united in one cause, confederated their powers; and sacrificing municipal jealousies to national independence, instituted *The League of Lombardy!* [1]

While Milan, Florence, Sienna, and Tortona, were combating for rights, and Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, were protecting them; while knowledge and commerce were opening new sources of strength to the free States, among which alone they could flourish, and a national feeling was spreading its influence from the Alps to the Apennines, the neighbouring kingdoms, engaged in endless contests for privileges and prerogatives, exhibited the same spectacle of feudality retarding the civilisation of the communities it infested. In France an anarchical hereditary nobility were selling the nation, and opposing the king:—alike traitors to the people, and rebels to the sovereign, they epitomized all the evils of a system, which Italy alone had the spirit to resist, and the perseverance to subdue.

Circumstances foreign to the internal policy of the Italian republics arose, to increase their influence,

[1] The League of Lombardy was confirmed by the Treaty of Constance, in 1185. The Emperor, by that treaty, granted to the Republics all the *droits régaliens;* all the privileges they had acquired by custom, time, and prescription; the right of raising armies, fortifying cities, and exercising civil and criminal jurisdiction, within their States, with all the advantages which their independence had claimed, their arms won, and their force protected. The Republics were legally acknowledged by the Emperor and the Pope; and the long struggle for Italian liberty ended in a complete triumph over the most formidable coalition which Church and State have ever opposed to human happiness and natural right.

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and enlarge their powers. The contests of the Guelph and Ghibeline factions,—the first headed by the immediate descendants of Otho the Great, the second led on by the reigning house of Germany—gave a new importance to the independent cities, from the weight they were capable of flinging into the balance of whichever side they adopted. Hatred to the son of Barbarossa was the inheritance of every Italian citizen; and whatever party stood opposed to the reigning family of Germany, had the Republics of Italy for their natural ally. It was also the interest of the Pope to oppose the increasing influence of the Emperors; and by joining what was then considered as the liberal party, he became for a period united in alliance with the free States.

The details of these long and frightful feuds are too well known to dwell upon. In their results they were fatal to humanity. The rival ambition of Popes and Emperors contributed to embroil Italy in sanguinary and civil contests, to divert her States from the pursuit of their true interests, to revive the influence of feudality, to originate the establishment of permanent armies, and give importance to the talents and prowess of military chiefs;[1] to the detriment of the more meritorious private citizen and patriot magistrate. Yet with all these impedi-

[1] The exigencies of turbulent times extended the sphere of the army; and, by changing a national militia into a permanent force, laid the foundation of future subjection. The petty *suzeraines* of Italy who still preserved their chieftainries—the seigneuries of Este, of Ferrara, and Verona—grew into consequence. Then were multiplied the famous Condottieri, the "Capitaines d'honneur et d'armes," men of predatory habits and military skill. "Le perfectionnement de l'ar-

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ments to improvement and prosperity, Italy, free Italy, took the lead of feudal Europe. Whatever light was emitted came from her superior illumination. Industry and independence flourished in Milan; liberty found her palladium in Florence, where counters were opened for the commerce of the world; and arts, literature, and science, again raised their temples on their ancient sites. The political springs of other governments were thrown into action by the moral mastery of Florentine minds;[1] and while this republic lent ministers to other nations, she chose her own statesmen from her poets and philosophers—poets and philosophers who were not less distinguished as patriots and freemen. In quick succession she produced Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio; and the world had no parallel for her intellectual superiority. Agriculture kept pace with manufactures. She clothed royalty with the gorgeous products of her looms, and supplied improvident nations from her granaries.

The existence of the Italian Republics was a sole-

mure," says Müller, "des gens d'armerie fut l'ouvrage des gentilshommes. Leur force était irrésistible, et la force militaire ainsi se trouva entre les mains des nobles."—Histoire universelle.

[1] There were assembled at Rome, to congratulate Boniface the VIIIth, twelve ambassadors from different states, all Florentines. These were, Vermiglio Alfani, from the Emperor; Musciatto Franzesi, from Philip of France; Ugolino da Vicchio, from the King of England; Rimeri, from Bohemia; Simone di Rossi, from Andronicus, Emperor of Constantinople; Guicciardo Bastari, from the Great Khan of Tartary; Manno Adimari, from K. Charles of Naples; Guido Talanca, from Frederick of Sicily; Bencivenni Folchi, from the Grand Master of Rhodes; Lapo Uberti, from Pisa; Cino Diotisalvi, from the Seigneur of Camerino; and Palla Strozzi, from Florence.

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cism in the reigning system of Europe; and their example dangerous to its permanency. From contemporaries they obtained no sympathy, for they still kept in advance of their own times. Generations rose therefore successively to crush what they dared not imitate; and they called on the ministers of their own errors to exterminate the *few*, whose progress in wisdom and liberty shamed the dark and fettered *many*. Despotism and bigotry, obeying the call as often as it was given, started from the fortress, and rushed from the cell, and clanked the chain, and kindled the faggot. The State shook her iron sceptre, the Church unfurled her red-cross banner. Princes and pontiffs, linked in fraternal hatred against freedom and truth, renewed the vows of Eugene and Barbarossa; and imperial legions, armed by kings, and blessed by infallible priests, were let loose against the rights and the happiness of a few free cities, who had proved by the test of experiment, that knowledge and civil liberty are the sole bases of human virtue and civilization.

The existence of liberty in Italy was like the natural day of her brilliant climate; it rose in bursts of splendour, and sunk in sudden and unprepared darkness. Her republics invaded, environed, overwhelmed by the successive armies of Europe, which had either raised or protected her domestic enemies, till distrust at home became more formidable than even the danger from without;[1] her rich soil bathed in the blood of her sons, vainly shed in her defence; her States

[1] The Visconti, Sforza, Medici, D'Este, Farnese, etc. etc. who all owed their power and permanency, if not their elevation, to the intrigues of Austria, France, Spain, and the Popes.

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divided by papal intrigues and feudal pretensions; her plains the field chosen by contending potentates, to dispute their unfounded and ambitious claims to the country they desolated; Italy, to the last gasp of her independence, exhibited the results of her free institutions; and like the dying gladiator of her Capitol, was sublime even in the last pang of dissolution. Her splendid capitals were invested, besieged and ravaged, and suffered under the accumulated horrors of war, pestilence, and famine, brought on by the occupation of the Austrian and Spanish armies; her best citizens, and immortal authors were put to the torture, and branded with the name of conspirators,[1] for defending their country against domestic tyranny, upheld by foreign interference; a flood of demoralization was let in upon her society by the licence and crimes of foreign troops and predatory bands; and from the walls of Milan, to the sanctuary of the Vatican, the loveliest country of Europe was desolated by acts of savage atrocity and brutal violation, from which even at this distance of time humanity shudders and recoils.[2]

[1] In the affair of the Orti Oricellari, Agostino Capponi and Pietro Paolo Boscoli, a man of letters, were decapitated, upon the pretext, true or false, of conspiracy against Julian and Lorenzo di Medici; and Machiavelli was imprisoned, ruined, and tortured, and his noble spirit broken down to the composition of his "Prince," which many have considered as a formal retractation of those principles which had actuated him through life.—See Guicciardini, and also Machiavelli's Letters.

[2] "Era veramente la Lombardia ridotta nelle maggiori angustie: desolata dalla peste, in balía alla licenza militare, doveva obbedire al capriccio ed alla sfrenatezza d'un esercito, a chi la vittoria parea che rendesse tutto lecito, et a chi i comandanti istessi doveano permettere come un' indennizzazione

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In 1521, the star of the house of Austria held the ascendant in the political hemisphere of the world,[1] and Charles the Fifth was advancing with rapidity to universal monarchy, that consummation so often and so devoutly wished by royal ambition, when one little city, with its band of patriots, opposed the views of the most powerful sovereign which, since the days of Charlemagne, the world had seen. The glory of this resistance was reserved for Florence. Milan, having first fallen a victim to her petty sovereigns and to the intrigues of France, was ravaged by the Imperial troops, under circumstances more terrible than those that had fallen on her population when Barbarossa had passed the plough over her ruins. But Florence, in spite of the crimes and frequent usurpations of the detested and deposed Medici, still struggled for liberty, and resisted the domestic tyranny of a family long supported by the greatest potentates of Europe. The Medici had hitherto united with the house of France, with which they were allied; but the increasing power and successes of Charles induced Pope Leo the Tenth to change his system; and he entered into engagements with the Emperor, who bound himself to back the house of Medici in their claim to the sovereignty of Florence, and to take the Holy See under his especial care. This alliance was afterwards renewed by Clement the Seventh.

Francis the First, that *preux* whose life was one

alle paghe che non ricevevano, gli assassini, gli stupri, i saccheggi." Pignotti, vol. ix, p. 72.

[1] "Cioch' è stato dagli storici chiamato *la propizia stella* della Casa d'Austria."—Ibid. p. 38. Charles the Fifth was grandson of the Duke of Austria, called Maximilian the Pennyless.

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perpetual falsehood,[1] having first united with the Florentines against the Emperor and the Pope, broke with his allies. By the disgraceful treaty of Cambray, which was gossiped over by two old women,[2] he delivered Florence into the hands of its hereditary tyrants, and implacable foes, the Medici and the Emperor.

Florence now stood alone, and it was her fatal preeminence to wind up the last act of Italy's direful tragedy. The first article in the treaty between Clement and Charles stipulated for the restoration of the splendour and establishment of the house of Medici in the person of Alexander, the husband of the Emperor's illegitimate daughter. The republic of Florence, which had so often and so recently hunted the Medicean faction from her gates, refused a despot though offered by one who had become the umpire of Europe. Negociations had already proved vain. The Emperor would hear nothing from the Florentine ambassadors, as long as Florence affected to maintain an independent government: the Pope would listen to no terms, but those which should place his family upon the throne of Tuscany. The ambassadors rejected both with disdain; and refused to in-

[1] Francis, when a prisoner in Spain, and weary of confinement, pledged his honour to the Emperor, that he would return to Madrid, if permitted to visit his dominions. When he reached the frontiers of France, he burst into a fit of laughter at Charles's credulity; and, arriving at Paris, built a little pavilion, and calling it Madrid, took possession of it, with "Me voici à Madrid." So much for *Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur.*

[2] The two ladies who thus settled the affairs of nations were, the famous Louisa, queen mother of France, who, having robbed the Exchequer by a forgery, caused her son's most faithful minister to be hanged for the defalcation: the other was Charles the Fifth's aunt Margaret.

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sult the people by repeating them. The scabbard was then flung away; and the citizens of Florence undertook to defend their State against the troops of combined nations. The Pope's army was composed of the soldiers who had lately besieged him in his retreat in St. Angelo, and was made up of all the Spanish and Austrian corps, which had not fallen victims of their own excesses in the dreadful sacking of Rome. To these were joined the refuse of the Italian population, outlaws and banditti, and the still more fearful and better-organized Masnadieri. Such was the force led on by a Prince of Orange, which Clement the Seventh with parricidal impiety directed against his native city; while himself and the Emperor were engaged in getting up the pageant of the Imperial coronation a t Bologna.

Arrived within view of Florence, this fierce and formidable army paused breathless with admiration; and contemplating its lovely site, the richness and elegance of its gardens and villas, and all the symptoms of opulence and civilization with which its industry and free institutions had covered it, they struck their spears in ferocious threatenings, and shouted that insult which was meant to shew their contempt of a commercial people, and indicated the true motive of their mercenary warfare.[1]

Opposed to this dreadful picture of outrage and violation, the internal preparation for the siege of Florence was a gracious contrast. But the details,

[1] "Apparecchia, O Firenza, i tuoi broccali d'oro, che no venghiamo a comprarli a misura di picche."—Varchi, Istor l. 10.

"Get ready, Florence, your golden brocades; we are come to purchase them with our spears."

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all splendid and beautiful as they are, belong to nobler and more ample pages, than that in which they are now only recalled, as dates in the history of human virtue. The patriot death of Niccolo Capponi :[1] —Michael Angelo hastening from his great work to shut himself up in the city of his birth in the hour of her greatest need, pouring his glorious earnings into her public coffers, and raising walls for her defence with those hands which had painted the Divinity on the walls of the Vatican, and chiselled the immortal Moses, the wonder and admiration of posterity :—Savonarola [2] purchasing his certain martyrdom in the dungeons of Rome by preaching resistance to the holy crusade, and stirring up a love of ancient liberty :—three thousand of the Florentine youth of the highest rank, self-armed, marching solemnly to the altar, and pledging themselves on the holy scriptures to defend the liberties of Florence to the last drop of their blood :—two thousand of the elders, from the age of 40 to 55, armed like their sons, and taking the same holy engagement in the presence of their wives and children :—the most luxurious of the aristocracy consenting to the destruction of their villas and galleries without the walls, for the protection of the city :—the more tragic sacrifices made of kindred and friends whom

[1] Foreseeing the impossibility of saving Florence, whatever might be the efforts of the citizens, his heart broke under the conviction; and his dying words were a lamentation for his country.—Vita di Niccolo Capponi.

[2] Varchi, Istor. l. 11. Benvenuto Cellini, who was afterwards incarcerated in the dungeon where Savonarola died the most heroic of deaths, makes a most pathetic allusion to the sufferings of his predecessor, in describing his own.

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the people demanded as victims for having notoriously betrayed their country, as spies or emissaries of the Pope and Emperor :—the brave sorties against the formidable foe, and the wild attacks upon the Spanish and German troops in their own camp—all these traits of patriotism and public spirit could not save the devoted city, where liberty clung to her last altar.

Florence fell : but in her last agony, with pestilence within her walls, and the ferocious enemy at her gates, and want and exhaustion thinning her armed ranks, the people still demanded to be led to battle and to die upon their ramparts. Famine effected what a superior force could not achieve. The Florentines capitulated ; but even in the moment of laying down their arms, they stipulated for their liberties, and proposed a definite constitution to the conqueror. The Emperor gave them a despotic prince, and that prince a Medici.

Italy fell with Florence. From that period, broken and parcelled out, she beheld the greatest part of her dominions under the unlimited power of Spain and Austria ; until the separation of the States of Charles the Fifth left the greater portion of those fertile tracts called by the Lombards the Kingdom of Italy, under the dominion of Spain.

The chain of foreign and domestic despotism was gradually drawn to its extreme tension. Sixtus the Fifth followed up the system of his immediate predecessors, augmented the power of the pontiffs, and established a police in Rome that tended to exterminate the faint workings of freedom, which still broke out at intervals in the turbulence of the Roman patricians ; until the total debasement of that order laid them in the dust, from whence they have never risen.

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The maritime republics still boasted of their independence, but their liberties were gone; and the principalities of Italy sunk into the last stage of degradation and bigotry. Towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, a strong tendency towards the concentration of power manifested itself in all the governments of Europe. The republics were taught to become aristocratic, the monarchies to be absolute, the pontiffs more independent of the conclave. The policy of Philip the Second of Spain, himself a monster in the human genus, but an abstract perfection of despotism, was adopted in almost every cabinet of Europe. From that moment the most fatal effects were produced on the moral and political existence of society. Wars ceased to be national, and became the affair of governments for the interests of particular families; public spirit disappeared, and public opinion lost its influence; men ceased to be citizens, and were only considered as subjects. On the continent the system was universally successful; and, if it failed in England in spite of the unremitting efforts of the four Stuarts, she owed her salvation to her two glorious revolutions.[1]

From this period the Moorish gallantry of Spain, the generous independence of the old Castilian character, were extinguished under the influence of her kings and Inquisition. A few epigrammatic poets and playwriters[2] could not rescue France from the

[1] The first revolution, though unsuccessful, and *therefore* stigmatized by the name of rebellion, was the parent of English liberty, and exhibited an ardour, a generosity, and an intellectual vigour in the people, much superior to those displayed in the more calculated movement of 1688.

[2] "Siècle de grands talens bien plus que de lumières."—Volt.

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vilest corruption in manners, and the darkest despotism in government. Germany could scarcely retrograde; and she remained not more free than in the days of her Barbarossa, and only more enlightened as the Reformation broke partially upon her gloomy and cumbrous dulness. The northern governments were still in a state of simple savagery, redeemed by some scintillations of independence, which brightened at intervals in Sweden. Prussia was scarcely known under her petty chiefs, but as a German district; and Russia, slowly emerging from absolute barbarism in the beginning of the seventeenth century, without laws, government, morals, or letters, exhibited in that ingenious and energetic savage her czar Peter, "the head and front" of her national civilization.

But Italy—Italy, which had so long characterized the northern hordes as ultramontane barbarians, which had thrice given to Europe letters, arts, and sciences, under the Etruscans, under the Romans, and under her republics,—Italy, which could not be uncivilized, suffered a severer penalty, and was degraded. She lost her living character, and became a dead letter among nations. The traveller visited her existing capitals, as antiquaries descend into buried cities, for the relics they exhibit and the monuments they preserve. The only symptoms of animation which varied her fatal repose, were the battles fought on her plains by her foreign masters with their foreign foes.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, Spain ruled the two Sicilies by viceroys, who occasionally maddened the people into insurrections by cruelties and exactions; and she gave Princes, by conquests,

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treaties, and alliances, to the feudal States of the interior; while Tuscany and Lombardy lay benumbed in lifeless torpidity under the house of Austria. To general and long operating causes which had nearly extinguished the primitive elements of the Italian character, was added one necessarily and powerfully influential, a peace of fifty years. The despotism which had depraved, now ceased to gall: the sybarite subjects of the Italian sovereigns vegetated under a bondage, which became mild in proportion as it was unresisted. Deprived of every principle of re-action within, and totally unmolested from without, excluded alike from all collision of interest and all communication of intellect, the descendants of heroes, of poets, of patriots, and of sages, were lost in a voluptuous tranquillity and steeped in dull licentiousness: in religion bigots, in morals abandoned, in intellect infantine, and in the scale of nations a nonentity. In the midst of this universal and death-like repose, the crash of distant thunders, such as the Capitoline Jupiter or the chief of the Christian Vatican had never fulminated, was heard bursting over the eternal summits of the guardian Alps. The electric lights which broke along the political chain of Europe, let fall their sparks upon the plains of Lombardy; the shock was felt in the voluptuous bowers of the Arno, in the gorgeous galleries of the Quirinal, and from the Semplon to Vesuvius all Italy responded a fearful vibration. A revolution in public opinion first manifested its existence by terrible symptoms in France, where every human abuse had reached the utmost possibility of endurance. This was the arrival of one of those great epochs in the history of humanity which return at remote intervals, like astronomic

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phenomena. Grand, splendid, and overwhelming, they are the results of the moral instinct of man urging forward the cause of that truth, which is to lessen the weight of his evils and to increase his sum of good. For all tends but to that, the here and the hereafter, the ox offered to Isis, and the light analyzed by Newton. History has recorded these epochs as they appeared, the luminous *avatars* of mind, in Egypt, in Greece, in Italy, and in England. She has also recorded the shock of temporary interests successively opposed to their duration and influence. But though power and system have from age to age forced a recoil, they have neither broken the spring of the impulse, nor obliterated the trace of the passing impression. It is thus the tide, ebbing as it flows, marks the circle of each successive wave on the sands from which it retires; until, finally effecting its immutable law, it covers with its waters the whole waste of shore where rocks and shoals have vainly stemmed its incursions. To trace the result of this European revolution in Italy, which broke up for ever the stale institutes of feudality, and the power of the Church, is the object of the following pages; to which the foregoing brief sketch of Italian story has been deemed necessary. For while the classical annals of Italy, with all their vices and crimes, make a part of the established education of England, the far nobler history of the Italian Republics, "*les siècles des mérites ignorés*," remains but little known, notwithstanding the analogy of their free political institutions to our own, and their early dissemination of knowledge through the rest of Europe.

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CHAPTER II.

PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

Lans-le-bourg.—Mount Cenis.—Ancient and Actual Condition of the Road.—Passage of the French Army.—State of the Military Forces of France at the period of the Revolution, and of the Italian Invasion.

SAVOY, with all its wild variety of soil and scene, its vestiges of extinct volcanos, and sunny vales of pastoral beauty, may be considered as the vestibule of the Alps. As their mightier regions are approached, the country gradually loses its character of civilization, the last stunted vine withers upon the heights of Modane, and culture has ceased to clothe the interstices of rocks with its forced products, ere that acclivity is ascended, where, in the midst of "*regions dolorous*," stand the clustered hovels of the village of Lans-le-bourg.

The exhaustion of a long journey is a species of malady; and the peculiar weariness, physical and moral, which hangs on the close of each day's progress, may be said to be the periodical paroxysm of the disease. The truth of this remark is only to be verified in all its intensity by Continental travellers; and it is never perhaps more strongly illustrated than by

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those who, like the writer of these pages, reach the foot of the Alps at the close of a wearisome day, and catch through the deepening shadows of a dreary twilight, and the drifting eddies of a snow-shower, the first glimpses of those regions, which appear to the morbid perceptions of exhausted nature—

> "An universe of death, which God by curse
> Created evil, for evil only good."—MILTON.

The dark, narrow, plashy lane of Lans-le-bourg is terminated to the left by a spacious building, which rises directly opposite to the ascent of Mount Cenis. This building includes a barrack, and an inn,[1] built by the French. All else around was one wild waste of snow; and the murky huts of Lans-le-bourg looked like a Lapland village.

The passage of the Alps, from Hannibal to Napoleon, has been always described as awful and terrific; as something worse

> "Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived."

Benvenuto Cellini's journey over them to France, in the sixteenth century; Evelyn's in the seventeenth; and Lady Mary Wortley's, and Horace Walpole's in the eighteenth, are all described in terms which seem to exhaust the details of possible danger. "I intend to set out to-morrow," says the brilliant

[1] This inn is kept by an English family, and, contrary to general custom, afforded greater accommodation, comfort, and civility, than are usually offered by our emigrating countrymen. Good beds and good fare are peculiarly valuable, and valued, in this dreary spot, where the sudden diminution of temperature which necessarily accompanies a rapid ascent, leaves the body more susceptible of disagreeable impressions.

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ambassadress to the Ottoman Porte, "and pass those *dreadful* Alps so much talked of. If I come to the bottom, you shall hear of me."—"We began to ascend Mount Cenis, being carried on little seats of twisted osier fixed upon poles, upon men's shoulders."

Horace Walpole's description is still more formidable. "At the foot of Mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaise, which was taken to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried on low armchairs on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins."—"The dexterity and nimbleness of the mountaineers is inconceivable; they run down steeps and frozen precipices."—"We had twelve men and nine mules to carry us."—"On the top of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of firs, there darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Tory by the throat; and before we could possibly prevent it, sprung up the side of the rock, and carried him off."

To this perilous mode of passing the Alps, Lalande offers an alternative. "*Cela s'appelle se faire ramasser.*" One of the preliminaries of this speedy mode of travelling might be deemed quite sufficient to render it an experiment of rare occurrence; and the whole is sufficiently uninviting, from the first precipitation down the frozen snows of the mountain, till the half-dead traveller is picked up, or "*ramassé*," at the base of its rapid descent.[1]

[1] "This is only practised on the Savoy side, the Piedmontese mountains not being adapted to the process. For the operation, the traveller is seated on a traineau; and a guide is placed before him, (with iron spikes in his shoes, to stop the machine when it goes too fast,) who throws himself back on

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When, however, the passage of a Piedmontese princess, on her way to some royal bridegroom of France, was expected, the Corvée was exacted in all its terrible rigour, and the whole vassalage of Piedmont and Savoy were put into requisition to clear a path for the traineau of the royal bride.[1] But all under royalty passed, or perished, as it might be.

Impressed with all this perilous imagery, which the last book of travels, looked into over night, had revived in the memory, it was a dreary thing to rise with the dawn, the following morning, and from the window of *Lans-le-bourg* Inn, to behold that "*frozen continent, deep snow and ice, where armies whole have sunk.*" Immediately opposite the door, a black track in the snow was pointed out, as the old line of road over which the shuddering traveller was borne in osier baskets, on the shoulders of those porters of the Novalese and of Lans-le-bourg, who were of necessity reduced to the state of beasts of burden; and who frequently were obliged to fortify themselves against the severity of the elements they encountered, by means which sometimes endangered, and sometimes lost the lives of the persons committed to their care.[2] Beaver swathings! reeling porters! frozen precipices! young wolves! and dis-

the traveller, to prevent the effect of the shock from pitching him out. Thus arranged, the whole are projected down the frozen snow on the side of the mountain, and a quarter of an hour brings them to the foot of Mount Cenis."—Lalande.

[1] This was the case in 1775, on the marriage of the present King of France and his brother the Count d'Artois, to the two Princesses of Savoy.

[2] "On the very highest precipice of Mount Cenis, the devil of discord, in the similitude of sour wine, had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them a-fighting with Gray and me in

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located carriages on mules' backs, were predominating ideas, when, descending to the inn-yard to begin our journey, we found our carriage undisturbed, four post-horses, and two smart postilions, whose impatient "Allons, Monsieur, allons, Madame," recalled the technical jargon of the first stage from Paris. Their "*vif, vif,*" put the horses into motion; and we ascended in a trot that broad, smooth, magnificent road, which, carried over the mightiest acclivities of the mightiest regions, exceeds the military highways of antiquity, and shames the paved roads of modern France, whose price was the degradation of a nation.[1] The road, indeed, when we passed it, was covered with snow; but the fences on either side marked its breadth; and the facility of its winding ascent, proved the boldness, ingenuity, and perfection of its design. At certain distances arose the safe asylums (*maisons de refuge*) against the *tormenta*, or the avalanche: and the Cantonieri presented themselves with their pick-axes and shovels, giving courage, where aid was not wanted. A post-house, or a barrack, disputed the site with the *bears* and *wolves;* and the rapidity of the whole passage rendered beaver swathings, or any other extraordinary precautions against cold, unnecessary. All that had been danger, difficulty, and suffering, but twenty years back, was now safe, facile, and enjoyable; secure beyond the chance of accident, sublime beyond the reach of thought. Legitimate princes! divine-righted sovereigns! houses of France! Austria

the chairs: they rushed him by me on a crag, where there was scarce room for a cloven foot."—Walpole's Correspondence.

[1] The Corvée.

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and Savoy! "*which of you have done this?*" There is not one among you, descendants of a Clovis, a Barbarossa, or an Amadeus, but may in safe conscience shake his innocent head, and answer, "*Thou canst not say 'twas I did it!*"—Neither does the world accuse you.

Whoever has wandered far and seen much, has learned to distrust the promises of books; and (in respect of the most splendid efforts of human labour) must have often felt how far the unworn expectation starts beyond its possible accomplishment. But *nature* never disappoints. Neither the memory nor the imagination of authorship can go beyond the fact she dictates, or the image she presents. If general feelings can be measured by individual impressions, Italy, with all her treasures of art, and associations of history, has nothing to exhibit, that strikes the traveller like the Alps which meet his view on his ascent to the summit of Mount Cenis, or of the Simplon. That is a moment in which the imagination feels the real poverty of its resources, the narrow limits of its range. An aspect of the material world then presents itself, which genius, even in its highest exaltation, must leave to original creation, as unimitated and inimitable. The sensation it produces is too strong for pleasure, too intense for enjoyment. There, where all is so new, novelty loses its charm; where all is so safe, conscious security is no proof against "*horrible imaginings;*" and those splendid evidences of the science and industry of man, which rise at every step, recede before the terrible possibilities with which they mingle, and which may render the utmost precaution of talent and philanthropy unavailable. It is in vain that the barrier rises and

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the arch springs; that the gulf is platformed and the precipice skreened—still the eye closes and the breath is suspended, while danger, painted in the unmastered savagery of remote scenes, creates an ideal and proximate peril. Here experience teaches the falsity of the trite maxim, that the mind becomes elevated by the contemplation of nature in the midst of her grandest works, and engenders thoughts "*that wander through eternity.*" The mind in such scenes is not raised. It is stricken back upon its own insignificance. Masses like these sublime deformities, starting out of the ordinary proportions of nature, in their contemplation reduce man to what he is—an atom. In such regions nothing is in conformity with him, all is at variance with his end and being, all is commemorative of those elementary convulsions, which sweep away whatever lives and breathes, in the general wreck of inanimate matter. Engines and agents of the destructive elements that rage around them, these are regions fitted only to raise the storm and to launch the avalanche; to cherish the whirlwind, and attract the bolt; until some convulsive throe within their mystic womb, awakens fiercer contentions: then they heave and shift, and burst and burn, again to subside, cool down, and settle into awful stillness and permanent desolation; at once the wreck and the monument of changes, which scoff at human record, and trace in characters that admit no controversy the fallacy of calculations and the vanity of systems. Well may the countless races of successive ages have left the mysteries of the Alps unexplored, their snows untracked: but immortal glory be the meed of them, the brave, bold spirits, whose unaccommodated natures, in these regions, where

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"cold performs the effect of fire," braved dangers in countless forms, to oppose the invading enemies of their country's struggling rights; who climbing where the eagle had not soared, nor the chamois dared to spring, raised the shout of national independence amidst echoes which had never reverberated, save to the howl of the wolf, or the thunder of the avalanche.[1] Gratitude as eternal as the snows of Mount Blanc to them or him, who grappled with obstacles coeval with creation, levelled the pinnacle and blew up the rock, pierced the granite and spanned the torrent, disputing with nature in all her potency her right to separate man from man, and made straight in the desert an highway for progressive civilization!

Than such great works as this, one only greater remained—to facilitate the communion of knowledge, and spread the means of civil liberty from pole to pole by their sole omnipotent agent, A FREE PRESS. He who did much, did not this—he who levelled mountains and turned aside torrents, and did more than a thousand ages of feudal patrons could effect, of all his possible performances left this "*greater still behind;*" and by that one false calculation, made on the model of examples he derided and of men he had crushed, he fell himself; and now remains "*unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,*" the victim of the system he revived and of the policy he cherished.

The art of road-making ranks high in the means of civilization; and its utility, better felt than under-

[1] "Les pièces d'artillerie et les caissons sont portés à bras: les grenadiers arrivés au sommet du mont, jetèrent en l'air leurs bonnets ornés de plumets rouges. Un cri de joie s'élève de l'armée. Les Alpes sont franchies."—Campagne d'Italie, 1796.

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stood in the dark ages, was sufficiently appreciated to render it an object of monopoly to the Church.[1] To build a bridge, or clear a forest, were deeds of salvation for the next world, as for this; and royal and noble sinners very literally paved their way to heaven, and reached the gates of paradise by causeways made on earth. St. Benedict laid the basis of his own canonization with the first stone of the famous bridge of Avignon; which, says Pope Nicolas the Fifth, was raised by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. The *Frères Pontifs* by dint of brick and mortar built up a reputation which rendered their order the most opulent as well as the most revered of their day; and the "vicegerents of God on earth" could find no higher title to indicate their power than that, borrowed from Roman priests and emperors, of Pontifex[2]

[1] Some remains of the Cantonieri, or *Utricularii* *, established in Gaul under the Romans, were discoverable in the early part of the middle ages in Provence, where they plied in bands on the banks of rivers and marshes. But this living machinery was not always to be trusted; for in undertaking to forward the traveller to another shore, they sometimes sent him to another world.

[2] "Pontifices ego à ponte arbitror; nam ab iis sublicius est factus primum, ut restitutus sæpe, cum ideo sacra et uls et cis Tyberim non mediocri ritu fiant."—Varro de Ling. Latina, l. iv.

It is probable, however, that, in the rude ages of early Roman history, the priests, imported with the religion from more civilized countries, were alone capable of turning an arch. The Gothic architects of the 11th century, who raised our most beautiful cathedrals, were in like manner priests. If this conjecture be just, the term *pontifex* arose from a general, and not a particular fact.

* So called from their rafts used in crossing rivers, which were floated on inflated skins.

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Maximus, or chief bridge-builder. But if there is one, by whom this significant epithet is merited more than by all others, it is he who made roads, cleared forests, and built bridges, from the Alps to the Pontine marshes.

We found the plain, which terminates the ascent of Mount Cenis, covered with snow. Its lake, so famous for excellent trout, was a sheet of ice. The windows of the post-house, the inn, the convent, and the barrack, (the colony of this frozen region) were defended by closed shutters. A friar and a few discontented-looking soldiers were loitering about. An old woman offered some scentless lilies for sale, which she called "fiori di Cenisa," and some little children sat on the steps of the convent up to their knees in snow. The atmosphere was rarefied, and the sky one deep, dark tint of unvaried blue. Even with all that had been done to provide against danger and ensure accommodation, desolation reigned unabated through the scene.

The first step of the descent was not calculated to lessen unpleasant sensations. The winding precipitous road hung suspended for fathoms down, terrace beneath terrace: an arch flung across a gulf, which, when reached, was carelessly trotted across, seemed as it was viewed from on high, scarce passable by the chamois' foot. Here and there blown-up rocks lay scattered in black masses, unfinished excavations yawned, and vestiges of greater projects and bolder facilities than were yet effected, evinced some daring intention suddenly cut short by natural obstacles, or by political change. Torrents of melted snow swelled the stream of the Cenisella; an undulating region of mountains spread round on every side, like the waves

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of northern seas suddenly frozen in the moment of their stormy fermentation; until gradually the tintless surface of the soil exhibited spots of black earth, a patch of vegetation, a clump of underwood, a tree putting forth its nipped buds, an hut, a sheepfold, a vine. Winter blasts softened into vernal gales, and the doubling of a bold projecting promontory, revealed the sunny plains of Italy:

> "To all delight of human sense exposed,
> Nature's whole wealth; nay, more—an heaven on earth."

From such a site as this, it is said, Hannibal halted his Carthaginians, and pointed to the recompense of all their arduous undertakings. From such a site as this the Lombard Alboin paused amidst his ferocious hosts, to contemplate the paradise of his future conquest, and quaffed from the skull of his enemy his first draught of Italian wine.[1] From such a site as this Napoleon Bonaparte, at the head of an ill-appointed, long suffering, and neglected army, pointed to the plains of Lombardy, and promised victory. His soldiers accepted the pledge,[2] rushed like an Alpine torrent over crags and precipices, and won that

[1] "Secondo i costumi di quei tempi, in un gran convito dei Longobardi, beveva nel cranio de Cunemondo legato in oro." —Pignotti, vol. ii.

[2] Bonaparte, before his departure for this campaign, traced a slight sketch of his intended operations at a private house. In this plan Millissimo is marked, in the confidence of success, as being the first site of the defeat of the enemy. "Je chasserai," he says, "les Autrichiens des gorges du Tyrol;" and he finishes the sketch with these words: "C'est aux portes de Vienne que je vous donnerai la paix." Speaking afterwards of his treaty of Millissimo, he said, "C'était la plus forte sensation de ma vie."

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Italy, in two brief and splendid campaigns, which had through ages resisted the forces, and witnessed the disasters of millions of Frenchmen, led on by kings, and organised by experienced generals.[1] Four armies, of the mightiest coalition the world had ever seen united against the independence of a single nation, were swept away, as the snows of Mount Blanc are scattered by its eddying whirlwinds; and the peace dictated at Leoben, attests the military genius of the young commander, who was one day to number more battles gained, and greater triumphs achieved, than any captain of any age can boast since the time of Alexander. But if Bonaparte commanded, it was the *national* army of France that fought and conquered. It was an army of peasants and artisans, and of citizens, who quitting their fertile valleys, their vine-covered hills, and their luxurious cities, ill-appointed, ill-accoutred, traversed the Mount St. Bernard, and struggling against destruction in a thousand forms, marched not

> "In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
> "Of lutes and soft recorders,"

but scrambling over the icy crags, or sunk in snowy gulfs, braved the terrors of the season, and the clime, with a gaiety that no suffering could subdue,—that no interest could sully.[2]

[1] Under Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I.; and in more recent times, under Louis XIII., XIV., and XV.

[2] The campaigns of Italy, under the Directory and Consulate, were well worth all the Imperial Battles fought in the days of France's splendid degradation. The pass of Mount St. Bernard stands unrivalled in military history. The artillery was dragged up the heights by sheer strength of arm, by

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The French army, under Louis XIV., became the slavish agent of the most egotistical ambition; and the excesses permitted to his troops diminished their popularity, and corrupted their discipline.[1] The disasters which closed and disgraced his reign left the people discontented, and the troops degraded. The military system continued to degenerate under Louis XV. The foreign foe was the least formidable enemy the army found to encounter. The battle of Fontenoy was nearly lost, because forty thousand men were left beyond the reach of cannon-shot to guard the person of the king and his ambulating harem. The councils of war, held in the king's cabinet, were presided by his mistresses,[2] and governed by courtiers, whose interest it was to counteract the unhappy commander, who could do nothing without the court.

The nobility still considered themselves exclusively entitled to the highest ranks in the army. The *grandes commanderies* were reserved for those of their order, who, living at court, formed the circle of the sovereign; while to procure even a

efforts almost superhuman. Pecuniary motives for exertion, proffered by the General, were rejected by the army. The soldiers, one by one, climbed through the crevices of the ice-rock, and in five hours they reached the convent of St. Peter. The descent was yet more perilous. The infantry cut short the difficulty by sliding on their backs down the ice. The First Consul followed their example, and, in the sight of his army, slided down an height of two hundred feet.

[1] The burning of the Palatinate, by Marshal Turenne, surpassed all similar excesses recorded by history.

[2] Madame de Pompadour arranged her military evolutions on her toilette with black patches, while Marshals stood by, to benefit by her tactics.

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subaltern rank, four degrees of gentility were requisite. The operations of a successful enemy, during the seven years' war, made the Prussian discipline the fashion. Young and noble colonels returned home full of idle pretension to military talent, because they wore the blue frock and little hat of Frederick the Great.[1] A Prussian renegado was made the teacher of the army: and a source of discontent was opened, never to be dried up, by the introduction of the *coup de plat de sabre*. From this epoch a spirit of division prevailed, which contained all the elements of a military revolution. The court, siding with the officers of rank, and approving their military futilities, widened the breach. The superior officers assumed the influence of janizaries. Colonels were furnished with a *carte blanche*, to break at pleasure the subaltern who dared to murmur against abused authority; and the chiefs of other corps were invited to courts-martial to listen to injurious interrogations, and witness the disgraceful chastisement of the harassed delinquent, whose crime was asserting the spirit of a gentleman, and the character of a soldier.[2]

The army fell still lower in public opinion under

[1] "On veut qu'ils soient vos singes et les nôtres," said the Prince de Ligne, in speaking to Frederick of these imitators. "C'est chanter sans savoir la musique," said the King, with a contemptuous shrug.

[2] "Il s'établit," says a most curious military document on this change of French discipline, "entre plusieurs de ces chefs, une émulation de dureté, de tracasserie; des propos brutaux envers les corps, et les individus soumis à leur commandement, qui dénaturent toutes les idées d'un mérite militaire, le placa uniquement dans les écarts d'une activité sans objet et d'une sévérité sans jugement."

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Louis XVI. The influence exercised by the Queen and the courtiers over military promotion was a cause of general discontent, and the subject of bitter sarcasm. The prostitution of the military orders, more often the badge of infamy than of merit, was a subject of satirical notice; and the *Croix de St. Louis*, like the *Collier de St. Michel* under Charles IX., became "l'ordre de toute bête."[1]

The American war, the interest taken in its cause by the French in general, and by some of the most distinguished ranks in particular, the superior knowledge of the corps of engineers and artillery, composed of men of studious habits and scientific views, all contributed to break up the unity of the French armies, and to draw a line between the aristocracy and the body commanded, never to be effaced. The revolution broke out; and the army, like the nation, presented two distinct classes.

But this army was but the *avant-garde* of that great armament which, informed by one spirit and

[1] The Duc de Fitzjames, through the influence of the Queen, solicited the bâton de Maréchal from the King, who caused the Comte de Maurepas to write to assure him of his being included in the next promotion. Le Comte de Muy, indignant at this intended outrage upon senior officers of great merit and long service, prevailed on the King to withdraw his letter. Notwithstanding, Fitzjames, in a few days, had his appointment. The new Maréchals with whom he was included, in number seven, were likened to the seven deadly sins; and the following epigram was one among many which circulated in Paris on the occasion.

Réjouissez vous, O Français!
Ne craignez de long-temps les horreurs de la guerre:
Les prudens maréchaux que Louis vient de faire
Promettent à vos vœux une profonde paix.

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actuated by one interest, presented itself to the eyes of Europe under the name of the National Guard.[1] The Tocsin, which sounded from the *Hôtel-de-ville*, and pealed forth the military federation of France, had a fearful echo in every ancient state in Europe. Courts, cabinets, and corporations, heard it appalled, and arrayed their forces in ruthless opposition, against that nation which dared to redress the wrongs, and stem the abuses, of a thraldom of ages. The treaty of Pilnitz was signed; and became the charter of privilege against the rights of nations. It was also among the most powerful engines that rendered the revolution of France the revolution of Europe.

In virtue of this treaty a powerful coalition entered France. Regions the most opposed by nature poured forth their swarms at the call of royalty. Russian deserts, and Swedish forests, the gardens of Italy, and the mountains of Savoy, alike sent forth their legions, under the banner of the crusaders of legitimacy. Kings took the field, and princes volunteered, nobles served as privates, and priests joined with consecrated crosses for their ensigns; while popes and prelates contributed their prayers and their purses for the maintenance and success of the cause.

The republican army of France came forth to meet the invaders;[2] and the battle of Jemappe taught mercenary troops to feel, that the impulse of a people

[1] "I bring you," said the illustrious founder of this most illustrious corps, when it met at the Hôtel-de-ville, (and I glory once more to dignify my page with the name of La Fayette)—"I bring you a civil and military institution, which condemns all arbitrary governments to the alternative of being vanquished, if they do not imitate it; or to be overthrown, if they do."

[2] It is curious that, with the exception of Luckner, who had

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fighting for independence is irresistible. The crimes and follies of the counter-revolution checked the career of glory; but the army was still the same. Belgium was lost, La Vendée in revolt, the enemy within thirty leagues of the capital, the public force in dissolution, the government in anarchy, when fourteen armies, the bulwarks of the nation, were seen, suddenly organized, to advance towards the frontiers. Their first object was to repulse their invaders (who threatened them with the yoke of antique bondage), —or to perish under the ruins of Paris. The armies of Europe fell before the national guards of France: Italy became the scene of conflict; and was thus destined again to change masters, and to partake in the triumphs and the disasters, the benefits and the evils, of the French revolution.

gathered knowledge in the seven years' war; of Rochambeau, a soldier of fortune in the wars of Flanders; and of La Fayette, who was an American General at the age of nineteen, and whose military education was confined to the wars of America, there was not, in the whole army, one General of experience.

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CHAPTER III.

PIEDMONT.

Susa. — Route to Turin. — Turin, its aspect. — Churches. — Palaces. — University. — Academy. — Changes effected by the French, and since the Restoration. — Professors. — Theatres. — Alfieri. — Environs. — Villas. — Vigna della Regina. — Conclusion.

The traveller who ascends from *Lans-le-bourg*, shivering with cold and shuddering with apprehension, descends into the town of Susa, glowing under the rays of summer suns, and not more intoxicated, by their "*soft ethereal warmth*," than by the pleasurable consciousness which attends the first arrival in a country unknown and unexplored. The shading off of moral distinctions, the fading of one nation into another, is first observed at the last post-house of Mount Cenis, where the postilions reply to the traveller's questions in a jargon composed of bad French, Italian, and Piedmontese. But nature's distinctions are more broadly marked. Not a trace of the eminently French characteristics of the Savoyards, can be found in the population on the Italian side of the mountain. The pass of Susa, opening its narrow defile at the foot of the Cottian Alps, defended by its

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antique fortress, the *Brunetta*, was one of infinite importance in days when military tactics were guided by the obstacles or facilities which nature supplied; and it had obtained the name of *La chiava d'Italia*.

The town of Susa, made the capital of Piedmont under its Marquises, is small and inconsiderable; but it is striking, not only by a population that seems made up of priests and soldiers, but by the pious frescos, which cover the walls even of its meanest buildings; converting sties into stations, and hovels into oratories. Many of these were ancient, and not ill-executed; others were new or refreshed, and smacked of the restoration. The façade of one house represented the Virgin and the angel Gabriel "in converse sweet," incircled with fluttering Cupids, armed with bows. The portico of another exhibited St. Dominick ogling the Magdalen, who lay at his feet. Here St. Peter had his keys new gilt; and there St. Paul his sword new hafted. Every where Purgatory, with most corporeal souls burning in flames of most material fire, quickened the penitent, or threatened the sinner. Even the trading interests of the town sought the patronage of theology. Death, with his scythe, hung over the shop, whose inscription intimated that "*qui si vende acqua vita;*"[1] and prayers for the souls of the dead, and the dying, were solicited over the inn-door, whence the timid traveller departs for the perilous Alps.

All in this little frontier town, remote and obscure as it lay under the shadows of impending snow-mountains, indicated the vigorous revival of antique state

[1] "The water of life (brandy) sold here."

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and feudal power; and all the external testimonies of the rule and sway of his Sardinian majesty, which we had left in Savoy, (the Ireland of his little monarchy) were quadrupled in the first town of his Piedmontese dominions. Every where the crown glittered over those royal slop-shops so numerous on the continent, where kings becoming retail dealers seize the monopoly of powder, tobacco, cards, paper, and salt, and deprive their subjects of the legitimate means of subsistence, and of paying their heavy taxation.[1] Every where the monk prowled, the sentinel challenged, and the police interfered. Even the feudal fortress was reinstated in its ancient array; and the fort of the Brunetta, with its bastions and brown rocks (dismantled by the French) now once more raises its crenelles, and its barbicans, parades its warder, and exhibits its governor, as in the days of the *Green Count*, and *Tête de Fer* of Savoy.[2] Machiavel

[1] It is a fatal trait in the history of humanity, that while improvements in civilization travel slowly and difficultly beyond the country in which they originate, governments are engaged in an active and incessant rivalry in evil. No sooner does one sceptered plunderer discover the means of extorting an additional shilling from his subjects, than the new engine of avarice is adopted throughout the whole circle of diplomatic intercourse, and an excessive duty, that cripples the commerce of kingdoms, to supply the insatiate exchequer of one monarch, becomes the prototype of as many others as there are cabinets to imitate it. Even the theocracy of Rome has adopted the ruinous and absurd system of state monopolies; and one is reminded at every little town and village of Italy of the existence and dignities of Francis the Second, by divine grace, dealer in stamped paper; and of Pius the Seventh, snuff and tobacco merchant, and apostolic manufacturer of salt and playing-cards.

[2] Wishing to visit the triumphal arch at Susa (the first and

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has observed, that a passion for raising castles and fortresses in the middle ages, did more injury to society than any other of the disorders of those dark times, "*che alcuno altro disordine di quello stato*" (Il Principe). The king of Sardinia is, however, now raising forts on every pinnacle in his Alpine States;

almost the last perfect monument of antiquity to be seen in Italy till Rome is reached), we were told that it stood in the gardens of the Governor, behind the fort. On ascending to its gates, we were received by a veteran, who, for a trifling douceur, admitted us within the walls, and presented us, not to the "warder bold," but to the Governor's housekeeper. The keys of the fortress seemed to hang from her smart French apron, and *some* visitants might have found that there was "more peril in her eye than fifty of their swords." There was a saucy mock humility about her, indicating one, who, though hired to serve, remained to rule. As we returned, under her escort, from visiting the arch, we encountered the Governor, a most admirable dramatic figure, in full uniform, and powdered toupee. "Shall I present you?" said she, and, without waiting our answer, tripped up to him, continuing, "Here are two Signiori, who wish extremely to see your Belvedere." The arch look with which she said this, let us into the secret of the Governor, that his belvedere was, for the present, his *cheval de bataille*. It was a little pavilion at the extremity of a bastion: beneath were the *Pas de Suze*, and the vales of Piedmont: above hung the snowy Alps; and torrents fell, and streams trickled on every side. The Governor was the very epitome of the *Vieille Cour*. He walked with his hat off, shewed us his flower-knots, and praised the English, by whose "advice and whose assistance" fortresses once more rose, and gallant governors and pretty housekeepers ruled them. Nothing could be more theatric than the whole scene. The old sentinel, with one arm, smoking his pipe, under a broken arch; an old gardener, in a faded regimental, tying up a vine to the ramparts, were touches of high finish; for all here was old and mouldering, except the flowers and the housekeeper, who were alike misplaced amongst such objects and such imagery.

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and his fort of St. Michael, which was building, as we passed through Savoy on the frightful heights of Mount St. André, at an enormous expense, and risk of human lives, will long remain a monument of the efforts made by kings, who, in the nineteenth century, are pretty much what kings were in the ninth.

Susa, with all its errors on its head, is reached with delight, and left with regret. It is the first stage in the series of pleasurable sensations; and perhaps both the pleasure and the regret are derived from those very faults, which, while they indicate a systematic effort at social retrogradation, give to sites their most picturesque features and distinguished forms. The road from Susa to Turin, including a distance of forty miles, lies through a fertile plain bathed by La Piccola Dora, and occasionally undulated with abrupt hills and high perpendicular rocks, which become gradually smaller and more remote as the pass opens and the mountains are cleared. These elevations have been seized in former times for the purposes of Church and State, and are covered with dilapidated cloisters and ruined fortresses, that now add much to the beauty of the scenes in which they dominate. The dismantled towers of St. Joire and the ruined walls of the famous Abbey of St. Benedict (the cradle of his order) still fix the upturned eye, and command a valley flowing with milk and honey; while the Castle of Avegliana lords the plain, above the wretched village which deforms its base and was once the dependency of its power. Vines draped round sturdy oaks, groves of mulberries, and fields of young, rich, ripening corn, every where contrasted the resources of natural and national prosperity, with exhibitions of moral suffering and human infirmity. It is in

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these laughing vales that beggary assumes its most disgusting form, and that want and penury are not the least evils the wretched have to contend with. As often as we stopped to change horses, groups of miserable beings crawled round, and raised the deafening cry of "*Carità*, *Elemosina*," in the name of those negligent Saints who had abandoned them to every species of physical evil. All the maladies incidental to the Alpine region seemed here accumulated. Some were blind, others devoured with scrofula, and few had their entire complement of limbs and senses. But by far the most shocking objects were the *Cretins*, here strikingly numerous; and their idiot chatter and wild laugh were more fearful than even maimed limbs and distorted forms.[1] Opposed to these groups usually stood the mistress of the post-house, with an head piled with towers of lace and ribbons in all the opulence and pride of the

[1] The Goitre and Cretinism are not necessarily connected. There is such great difficulty in assigning for these maladies, causes which are constantly present with their presence, and absent with their absence, that one of the first physicians at Milan, with whom we conversed on the subject, did not hesitate to attribute such deformities to an original and peculiar race. Cretinism is, however, a manifest degradation of the organization, accompanied by imperfect ossification, as in rickets. It is aggravated by local causes, and by the privations of poverty; while it is mitigated by change of residence and a more generous diet. In proportion as the general condition of the lower classes has improved, Cretinism, it is said, has become more rare; and it is still believed to be most general in the poorest districts of the mountainous region in which it prevails. There is, however, without doubt, something more than mere moral causes at the bottom of this evil, which must be attributed to the peculiar physical aspect of the country.

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Piedmontese toilet, the spruce gens-d'armes with whom she coquetted, the whiskered corporal of the village detachment quaffing his *boccale* at the door; and the sleek, sly, well-fed friar again permitted to present his scrip and his *benedicite* at every gate.

While such was the population, the road was the very abstract of all the "crackscull commons" of Europe; and it put the springs of our carriage so often to the test, that more than once we were obliged to beg the postilions to moderate their pace; a precaution rarely necessary with Italian post-boys. To our suggestions they usually replied, by pointing to a noble line of road marked parallel to our own, with the information of "*Ecco la strada Francese*,[1]" which was soon to be finished. This assertion, however, did not appear very probable, if we might judge by the way in which the work was carried on; for it was consigned to the labour of a few old men, old women, and little boys; with a wheelbarrow and a shovel for their only implements. What, however, was the most curious in this new road was, that some of the nobles, whose estates lie contiguous, object to it as French and revolutionary.

Rivoli, once the Versailles and Windsor of the court of Turin, stands at two leagues distance from the capital. It bore, as we passed it, every symptom of having been the scene of those recent contests, which restored to Piedmont "*l'astro propizio della liberazione, il bramato suo rè*,[2]" as the royal guide-book terms him. The palace of the ancient dukes of Savoy is of red brick; and, partly unfinished and partly in

[1] "There is the French road."

[2] "The propitious star of Piedmont, the desired King."

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ruins, it epitomizes Italian villas royal and noble; being vast, desolate, dreary, and neglected. For even kings in Italy out-build their finances; and nothing can be said to be fully complete that depends upon this universal passion.

From Rivoli begins a spacious and beautiful avenue shaded with double rows of lofty trees; it runs for two leagues, through plains of high cultivation, and terminates only at the entrance of Turin, whose spires, turrets, and belfries are caught but at intervals; while the church of the Superga, towering above all, forms the leading point of the brilliant coup-d'œil. As the capital is approached, its splendid position amidst an amphitheatre of vine-covered hills is strikingly picturesque; and the windings of the Po discover repeated glimpses of that classic flood, which once boasted its fifty cities and thirty tributary rivers, and which still flows through plains of infinite fertility and unrivalled beauty.

The first view of TURIN is extremely imposing: no mean suburbs nor mouldering walls deform its entrance. The spacious and regular streets, *tirées à corde*, are so intersected, as every where to leave an opening at their extremity and admit a view of the fine back-ground of green hills and pending vineyards. In the noble space presented to the eye in the principal streets, the CONTRADA NUOVA, DORA GROSSA,[1] and the CONTRADA DEL PO, the long and regular line of porticos exhibit a striking succession of beautiful archi-

[1] The Contrada Dora Grossa, like many other streets in Turin, owes its regularity to an alliance of a Piedmontese Prince with an Infanta of Spain. On this occasion, houses were knocked down, windows poked out, balconies levelled, and private property and accommodation sacrificed, that no

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tecture; and the balconies above, canopied with their light draperies, spread forth against the ardour of a May-day sun, gave, as we entered the town, the peculiar costume of an Italian city, and realized much of what expectation images of southern climes. Notwithstanding the undeniable beauty of this little city of palaces, the sin of incompleteness is every where conspicuous; and even in façades of the handsomest architecture, the holes are still left gaping, which supported the scaffolding at their original formation.

The streets of Turin were, previous to the revolution, consigned to the special protection of Saints, whose names they bore: at that epoch designations less holy were bestowed upon them. The name of Alfieri was given to the street where his house still stands, as an homage paid to his memory by the French, against whom he had written with such virulence. At the restoration, the king ordered the new names to be effaced, that the streets might reassume their ancient appellations; but deeming the author of "Brutus" unworthy to become the predecessor of any member of the Album Sanctorum, no Saint was assigned to the street he had profaned; and the Contrada Alfieri is now the Contrada del Ospedale.

The city of Turin, the smallest royal capital in Europe, (being but three miles in circumference,) contained an hundred and ten churches at the time of the French invasion; all splendidly endowed, and rich in marbles, pictures, and other precious objects: and we might suppose that the original quantity had scarcely diminished, from the number which we were

salient angle, no awkward protuberance, might shock the eye of that Princess whose connexion was deemed the highest honour.

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taken to visit during our short residence. Few of them, however, are now calculated to strike by their magnificence; for unhallowed hands had fallen heavily on their treasures, and the revival of piety in the present day, has not yet replaced what sacrilege had spoliated.

The Metropolitan church, San Giovanni Battista, was once numbered among the richest churches of Italy; but its vases of pure gold, its forty candelabras, and twenty bishops of virgin silver, its censers of precious stones, ruby crosses, and adamantine hearts, have all disappeared; transmuted and perverted to profane purposes. Some have gone to stem the incursions of the Po,[1] others to raise the noblest of its bridges;[2] and some have even found their way to

[1] The rivers of the north of Italy, rushing from the Alps in mighty torrents, descend at once into the almost dead level of the plains of Lombardy. The fragments of rock and gravel which are thus torn from the mountains, not being carried to the sea, the bed of the stream becomes annually raised. By these means the Po and other great rivers which intersect the plains, pass along canals many feet above the level of the country; and when they overflow, or burst their bounds, they spread sterility over vast districts. During the annual inundations from the melting of the snow, the whole population is employed in guarding the river and strengthening such parts of the banks as threaten to give way; and an immense expense is incurred to remove obstructions and facilitate the passage of the waters to the sea.

[2] This bridge is one of the finest raised during the French occupation. As there is a medal of Napoleon buried beneath its arches, the King proposed having it removed and replaced with one of his own, that posterity might never know that an upstart had possessed the dominions of the oldest royal house in Europe. But upon its being represented that it would be difficult to get out the medal without destroying the bridge, his Majesty had the moderation to give up the scheme.

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Paris, and have contributed to clear the noxious purlieus of the Thuilleries, and to build the beautiful *rue de Rivoli*, the monument of the French conquest over the royal pleasure-grounds of Turin.

We visited the cathedral of San Giovanni during the celebration of the service. The canons, in their scarlet robes, were installed on either side the altar. The most delicious opera-music was performing on instruments which it would be deemed a sacrilege to tune within a protestant temple; and the congregation, scattered over the vast and venerable edifice, consisted of a few miserable-looking old people, and some straggling strangers like ourselves. The most remarkable object in the cathedral is the royal chapel of the "Santissima Sindone," which rises above the high altar, a beautiful rotunda, supported by thirty columns of black marble, with bases and capitals of rich gilt bronze. Superb and singular in its construction, this temple, within a temple, owes much of its fame and sanctity to its being the shrine of the holiest of relics, the sindone, or cerement, which wrapped the incarnation of the divinity. This is the sindone carried off from Chambery to meet the vow of Charles Boromeo, who could not go to visit it in Savoy. This is the sindone shewn on Good Friday, at Rome, and at several other places, both in France and Italy; its ubiquity being amongst the most miraculous of its powers. Thousands have borne testimony to the miracles it has worked in various places, and at the same time; and though each city claims its sindone as the only real and undoubted relic, all are equally satisfied and equally justified in their claims to its possession.[1]

[1] There are, in all, between France and Italy, eight Suaires

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La Chiesa di Santa Theresa is the celebrated church of the convent of bare-footed friars, whose vow of poverty is but ill-illustrated by the splendour of their temple; nor is the severity of their order to be detected in its altar-piece, which represents the infant Christ, as Cupid, aiming at the heart of the fair and exstatized Saint, while the Virgin Mother smiles at his efforts, and the usually sober features of Saint Joseph relax into a look of complacency.[1] This picture has been deemed a chef-d'œuvre of Guglielmo Caccia, and is one of the many representations of the pious susceptibility of Saint Theresa; though her statue by Le Gros, in the church of St. Chrysostom, is perhaps still more expressive of the divine love which filled the tenderest of saintly hearts.

But all the churches of Turin yield in consequence and celebrity to the Superga, which crowns the steepest and least accessible mountain in the vicinage of the capital. This splendid church rose to fulfil a vow of Victor Amadeus, who promised that if his patron saint should rescue him from the clutches of the

(Sindone,) all authenticated at various times by bulls. That at Perigord is said to have the greatest number of proofs in its favour; but several learned Doctors of Turin have written to prove that there is but one Sindone, and that the Sindone of San Giovanni Battista.

[1] Query, are these the representations which the *Quarterly Review* would introduce into the Protestant Churches of England, while it accuses the Irish Catholics of idolatry and denies them the rights of citizens? The temporal power and dominion of the Papal Hierarchy over men's minds, seems an object of envy rather than of aversion to these high-church politicians; for while they war against that power, as vested in other hands than their own, they do their utmost to quench the light of reason which is best opposed to it, and strain their intellects to raise a Protestant Papacy at home.

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French, who were then (1706) advancing to the very gates of Turin, under the Duc de Vendome, he would build him such a church as should "*faire siffler les serpens de l'envie,*" in the breast of every saint in the calendar. The engagement was provisional: no cure, no pay. But the battle was won, the French were beaten, and the saint called for his church. Victor, however, begged a long day, and ten years elapsed before the work of gratitude began. Being a prince as renowned for his wisdom as his piety, he endeavoured to make the best of a bad bargain; and instead of a spick and span new church, he obliged his architect, Philip Juvava, to use a quantity of old columns which had long lain upon his hands. The saint was "*done by the knowing one,*" and the cupola of the Superga, disfigured by torses and ill-matched pillars, remains a monument of the difficulty of getting kings to remain true to their treaties, even when Heaven itself is a party in the agreement.

The Old Ducal Palace, raised by Duke Amadeus the Eighth, in 1416, is rather a fortress than a palace; like all habitations of that day, when security was a greater object than accommodation, it is gloomy and forbidding. The French chose it for their government-palace; and festivities the most brilliant were celebrated amidst its frowning towers, while the Prince Borghese held his gay courts within its walls. It is called the *Castello Reale*, and is a fair specimen of the military architecture of the fifteenth century.

The Palazzo Reale, with which it communicates, the residence of the royal house of Savoy, was built about the middle of the seventeenth century, by Charles Emanuel the Second. It is replete with evi-

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dence of the bad taste which prevailed at that day of the total degradation of art. When we visited Turin, the royal family were at Genoa; and we had the honour to be conducted through the palace by the *Cavalier Perrone*, master of the ceremonies to the ambassadors: his polite attention on this and other occasions, procured us many desirable facilities in seeing what was most worthy of our notice upon the pleasantest terms. The court, hall, stairs, corridors, and apartments of the king, even in the royal absence, were crowded with soldiers, and gave a very striking picture of the court of a military government.

The first object of art which the palace presents, is in strict harmony and keeping with its *social order.* It is the equestrian statue of VICTOR AMADEUS, on the great stairs, armed cap-a-pie, with his charger (another BUCEPHALUS), fierce and untamed, trampling upon the writhing bodies of two prostrate men, who, in the royal catalogues, by courtesy, are termed "slaves."—The palace of a Christian monarch is thus entered, amidst symbols of the most barbarous and ferocious tyranny; and the moral (as the inscription upon the pediment indicates[1]) is, that man was made to be trampled upon, and kings to trample. The Kings of Piedmont have been taught the result of this maxim during the last twenty years of their lives—it remains to be seen how far they have profited by the lesson.

The interior of the palace, only to be seen by special favour, is most kingly; rich, stately, comfortless, and shewy; overloaded with ornament, and deficient

[1] DIVI VICTORIS AMADEI
BELLICAM FORTITUDINEM
ET INFLEXUM JUSTICIÆ RIGOREM
METALLO EXPRESSUM VIDES.

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in accommodation. The usual complement of apartments mentioned in the nomenclature of regality, are found in the little court of Turin, as at the Thuilleries: there are the *salle des gardes*, *salle des Suisses*, *salle des ambassadeurs*, etc. etc.; but it was reserved for Bonaparte to add to the legitimate suite the *salle des rois*, he being the only sovereign of Europe who found it necessary to provide a waiting-room for tributary kings.[1]

The apartments of ceremony are singularly splendid, and the walls of all are enriched with pictures, principally of the schools, called by the Italians *ultramontane*, that is, the Dutch, Flemish, and French: most of them were the bequest of the celebrated Prince Eugene; himself the most distinguished member of the house of Savoy. The collection of royal

[1] One of these kings, an old legitimate, was observed by the *Duc de* Noailles (the father-in-law of General La Fayette) to be un *roi d'antichambre*, and he entrusted him with a memoir to the Emperor concerning some private affairs. When, from time to time, the Duke asked his Majesty the success of his mission, his constant reply was, "*à vous dire vrai, Mons. le Duc, je n'ai jamais pu trouver le moment.*" Mons. le Duc at length withdrew his memoir, and at the next levee-day had no difficulty himself *à trouver le moment*.—Another of these antichamber potentates of Napoleon was the Prince of Monaco. He was the first to turn with Bonaparte's reverses; and on the Emperor's return from Elba he took flight. Bonaparte met him on the road, and seizing him by the breast of his coat, he asked abruptly, "*Où allez-vous, Monaco?*" Monaco stuttered, *Je viens—Je vais—J'allais—J'irais*, and was regularly conjugating the whole of this most irregular verb, when Bonaparte, with a laugh, shook him off, saying, "*Allez-vous-en, Monaco, vous êtes comme je vous ai toujours connu.*" Monaco ran home as fast as he could, and now exercises the most despotic rule over the lives and properties of the subjects of his little principality.

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family portraits is overwhelming; and the virtues of this race, civil and military, are illustrated not only by bushy eyebrows and Roman noses, but by inscriptions under each, revealing qualities in these warlike chiefs which have wholly escaped the records of general history. A most libellous portrait of the present sovereign terminates the collection. It presents the very *beau-ideal* of imbecility.

Of the few productions of the Italian masters, the "*Elements*" of Albani, in the king's bed-chamber, is among the most celebrated. Is is painted in a circular form, in conformity to the philosophical doctrines of Turin, at that day, when to have painted the elements on a *square*, might have attracted the attention of the Inquisition, and subjected the innovating painter to the punishment of Galileo, or Vanini;—a concentrical force in the arrangement of the elements, being the *mot-d'ordre* of that enlightened age.

THE GALLERY of the palace, so often described, and so highly eulogized, has all the splendour which frescos and gilding can bestow. The numerous and exquisite portraits of Vandyke are the most precious treasures of its collection. Rooms of various size, order, and richness, follow: cabinets and oratories, toilettes and shrines, thrones and altars, boudoirs and audience-chambers, are passed through, or BY, in endless succession. Walls of japan, and wainscoats of ivory, frames of silver, and doors of mother-of-pearl, dazzle the view: while dancing Davids, and butcherly Solomons (a child in one hand, and an hatchet in the other), suckling Madonas, and agonized martyrs, distract the attention, or harrow the feelings.

The PALACE OF THE PRINCE DE CARIGNAN, the presumptive heir to the throne, is sufficiently imposing,

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though comparatively small. It is remarkable for one apartment, that seems a solid mass of shining gold. The furniture was modern and magnificent: but though the young Prince and Princess had but just gone to the *Corso*, (where we saw them a little after,) the whole palace had a deserted and uninhabited look. As we were accompanied by her Royal Highness's Chevalier d'honneur, we penetrated even into the dressing-room, where she had just drawn on her pelisse, and the sitting-room she daily inhabited; but not a book, a flower, an ink-stand, a bauble, intimated the recent presence of the fair and vry pretty inhabitant. The whole palace was stately and *sombre* and formal. A few grave domestics in royal liveries stood stationary in the hall, like monumental figures; and the guards carrying arms to the nobleman who accompanied us, alone disturbed the silence of the place. It is thus the odds are settled between princely splendour, and lowly comfort. Upon this, as on many other occasions in our journey through Italy, we felt that the life led by the brethren of the Grand Signior, in the labyrinth of his suspected palace, differed but little from the mode of existence to which the presumptive heirs of the Italian Princes are subjected.

The UNIVERSITY is a vast and cumbrous building; but its various ranges of apartments are well adapted to the different classes, and to the studious sequestration of its members. The court is surrounded by a double tier of porticos; and the walls are encrusted with ancient sculptures, basso-relievos, and monumental marbles, of all ages: the greater part drawn from the long-neglected ruins of the neighbouring city of INDUSTRIA, which, though recorded by Pliny,

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was lost during the middle ages, and only discovered in the year 1745, to be within a few leagues of Turin. This discovery is due to the enterprising spirit of a few gentlemen of Turin, whose pursuit of classical antiquity was thus richly recompensed.

The LIBRARY is most extensive, and much of its contents might form a curious chapter in the history of the human intellect: evincing how much dross must be thrown off, before the pure ore of truth can be obtained. Besides a world of theology now forgotten, but which once kindled the faggot, and occasioned the "apostolic blows and knocks" of polemical ages, there were many tomes of literary futilities, philological folios on monosyllables and points, vocabularies of words contained in the psalms, and the *golden bull of Trebizond*, whose diplomacy is as unintelligible as if it proceeded from that British minister whose *bulls* are not *always golden*. The biblical treasures are immense. There are 300 Latin, 230 Italian, and 120 French copies of the Bible. A polyglot, given by a King of Spain to a Duke of Savoy, was the only work (an Hebrew tract of Eben Hassan excepted) which the French took away; notwithstanding the lamentation of Mr. Eustace over the spoliated treasure of Turin. It is further notable, that for these two works, they left a written acknowledgment. While in the hands of the French the books so taken were cleaned, refreshed, and new-bound; and they have been restored to their shelves in a preservation they could not have boasted had they been left undisturbed. One curious volume in this vast collection is an *Homer* illuminated by the Monks, in which a procession of Benedictines attends the remains of Hector to the grave. The boasted learning of the Monks is thus

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illustrated in an hundred such works, in the public libraries of the Continent.[1]

In the Cabinet of Antiques there is the usual, or rather an *un*usual, number of the deities of the Heathen Mythology; some of exquisite beauty and great rarity. But the most precious of its monuments is the Isiac table, whose adventurous transportations from the moment when it left the *Mount Aventine*, (where it had been conveyed from the temple of Isis in Egypt) till it was found in the archives of the Duke of Savoy, would form a *pendant* for the memoirs of the fugitive house of Loretto. Devoted to neglect, and covered with dust, it was found by the French, who carried it to Paris, whence it returned at the restoration.

The *Cabinet of Medals* is now one of the richest in Italy, and was so wholly exempted from the exaggerated rapacity of the French, that not a single coin was taken, or even displaced.

The *Cabinet of Physic* contains a sufficient apparatus for the purposes of lecturing and demonstration. Its most remarkable piece is the *electric machine* of Beccaria, constructed by himself. Many of the ordinary experiments in physics were repeated for our amusement; and though sensible that the time devoted to us by the professors was due to the attention of the illustrious person [2] under whose sanction we visited the university, yet we remained deeply im-

[1] On another occasion, we saw Catiline's soldiers marching against the republic armed with a mortar.

[2] His Excellency Count Prospero Balbo, then at the head of public instruction under the title of "*Capo delle regie università*," and president of the academy of sciences; but at present a cabinet minister.

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pressed with a sense of the kindness and patience of the learned individuals, who so cheerfully quitted more important avocations to contribute to our information and entertainment.[1]

The university owes its present liberal establishment to the system under which Turin, in common with the rest of Continental Europe, has existed for the last twenty years. The professors were previously nearly all ecclesiastics; the cabinet of antiquities and of medals, the theatre of anatomy, and the library, were all that belonged to the original institution, which was purely monastic, and tended rather to exclude, than to admit the progressive illumination of successive ages.[2] Beccaria had indeed founded his own school of astronomy in Piedmont, by the introduction of the system of Newton in 1759; but there was no professor's chair nor observatory in the university; and even Beccaria's collection of instruments was placed in the garret of a private house, near the court. The cabinet of natural philosophy was almost an empty room; it contained only the model of a mill moved by water.

The universities of Piedmont have undergone revo-

[1] Prof. Plana, Borson, Carena, Bolta, and Bessone.

[2] This, an essential fault of all institutions inasmuch *as they are establishments*, is peculiarly the sin of those systems, of which a priesthood forms the basis. The clergy are too much interested in what *is*, not to cast a jealous eye to what *may be*. Thus Professor Monk, of Cambridge, (the name is not *mal à propos*) talks of a *competent portion* of metaphysics, and the *elementary knowledge* of divinity, as necessary parts of public education: while he considers chemistry, anatomy, mineralogy, and botany, as useful, though *subordinate* objects of attention. Mrs. Malaprop would say, that "there's not a single superstitious article in his whole catalogue."

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lutions analogous to those of the political condition of the people. At the first arrival of the French, all existing institutions were overthrown; but the government applied itself immediately to repair this calamity; and the activity and zeal for science, which has uniformly distinguished the revolutionists of that day, was well seconded by a correspondent intelligence in the Piedmontese nation. The university of Turin, subjected, under the appellation of Academy, to that of Paris, was rendered a very efficient centre of instruction. On the return of the old court, five and twenty active and talented professors were "*at one fell swoop*" dismissed, for the sole cause of holding their appointments under French nomination. The ridicule of this contemptible act of tyranny is more than equal to its gross violation of the treaty of Vienna, which replaced the sovereign on his forfeited throne.

With one of these displaced professors, Dr. Balbis, a most profound botanist and enlightened physician, we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted; and a more acute and philosophical intellect is seldom found within the circles of an university. At that time he was under all the odium of court disfavour, and bore his narrowed circumstances and unpleasant position, with a stoicism and good humour truly admirable, though, as a citizen and a patriot, he felt the full force of the obloquy which his country sustains from such unmeasured re-actions. At present he enjoys the professorship of Botany at *Montpellier*, where he may, if he pleases, set the vegetable kingdom by the ears, demonstrate the natural equality of all the botanical classes, restore the fallen *Eumeria*[1] to its

[1] Eumeria, a genus of plants so called by the French botanists, by a punning Greek allusion to *Bonaparte*.

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throne, or replace the botanical *social order* of Jussieu, by any innovating system for which he may choose to set at nought the *wisdom of his ancestors*.

Under the French government, and with the concurrence of the Piedmontese, the cabinet of physic was established, and the observatory raised. A professor's chair of astronomy was instituted in 1805, and filled by the celebrated Plana.

L'Accademia Reale, the royal Academy of Turin, was a military school founded for the young nobles by the Duke Charles Emanuel. In addition to fencing, dancing, and riding the great horse, the King, Charles Emanuel the Third, opened a few classes to prepare such as could pay 48 livres per month, for the university. The idleness and dissipation of this Academy are recorded with deathless obloquy in the Memoirs of Alfieri. Upon the arrival of the French, this wretched Institution fell with the rest.

By an Imperial decree in 1805, all the divided colleges were united, and an Institute was organized upon the plan of that at Paris. Professorships were established with sufficient salaries; and men the most distinguished for talent and consideration in the country, were appointed to the chairs. The most illustrious names of Piedmont, whose owners had first awakened the sciences amidst all the obstacles of royal and priestly despotism, the Saluzzi, Calusi, Vassali, Eandi, still took the lead in the Institute, as they had done in the *Accademia Reale di Scienze*, which preceded it.[1] The *Institute* has now resumed

[1] The Accademia Reale di Scienze owes its formation to a private society of learned persons, held under the auspices of Count Giuseppe Angelo Saluzzo. Among these persons was

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its ancient appellation of *Academy of Sciences;* and it is pleasant to observe, that one of its most distinguished members is the accomplished daughter of its original founder, the Countess Diodata Roero Saluzzo.[1]

The palace of the Academy is interiorly a very handsome building. The Cabinet of Natural History, placed in a suite of elegant rooms, is well arranged, and considering the nascent state of the establishment, bespeaks, by its extent, no trifling degree of zeal and industry in the professors, by whose personal exertions a large portion of the contents have been collected. Piedmont is singularly rich in natural history, as the "Stirpes" of Allionius, published many years ago, evince; and its mineralogy is not inferior to its vegetable and animal treasures. As a national collection, therefore, the cabinet of the academy has peculiar claims to attention. The animals are not numerous, but among them are most

the famous La Grange, then but 24 years of age. They published their transactions in Latin, and soon attracted the attention of the Government, which forced its protection on them, as Cardinal Richelieu did by that literary society which formed the basis of the French Academy.

[1] On our arrival in Turin, an invitation from this illustrious lady brought us to her bed-side, where infirmity had long confined her: but neither sickness nor pain had dimmed the brilliancy of her conversation, nor paralyzed the activity of her acute and inquiring mind. The moments enjoyed at the *ruelle* of Mad. Diodata Roero, recalled the days and nights passed at the couches of the writer's friends and most distinguished countrywomen, Mrs. H. Tighe, the author of "*Psyche;*" and Mrs. Lefanu, the author of "*The Sons of Erin.*" Mad. Diodata has produced many beautiful works: five volumes of poetry, two tragedies, and the popular novel of "Gaspera Stampa."

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of the indigenous species of the Alps. Among others a fierce wolf, which but two years before had been the terror of the mountains, and had nourished itself on human blood, grinned, horrid and fearful, though innocuous, through a glass-case.[1] There is also in this class a very good specimen of the camelopard. The birds were numerous, the other classes less so. To the civilities of Monsieur Borson, Professor of Mineralogy, we were much indebted; and to Professor Carena, author of an highly interesting work on certain parallels in the laws which govern moral and physical forces,[2] we owe a succession of kindnesses, which ceased only with our departure from Turin.

The situation of Piedmont, placed almost in contact with France, is favorable to the culture of science, and the people, naturally intelligent, have largely profited by their temporary amalgamation with that country. After the first re-action of the restoration, the court found itself compelled to recal something of the French regime. Count Balbo was placed at the head of public instruction; and this accomplished nobleman has succeeded in confirming and strengthening some ameliorations, which had been temporarily suspended. Although now called to higher distinctions, he is too deeply impressed with the importance of national education,

[1] These animals are said to shew a marked preference for female prey, and to quit the pursuit of a boy when a female red-ridinghood crosses their path. A price is set upon their head by the Government.

[2] Essai d'un Parallèle entre les Forces physiques et les Forces morales, par Hyacinthe Carena. Turin, 1817, de l'imprimerie royale.

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not to continue his protection and authority in favour of whatever may tend to its improvement and extension.

The two small THEATRES, which were open when we were at Turin, had nothing to recommend them. They were dark and dirty, with no other attraction than what the excellent acting of the *Marcolina* lent to the comic opera, of which she was the *prima donna*. The Grand Opera, in the absence of the court, was shut. Long deemed the private property of royalty, it has undergone the general purification which followed the restoration, and is exclusively set apart for the noblesse; the Queen presiding over the distribution and prices of the boxes. Her list decides the number of quarterings requisite to occupy the *aristocratic* rows of the first and second circles, and determines the point of *roture*, which banishes to the higher tiers the *piccoli nobili*. We visited this theatre by day, and as we had not yet seen the theatres of Milan and Naples, it struck us by its splendour and extent. In fact it rates as the third *salle de spectacle* of Italy.

The routine of sight-seeing scarcely begins at Turin, where few travellers stay more than a couple of days. The residences of the nobility are not upon the catalogue of the ciceroni; and the opportunity we had of judging of the richness and elegance of some few of the distinguished palaces, was the result of the hospitality of their owners, rather than of our own curiosity, or the previous intimations of a valet-de-place. The only collection of pictures of any note is to be found in the house of the Marquis de Prie, the son of that lady, whose charms so long retained Alfieri in that "*bizarro e tormentatissimo stato*,"

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which was, after all, best suited to a character which he has himself best described.[1] The palaces de Prie and Alfieri stand at the end of the Piazza San Carlo,[2] exactly opposite to each other; and the Marquis pointed out to us the window in which Alfieri passed days and nights in contemplation of the dwelling of that mistress whose chains he soon found so insupportable: while it required but a small stretch of imagination, to believe that an old green satin sofa in the Marchioness's room was the same which Alfieri describes, as being the depository of his first tragedy, where his "Cleopatra" remained forgotten by the author, and unknown to the world, for more than a year, when an accident discovered it. [3]

The VILLAS of the Turinese nobility crown the environing hills; and would add much to the beauty of the site, did they not incroach too much upon nature, replacing groves and gardens with stone walls and tasteless summer-houses.

LA VIGNA DELLA REGINA, or Queen's Villa, is conspicuous for the beauty of its situation. It rises on one of the many lovely acclivities which swell in endless undulations round the capital. This retreat, when we visited it, was half neglected and half adorned; just not falling in ruins, and just sufficiently wild and solitary to banish all idea of a royal residence and a town vicinage. Though frequently vi-

[1] "Impetuoso, intollerante, e superbo carattere."

[2] At the corner of the Contrada Ospedale.

[3] The Piedmontese are justly proud of Alfieri, though the King has placed his memory under the ban of Court disfavour. His sister is still living, and has obtained the name of La Vespa (the wasp), by the poignancy of her wit. She has long given up society; but we saw her frequently in her carriage on the Corso.

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sited by the Queen, it exhibits a strange mixture of discomfort and magnificence. Its Ionic columns, gilt *plafonds*, and frescoed walls, are contrasted with such furniture, as is usually exiled to an English lumber-room. We saw a worm-eaten chest of drawers, in her Majesty's room, near a cabinet set with gems; and an old sofa, on which weariness itself would refuse to repose, close by slabs of precious marbles: a series of pictures of the present family seemed to have been painted by the same hand as executed the seven Miss Flamboroughs, with their seven china oranges.

Rising above the Queen's villa, is the extensive convent of the Capuchins; and above all the convent of the Cameldules.[1] While palaces, villas, and convents thus rise above each other in amphitheatric pride, the rich plain extends beneath to Rivoli; and the Po winds its majestic course under the shadow of those gigantic Alps, from which it derives its tributary streams, and which, snow-crowned and magnificent, dominate above all.

[1] Now restored.

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CHAPTER IV.

PIEDMONT.

Society before the Revolution.—Changes by the French.—Return of the King.—Count Cerutti's Constitution.—Present State of Society.

THE obscurity which hangs over the origin of the house of Savoy is ascribed to its antiquity. Its historiographers have not yet been able to decide whether his present Majesty of Sardinia, King of Jerusalem and Cyprus, Duke of Savoy, Piedmont, and Genoa, is a lineal descendant of Wittikind the Great, or of Humbert *aux mains blanches*, (a soubriquet which indicates the *rarity* of that quality in the old times, whether literally or metaphorically taken).—Certain it is that the wild volcanic region of Savoy, sometimes belonging to France, and sometimes to Burgundy, was almost always under the influence of Germany; though governed by the Counts de Maurienne, who took their title from one of the most romantic districts of the country. By the Emperor Charles the IVth, in the early part of the fifteenth century it was erected into a Dukedom.[1] The great source, however, of the grandeur of the house of Savoy was the position of its little

[1] In the person of Amadeus VII., grandson of the *Green Count*.

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territory, that rendered it the guardian, or gaoler of the Alps, and which, by enabling it to shut or open this important passage, according to the exigency of the day, made its alliance an object with both Guelph and Ghibeline, French or Burgundians; with whom its chiefs connected themselves, as interest decided, or necessity urged. With this geographical source of wealth and influence, partly by brigandage, and partly by valourous enterprize, they gradually extended their possessions into the *Tarantes* and Piedmont, where they finally pitched their tent, in a site more genial than their ancient city of Chambery. This progressive acquisition of the Counts of Maurienne is illustrated by a saying of one of their descendants, "that Italy should be eaten, like an artichoke, *leaf by leaf.*" It has indeed thus been eaten, till the *choke* now alone remains: how *bitter* that may prove, is probably reserved for Austria to taste!

By the quadruple alliance signed in London in 1718, the Dukes of Savoy and Piedmont were made Kings of Sardinia; and that isle was ceded to them at the interposition of our Queen Anne: as the English have since conferred on his Sardinian Majesty the Dukedom of Genoa, and as they have, with an equal disregard of national rights, ceded the Christians of Parga to Ali Pacha. It is humiliating thus to find England upon all occasions the political scavenger of Europe, performing all that dirty work with which more crafty cabinets contrive not to sully their character; but far beyond the folly and wickedness of such acts, is the hypocrisy with which they are accompanied. Crimes, as the marks of strong volitions, are sometimes found accompanied by the energy of manliness; but false pretences to virtue, and

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affected assumptions of piety, justice, and moderation, combine feebleness with iniquity, and are as contemptible before men, as they must be offensive in the sight of Heaven. Upon claims equally well founded, his Sardinian Majesty takes the style and title of King of Jerusalem and Cyprus; but throughout Italy he is rarely mentioned by any other appellation than that of "The King of the Anchovies." [1]

In 1802, on the abdication of Charles Emanuel, (who lately died a monk at Rome,) his brother Victor Emanuel, the present king, ascended the throne. His marriage with Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria, (a true daughter of that Imperial house) has confirmed him in those principles, which had mutually armed their families in support of a cause descended to them respectively, from the Green Counts and Barbarossas of other ages.

At the epoch of the revolution, the court and kingdom, and the general phasis of society in Piedmont, were precisely what they had been for centuries before; and the antique forms and Gothic institutions were similar to those presented by the whole of feudal Europe in the olden time. All was pure unmixed despotism in the ruler, privilege and prescription in the nobles, influence direct and indirect in the priesthood, and ignorance, degradation, and passive obedience in the vassal people. The whole population was military, from the prince to the peasant; and the fierce courage of this always brave and gallant people, was considered as the staple commodity of the state, let out for hire in any cause that could afford to pay its services. Such was the general

[1] "*Roi des Sardines.*" Anchovies are the staple commodity of Sardinia.

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system, which had however its shades of abuse, and degrees of disorder.

Of all the little despotisms of Italy, Piedmont seems to have been the most complete, perfect, and compact; in a word, a "*despotisme de poche.*" The noble was there, more powerful over his people, and the King more powerful over his nobles; and the chain of dependence was so closely knit, that it was difficult to discover where it began, or where it ended.[1] The Dukes of Savoy, or Kings of Sardinia, obliged to maintain their precarious existence by perpetual warfare and artful alliances, were constantly in the field, and had no leisure or taste for the cultivation of the sciences and arts; and their means were so small and so dependent on the will of their powerful neighbours, that all their institutions participated in the servitude. Nothing but the inherent vivacity and intelligence of their subjects, could have saved the state from sinking into an apathetic and brutalizing ignorance, to which the social energy of the Barbary pirates might have been deemed comparative illumination.

The high nobility, who exclusively formed the

[1] Alfieri's various reasons for abandoning his native country, scattered over his most entertaining memoirs, give the whole history of the despotism of "*il più piccolo di tutti i Rè dell' Europa.*" He observes, "the chains of my native servitude (*natia* servitù) were always odious and heavy, and, above all, that enviable privilege of the feudal nobles, which exclusively obliged them to ask the King's consent to quit his dominions, even for the shortest space of time: a permission frequently obtained with difficulty, and always with a certain limitation."—Vita, p. 250. He calls Turin, "*Il mio malsortito nido natio,*" "*quel nobile carcere,*" "*il despotico governo sotto cui mi era toccato di nascere,*" etc.

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court, however slaves to the King, were otherwise the most powerful of that class in Europe, within the little sphere of their existence. All places of honour, trust, or emolument were reserved for their acceptance. They alone could have boxes at the opera, or dance at public balls, with other distinctions, frivolous in enjoyment, but vexatious to the excluded. But while it would have been loss of cast to have admitted one of the *Cittadini* into their palaces, they had the privilege of entering any citizen's house upon all occasions of festivity, and wherever music was heard; with the right of forcing their admission, in case their society was rejected. Soldiers by birth, they suffered under an hereditary conscription, which separated them from all the œconomies of domestic existence. The whole of their education obtained in the royal academy, went scarcely further than fencing, riding, and dancing; and while they were thus devoted to ignorance and idleness, their moral principles were sapped by a fundamental law, which, while it prevented them selling an acre of their property without the King's leave, enabled them to refuse paying their debts, whenever their means failed, or their honesty deserted them.

Gambling was the prevailing vice, from the King to the least of his courtiers. Pharo-banks were publicly kept; jewels and trinkets were staked, when all else was gone; and the enormous sums won from young English travellers at the Court of Turin by the native nobility, could not save them from ruin, brought on by play and by a total neglect of their affairs.

The bond of marriage was one of mere accommodation. The necessity (originating in fashion) which

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every man was under, of neglecting his own wife, and entering into the service of his neighbour's, while it undermined morality, deprived taste of its preference, and passion of its excitements: and general gallantry was so blunted by authorized libertinism, that lovers became as stupidly loyal, as husbands were confessedly faithless. "*Et chacun se contente de la dame qu'il sert,*" says the liberal Lalande, (for the lady he *loved* was not the question). Vice thus submitted to the restraints of virtue, and shared its privations without obtaining its rewards. Of such a state of society, pride, privilege, and ignorance, were the endowments; and satiety, poverty, and discontent, the inevitable results. Yet such *was* the state of society, whose overthrow was a subject of lamentation to an English traveller and a clergyman, as a loss to the travelling youth of Great Britain not to be compensated! [1]

From such society, however, all that was estimable or enlightened among the natives voluntarily retreated. The Saluzzi held their little academies in the privacy of their saloons; the Ricolvi and Ravautelli buried themselves amidst their classic ruins; the Cignas, the Lagranges, and the Allioni were only to be found in their studies or botanic gardens; Beccaria, the sublime Beccaria, sick of all that tied him to the miserable spot of earth it was his misfortune to inhabit,

[1] "Now the academy of Turin, where the students were considered as part of the court, and admitted to all its balls and amusements, placed this advantage completely within their reach," (admission to society,) "and was in this respect, *and indeed in most others, far superior to Geneva,* where the British youth of rank were too often sent *to learn French and scepticism.*" Eustace, vol. iv. p. 89.

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held no communication but with the stars, whose purity and lustre were reflected in his own bright mind; and Alfieri, in the wild and noble petulance of well-founded indignation and uncompromising genius, fled, never to return; bequeathing to posterity the expression of his hatred, his pity, and contempt of a government and court, whose existence were incompatible with the independence he adored, and the vocation he had adopted.[1]

The Piedmontese formed the *avant-garde* of the Continental coalition. They had been the first to bear down upon France. Beat out of Savoy, they continued to resist on the Italian side of the Alps; and it is eminently creditable to the Piedmontese army, that it made the firmest stand against the overwhelming force of the French legions. While the petty principalities of Italy separated from the common interest, and made their terms and purchased their peace as Parmesans, as Modenese, or Florentines, Piedmont maintained its integrity; and when it yielded, it gave up, from ancient prepossession, in favour of France, and the conviction, that "the ills

[1] Alfieri created a number of phrases to express these feelings towards the Piedmontese system. He says that he struggled in the important work of un-Piedmontizing himself (*Spiedmontizzarmi*), of unvassalizing himself (*disvassallarmi*). He resigned his fortune to his sister, and settled at Florence; resolving to write tragedies and break horses for his subsistence, or even to beg rather than enjoy his high rank and fortune under such a system. One of the motives for this step was the necessity of concealing those works which have done such honour to Italy; for there existed a law which prohibited the publication, without license, of books, even in foreign states, under pain of fine, or even corporal punishment, if the case was thought to require it.—Vita, 252.

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they knew not," could scarcely be worse than "the ills they had." The King fled, Turin surrendered without the formality of a blockade, and the French took possession; Piedmont was placed on a republican footing, and the whole mass of its antiquated institutions fell at a crash.

Reform accompanied conquest, and measures the most judicious healed the wounds the sword of victory had inflicted in the heart of national self-love. Bonaparte was still a republican General, or affected to be so; and the revolution was accomplished with moderation and wisdom. It was the Archbishop of Turin, Del Signori, who was called in to assist in the new organization of the church establishment. It was he who directed and empowered the regular clergy, on the suppression of their orders, to live like seculars, to dispense with their vows, and re-unite themselves with the general mass of society, to whose rights and enjoyments they were restored. His pastoral letter to the religious of both sexes, is still quoted in Turin as a masterpiece of eloquence and simplicity; and his observations on the fantastical distinctions of dress, which ostentatiously marked their separation from the rest of their fellow creatures, are at once philosophical and benevolent.[1] He abolished the vows of poverty and beggary, and encouraged the monks to add to the modicum allowed them from the new government, by industry, application, and œconomy;

[1] "Abito secolare di colore e di forma modesta è edifiante. Siete dispensati dal voto di povertà, per quanto riguarda il poter maneggiare denari, spendere e comprare e retenire in propria mano quanto vi potrà nel bisognare pel sostentamento vostro, ed anche in aiuto e servigio delle case e famiglie nelle quali vi troverete a convivere."

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exhorting them to keep out of debt, and to accumulate a sufficiency for independence.

The people beheld this reformation with joy, however the clergy may have regretted it. The suppression of the wealthy convents of Capuchins, and of Jesuits, the sale of their estates as national property, together with the suppression of those alms, which were extorted from the credulity or submission of all classes, restored to their legitimate channels considerable sums, and replaced the idle and worthless, by the class of small landed proprietors; thus reconciling the population to the new order of things, and leaving none hostile, but those who lost privileges, as their fellow-citizens gained rights. A career was now broadly opened to national talent. The agents and ministers of government where almost all Piedmontese : and the chief of the republic and the prefect of Imperial sway, had the same order to amalgamate all classes in public festivities and private saloons, whose talents and education fitted them for the same circles.

Still the first shock of a change, as abrupt as it was beneficial, had its concomitant evils. The emigration of a great part of the nobles, and a war which had drained all resources, had much impoverished the capital; and the unfeudalized aristocracy, the unfrocked monk, the unbeneficed clergy, the displaced crown-lawyer, composed a large mass of malcontents who spread doubt and alarm through the whole sphere of their influence. But few regrets are eternal : general prosperity gradually soothed individual disapprobation; the Lares and Penates of Turin raised their drooping heads, as sons succeeded to offices, for which their fathers were no longer qualified; and one

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of the ablest political and legal writers [1] that Italy has produced, has proved that in spite of the misrepresentations which have been carefully circulated since the restoration, the estates of his Sardinian Majesty flourished and improved under the revolutionary system; and justified the intention of Providence in favour of a people highly endowed and eminently meritorious.

Ages of tyranny were not calculated to instil into the Piedmontese very just notions of political liberty; but their quick natural intelligence soon lent itself to the principles and theories of their comparative regeneration. All the youth and many of the ablest lawyers and men of science embraced the new order of things with enthusiasm; and, gradually learning to consider it as a probationary step to a more perfect system, they were fast advancing in the career of constitutional liberty, when the sudden elevation of Bonaparte to the Imperial throne, though it did not stifle their love of freedom, damped their hopes, and delayed the attainment of their object. They had no numerical force to oppose to systems, backed by the armies which had conquered Europe, and acceded to by the Sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and of Rome. The consecrated of Pope Pius VII., the son-in-law of Francis I., the model of Alexander, and the master of the fate of Frederick, would have been vainly resisted by the little republic of Piedmont.[2]

[1] Opuscoli di un Avocato Milanese, originario Piedmontese, sopra varie questioni politico-legali. Milano, 1819.

[2] Piedmont was recognized as a province of France by the Pope's Bull of the 1st of June, 1803. On the 13th of January, 1806, the King of Bavaria gave his daughter to Eugene Beau-

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Bonaparte, as Emperor, took the same pains to conciliate, as he had done when a republican general. The most eminent Piedmontese continued in office. Their governor, the Prince Borghese, was a native Italian prince, whose fortune would have purchased the fee-simple of a dozen German stadtholders. He was young, and handsome, and brother-in-law to the Emperor. This prince was ordered to preserve in his court all the free forms established in the saloons of the republic. All educated persons were admitted to the vice-regal court, without distinction; and no restraint was imposed upon the guests, but that which obliged husbands to accompany their wives. The sales of national property were confirmed, not a convent was restored, and the stiletto was still prohibited as in the time of the Republic.[1]

In 1815 France fell, and Europe returned to its ancient *assiette*. Kings crept from their hiding-places, and the institutes of the fifteenth century gradually regained their power and influence. His Majesty of Jerusalem and Cyprus, after a retreat of fifteen years in his Island of Sardinia, returned from his government of the anchovies, accompanied by an

harnais; on the 7th of April, in the same year, the Hereditary Prince of Baden married Josephine's adopted daughter. In August 1807, the King of Wurtemburg gave his daughter to Jerome Bonaparte, Jerome's first wife being alive; and in April 1810, the Emperor of Austria married his daughter to the Emperor Napoleon. It is difficult to determine whether there is a greater portion of ignominy attached to the contracting, under all the circumstances of opinion, such alliances, or in the base abandonment of ties once so freely taken.

[1] Rolland supposes the average number of assassinations in his day, for Sardinia alone, to have been 800 or 900 annually. At present the crime is as rare in Italy as in England.

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odd fish, (his grand vizier, Count Cerutti,) his priest, his Madonna, his court, and a little army of tin soldiers, which he had daily exercised in the Queen's dressing-room. He entered his good city of Turin, habited in the same costume, with the same peruke, and the same prejudices, in which he had left it. Still the people saw in him, notwithstanding his legitimate wig and appalling coat, the pledge of that liberty which the Holy Allies had *promised* Europe, when the Imperial Ogre should be put down. All the relics of ancient feudality, who had lain *perdus* in the old castles of the Alps, in the defiles of the Pas de Suze, or the valleys of Savoy, now hobbled forth, habited in dresses not seen since the revolution, and with principles as antiquated as themselves. The King, on beholding himself once more in the gallery of his *palazzo reale*, surrounded by the same figures, faces, and dresses, as when, in less happy times, he had last seen it, could not refrain from expressing his joy that *nothing was changed*, that he had found every thing as he left it. It was in vain that the old professors of Roman law, in their silken *soutanes*, the old magistrates in their ermined robes, the old nobles in bags and swords, and the old ecclesiastics once more in grand pontificals, stunned him with their cries of "*Prostrata banalità,—feodalità,—il tempo del lutto,—i quindici anni sventurati:*"[1] it was long before he *could* be made to comprehend what they meant; or believe that a single innovation had been made in the laws of the descendant of Wittikind the Great. At length, however, convinced by reite-

[1] "Prostrate banalities—feudality—times of misfortune—the fifteen unhappy years."

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rated details that there was no feudality, no corvée, no gabelle, no convents, no stilettos, and no asylums; that nobles were obliged to pay their debts, and were not obliged to ask permission to go to Milan; and that nothing remained of the ancient institutions, but an heavy taxation, a military conscription, and a trammeled press—he invoked every Saint in the Calendar to witness his astonishment and indignation; and called upon "his bosom's counsellor, his better self," Cerutti, to know what was to be done, how the fragments of the ancient structure were to be collected, how put together, and by whom. Cerutti laughed at the royal consternation; and told the King, that for about sixpence of Piedmontese money, he would build up the ancient government *di bel nuovo*. The sixpence advanced, the old minister hobbled off, and in less than an hour returned with a court-calendar, or red-book for the year 1790. "There, Sire," said he, "is your government ready made. Replace all the persons you find here, who are still living, and fill up the vacancies; and then for the price of this book, found on a stall near your Majesty's palace, you have your government re-established without trouble." The King was enchanted; the active ministry of the previous regime were immediately banished; and in a few days little remained of the former system, but the abuses which it suited the new order of things to retain. The convents were restored; the streets filled with Monks,[1] processions, and soldiers; churches and forts, shrines and garrisons, rose in every quarter;

[1] In the middle of the last century a census, taken at Turin, proved that, out of a population of 76,000 souls, 14,000 were ecclesiastics, and 15,000 nuns and friars.

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the Code Napoleon was set aside; the line of distinction between the nobility and the people was more strongly drawn than ever; the Queen again let the opera-boxes according to the due number of quarterings; and the King declared in the midst of a full court, upon being told that the King of Bavaria was a liberal, and that the King of Prussia had *promised* his people a constitution, "*Io solo sono veramente rè.*"[1] To crown his felicity, England, false to her promises, betrayed Genoa into his hands—Genoa, the object of his hatred, his rivalry, and his ambition; when, lo! in the midst of his triumphs, it was discovered that the old machine, in spite of its new varnish, paint, and gilding, could not be made to move. The springs had grown rusty, the wheels were clogged, its principle of motion forgotten; and in one word, the sixpenny constitution was not worth a groat. All was astray, all confusion, discontent, and incongruity; the people belonged to one age, the government to another. It was in vain that the army, in a time of profound peace, was increased; that citadels were fortified and armouries replenished; that Capuchins were multiplied, and prayers offered; it was in vain that Count de Maistre wrote to prove that social order depended upon the ignorance of the people; it was in vain that the King dressed and undressed his troops, and manœuvred his tin armament, as in the days of his happy retreat; and that the Queen received daily inspiration from the aulic council of her kinsman—all would not do. The people of Savoy were dying of want in the ditches,[2]

[1] "I alone am truly a King."

[2] At this time fiscal laws prevented the passing of grain from

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the population of Piedmont were groaning under the weight of taxation, the nobles, who were again the vassals of the King, without regaining all their old power over the people, were loud in their complaints; the monks, restored to their convents, had not yet got back their revenues; the liberals and Bonapartists, alike indignant, now felt only as Italians; and they harassed by their ridicule and opposition, a system they could not abrogate. Genoa, unhappy Genoa, was ready for any sacrifice that might rid her of her disgraceful bondage. Jerusalem and Cyprus indeed remained quiet, but all else was confusion and consternation. The King endeavouring to patch up a more endurable order of things, took back some of the ex-ministers of the imperial regime. They indeed could do but little under a system which, though not that of Piedmont alone, but of all the States of the Continent, is still incapable of subsisting, except under the protection of vast standing armies; but their talents, worth, and experienced merits, gave something like confidence to the people, and soothed for the moment the irritation of the public mind.

The noble institutions for the encouragement of science and philosophy, which for fifteen years flourished in Piedmont and Savoy, have spread an illumination over its inhabitants that cannot be quenched; and have awakened an energy never to be stilled into the dullness of their ancient existence. An European education now pervades all ranks: the noble, the citizen, the soldier, alike partake of its benefits;

Piedmont to relieve the Savoyards, and their sufferings would fill a volume.

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and the effects it has produced are evident in the private society of Turin, as well as in the exertions made by individuals to forward the interests of the community, and to found establishments which, in spite of *ignorantins*, feudalities, and legitimate misrule, must invigorate industry, disseminate knowledge, and increase wealth.[1] Alfieri considers it as one of

[1] Among the most distinguished of these true patriots stands his Excellency the Marquis de Brême, late Minister of the Interior for the kingdom of Italy. This nobleman is at the head of one of the most ancient families and finest fortunes of Piedmont. During his ministry he powerfully promoted the dissemination of those two engines of human happiness, the vaccine inoculation and the Lancastrian schools, which he first introduced on his own estate at Sartirani, in Piedmont. 270,000 persons were vaccinated in Lombardy, on the proved success of his domestic experiments; and the example of his schools has excited a similar emulation. Thrown out of the Ministry, on the Restoration, by the house of Austria, which has no occasion for Lancastrian schools, nor for Ministers that patronize them, the Marquis de Brême resides chiefly in his old castle of Sartirani, where he is considered as the guardian and protector of his district. He is the author of a work—"*Des Systèmes actuels d'Éducation du Peuple.*" During our visit at his villa near Milan, where he resided for a few weeks in 1819, he invited us to meet him at Sartirani in the following spring, on our return from the south of Italy, to judge of the progress of his schools, formed upon English models. In the interim, however, death had twice visited him with the heaviest affliction that can befall a parent, and under circumstances the most heart-rending. His eldest son perished in crossing the Ticino; while accompanying a physician to his father, who was indisposed in Piedmont. At a short distance of time after this calamity, his second son, Monsigneur l'Abate de Brême, Ex-Grand Almoner of Italy, sunk under a malady, increased by the persecution and calumnies which, since the Restoration, have followed all that were distinguished under the former regime, and which were too keenly felt by a constitution

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the evils of life over which he had no control, that he was born in what he calls an amphibious country.[1] This observation is made in allusion to the prevalence of the French language in Piedmont, which left

naturally frail, and a mind morbidly sensitive. The Abate Brême had been the chief support of a literary paper, conducted on Italian principles, at Milan, called "The Conciliatore," but which has been recently suppressed. He combined considerable erudition with a rare talent; and his powerful and deep affections were concentrated upon the regeneration of Italy and its re-union into one *corps de nation*. To the politeness of the old court he added the frankness of modern manners; and he has carried to the grave the friendship, the esteem, and the regret, of all that is most amiable in disposition or honourable in principle in Italian society. Monsigneur de Brême was well known to many of our most distinguished English travellers in Italy. His attention to us, as strangers, rapidly ripened into a friendship, which ended only with *his* life, as its memory will fade only with *our own*.

[1] "Disgrazia primitiva del nascere in un paese anfibio."—Vita, p. 76. He confesses that he knew French only by rote; but adds, that he knew much less of Italian. Eustace, in his Commentary upon the loss of the Court and Academy of Turin to the British Youth, observed, that they served as an introduction to the manners and language of Italy. This is one of many instances, in his false, flimsy, and pompous work, of his utter ignorance of Italy, or of his premeditated perversion of facts. The historical and topographical details, and even the classical quotations of Eustace's work, are most generally copied from Lalande's cumbrous and therefore neglected "Voyage en Italie." But the projected renovation of Latin, as the common language of Europe, and the restoration of the Pope to his ancient supremacy, are all his own. The true character of this production (and it is less painful to make the assertion, as its author's ear is no longer alive either to praise or censure) is to be found in the 4th canto of Childe Harold; and Lord Byron's long residence in Italy, and his intimate knowledge of the country, leave his testimony, on this occasion, beyond appeal.

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him, when he arrived at manhood, wholly ignorant of that beautiful tongue, to which he afterwards devoted himself with such ardour. His letters, his compositions, his conversation both at home and abroad, were all in French; and on his arrival in Tuscany, he had to acquire Italian as a foreign language. French had been for more than a century the prevailing language of the court and of the good society of Turin; Piedmontese, the domestic and familiar medium of commercial and household intercourse; but Italian was only spoken by the educated, and when strangers from other parts of Italy were present.

The habit of servilely copying the French court, the frequent alliances between the houses of Bourbon and Savoy, and the proximity and temporary union of the two countries, have induced a resemblance, which now, more than ever, strikes the traveller on his first presentation in the saloons of Turin. Experience, however, soon discovers some shades of difference. The men, in dress, air, and *abord*, are not a little English; and they pique themselves on being so. They have a passion for horses, or affect to have it; and they club together at coffee-houses, talk politics, lay wagers, gallop at the corso in the evening, and drive tilburies in dandy costume in the morning. In the opera-box they are true Italians; in the saloon they are French; but, taken altogether, they are perfectly European. The women universally adopt the French toilet and language,[1] and they exhibit something of that peculiar *tournure* and light and pleasant *persiflage*, which constitute the principal charm of

[1] The Piedmontese ladies told us, that not only conversation, but even the intercourse of notes, is carried on in French.

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French conversation. But they have a grace which is not French, a grace which is purely Italian;—the grace of simplicity. Nothing *maniéré*, nothing conventional, nothing affected or formal, can be found in the character of a genuine Italian woman. For this very reason, perhaps, under all the disadvantages of a bad education, bad government, and bigotted religion, they are still found, by those who are admitted to their intimacy, fascinating, beyond the reach of art to imitate.

The theatre, the casino, and the court, interfere with private society in Turin, as throughout Italy; and we owe it to the politeness and hospitality of Madame La Comtesse Valperga Masino [1] and the Princess Hohenzollern,[2] that, though the gaieties of Turin were clouded by the absence of the court, we were permitted to judge of the grace, talents, and suavity which distinguish its circles. In their saloons we were presented to nearly all the literary, diplo-

[1] This lady will perhaps be inclined to pardon me, if, in alluding to her flattering and most gratifying attentions, I confess that I felt them doubly gracious, as coming from the niece, the pupil, and the friend of the illustrious Abate Valperga di Caluso, a name now sacred in Italy, and never pronounced there but with a sigh of sorrow, or a smile of national triumph. The Abbé died in the arms of his accomplished niece; and it is to her filial love that Monsigneur de Brême alludes, in his life of his learned relative, "*Che avesse l'onerando Vecchio domestico compagno il senno, sotto le ridente forme di femminil gioventù.*" The Abate Caluso was Professor of Oriental Languages, Director of the Observatory, Member of the Great Council of the University, Member of the Legion of Honour, etc. etc. He died at Turin in 1815, aged 77.

[2] The lady of his Excellency Count Trucksess, minister from the court of Berlin.

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matic, and fashionable society then in Turin; and we had an opportunity of observing, that merit and talent are there a full substitute for quarterings and *crachats;* that in the saloons of the palace Masino, the Planas, the Carenas, the Borsons, were associated with the descendants of feudal Counts and gothic Barons; while the liberal and philosophic minister, Balbo, and the ultra, but very agreeable, De Maistre, disputed amicably upon points of literature and poetry, however they might differ upon politics.

French quadrilles, cards, and conversation, were the order of society in Turin, as in Paris; but conversation prevailed; and we were struck with the general acquaintance displayed by many of the younger persons with our national literature. The day before we quitted Turin, we were presented with Italian translations of Lalla Rookh and Childe Harold.

I pity those who pass through Piedmont without pausing in its capital. The impression which we received on the threshold of Italy, shed the light of promise on the rest of our journey. The localities of Turin are by no means destitute of interest, and its active and intelligent citizens well merit to be studied with attention; while there are few places in Italy where the stranger, well presented, will find a more frank and hospitable reception, enlivened by gaiety, and tempered by information and kindly feeling.

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Of the Passage from the French Regime to the Restored Monarchy.

" Le développement du génie a trouvé plus d'entraves dans la législation que dans toutes les autres sciences." — *Tactique des Assemblées Législatives, v.* 2.

The ancient laws of Piedmont were a compound of the Roman and canon law, of the edicts of its sovereigns, of local customs and statutes, and the decisions of its supreme magistrates, which, like our English precedents, had a legal force. This confused and heterogeneous mass had never been collected, arranged, or harmonized into a system; and it was frequently rendered conflicting and discordant with itself, by the variety of authorities and the difference of times at which the individual laws had been enacted. The Duchy of Aosta enjoyed a code of its own; and other cities, and even small burghs and villages, were governed up to the year 1798 by local statutes and uses, respecting successions, testamentary powers, etc.

The beneficial effects of the French revolution, in banishing this jumble, and substituting the French code, were not, however, confined to an improvement in form. The old government may be considered as having been among the least advanced of the several feudal institutions borne down by the revolution; and the laws were not less unjust in their positive enactments, than in their contradiction and obscurity. That maxim of the Roman law, for example, was in vigour, which declares that the sale of property breaks leases; a law which gives to the buyer a right which belongs not to the seller,—a right not less injurious to the public welfare, than to the individual it dispossesses.

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Another obligation, in which the Piedmontese were indebted to the revolution, was for the establishment of the French law of "*Hypothèques.*" Credit, the life of commerce, can alone exist in its full developement, where property is closely and clearly bound to the discharge of debts, and where the application of the law is facile, and unclogged with the possibility of disputes between the several creditors. The ancient system of Piedmont left the property generally answerable for all demands, without securing the first creditor from the future improvidence of the debtor,—priority of mortgage giving no priority of claim upon the estate.[1] To the French code the Piedmontese were in general attached, and more particularly so the Genoese, by a practical acquaintance with its decided superiority.

But upon the restoration of the King, all the revolutionary institutions, with the sole exception of the fiscal laws, were wiped off at the dash of a pen, by the famous edict of the 21st of May, 1814. This edict, after the customary preamble of the especial grace of God and the magnanimous and generous forces of the allied powers, (a manifest *hysteron proteron*) paternal solicitude, etc. etc. etc. decrees as follows:—

1. Without having regard to any other law, from the date of these presents there shall be observed the royal constitution of 1770, and the other enactments of our royal predecessors up to the 23d of June, 1800.

2. We authorize our supreme magistrates to take order for the instructions of all processes now pending, and for all acts of adjudication and judgments ("*gli*

[1] Neither was there any public register of mortgages, which the lender might consult in order to judge of his security.

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atti d'aggiudicazione e giudizie d'ordine") already commenced, in the manner they may deem most conformable to the interests of justice according to the circumstances of the case, at the same time charging them to use the same authority in repressing exorbitant usury, which they of old enjoyed.

3. In all respects the taxation, as well direct as indirect, we reserve to ourselves, to give, in its proper time, the ulterior and more particular details; in the mean while the laws actually in vigour shall continue in operation.

The dæmon of discord and of mischief could not have imagined or effected anything more destructive to the general welfare or to individual morals than this edict. In Milan, Modena, and Tuscany, the abolition of the French code had been prepared by a series of transitory enactments, regulating with more or less precision the application of each code to the several particular cases. But here all was left to the decision of the magistrate, whose will was law, to overset engagements, contracted under another dispensation, and to determine according to one code, litigations commenced under the sanction of another. Duly to appreciate the folly and injustice of this measure, it is necessary to be acquainted with the total difference of spirit between the ancient and modern institutes, and their want of common measure for actions and relations. In the state of uncertainty created by this difference, in respect to all matters of trust, feudal right, civil matrimony, divorce, capacity of monks and nuns to inherit, fathers of families were totally incapacitated from making a will, or indeed from engaging with security in any transaction relative to the transfer of property.

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This difficulty, as may naturally be foreseen, was soon still further increased by the clashing decisions, in different cases, and in different tribunals. The course by precedent in ordinary instances is sufficiently defective; "*Ex his quæ forte uno aliquo casu accidere possunt*," says Cicero, "*jura non constituuntur.*"[1] But the method becomes ten thousand times more pernicious in a case where the whole matter is new, where opinion has no bounds set to it, but those of conscience; and where conscience is placed in opposition to the frowns and the favours of a monarch, and the prejudices of a dominant faction.

Among the most wanton and detestable of the royal prerogatives in Piedmont, is that which the King arrogates of interfering in civil matters, of setting aside the course of law, and annulling the rights of private citizens, by acts of grace, or mixed acts of grace and justice. A right so anarchical, and so stupidly opposed to the welfare alike of king and subject, must at all times have been pregnant with injury and injustice: but at the epoch of this change of government, the grievance exceeded all bounds. Whoever imagined himself injured by the revolutionary institutions, whether by the suppression of privileges, or by the mere influence of opinion, endeavoured to persuade the King that whatever sprang from that source was impure; and that the sentences of the French tribunals were so many acts of violence and fraud, which the King himself was bound to remedy by his authority. Under this influence, a multitude of royal patents were expedited, some appointing special commissions for special cases, for the affairs of individual families, or patrimonies,

[1] De Legibus, l. iv.

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—others for revising the decisions of the supreme courts,—others again for judging decided cases *ab integro*. Some contained orders to creditors, obliging them to compromise with their debtors, and some accorded delay for the payment of debts; thus setting the debtor at liberty in some cases for as many as twenty years.

At no period before the revolution did the kings of Piedmont exercise, to any extent, this odious privilege in civil matters, notwithstanding the total absence of constitutional laws. For in the place of a constitution stood the peace of the times, the conscience of ministers, and the uncontested validity of jurisdictions and enactments; whereas in the present instance, a prejudice against the validity of the revolutionary acts opened the door to a multiplicity of abuses, and paved the way to continual suspensions of the law. To make the reader acquainted with the full extent of this evil, would be to translate the five thick volumes of pleadings or protests, which had been published, within a year or two of the restoration, by a patriotic advocate;[1] pleadings invaluable not only to Piedmont, but to humanity at large, for the clear enunciations of positive and natural law, and for unsophisticated reasoning and enlightened prin-

[1] "Opuscoli politico-legali di un Avocato Milanese, originario Piedmontese." If it were either safe or proper to break through the anonymous retirement of the author, it would be an high gratification to give his name to that public, whom he has benefited alike by his talents and his virtues. Few legal works exhibit such traces of a clear, free, and expansive intellect, neither lost in the mazes of technicality, nor clouded by the excess of its erudition. It is almost useless to add that his pleadings were of little avail to the parties whom he strove to defend.

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ciples. From many extracts of patents recorded in these volumes I take the first that occurs—Vincenzo Ignazio Francisco Nuvoli had entered into an order of regulars, from which he afterwards separated, and contracted matrimony, not only civilly, but, as it is believed, before the church, in virtue of a papal rescript. At all events he lived and died in conjugal cohabitation, without suffering any impediment, on the return of the King. He, dying, left an usufruct of his estates to his widow, with a survivorship to his daughter. The King, by royal patent, under the pretence that the matrimony was not legitimate, because the cause of nullity of vows was not duly made (*non siasi fatta la causa della nullità de' voti debitamente*), and that the wife consequently was a concubine, and the daughter a bastard, revoked the testament, ordered the case to be adjudged privately, "*senza strepito di giudizio*," by a committee especially appointed for that purpose !!! To this extraordinary picture there is but one trait to add. These royal rescripts are extended even to the Duchy of Genoa, where it cannot be pretended that the King held a suspended virtual jurisdiction, pending the French occupation; and where consequently his legitimacy has no imaginable claim, to meddle with justice and to release those bound by the solemn decision of courts of law. These, therefore, are acts of pure undisguised tyranny; acts for which the English name is daily and hourly cursed, and for which the English nation is answerable at the bar of the civilized world. While such things are, and their authors remain exempt from punishment, well may the nations of Europe regard our internal struggles with complacency, and anticipate our political

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downfall with undisguised expressions of satisfied revenge.[1]

The injustices which occurred upon the *mis en action* of the French code in 1802, were extremely few; because as that code tended to simplify procedure, and to break through privileges subversive of imprescriptible rights, the people at large were necessarily benefited. But in returning to ancient abuses, the most valuable rights acquired at the revolution were trampled down; and every transaction consequently involved a substantial iniquity. Thus in passing over the system of hypothèques, money, lent upon a special security, became recoverable only in concurrence with other creditors. Thus too, he who had contracted with a citizen his equal before the laws, was reduced to sue and be sued in an ecclesiastical court, if the party against whom he was opposed was a priest. Nor is this evil confined to submitting to a partial or prejudiced tribunal. Every court and every system of jurisprudence has its forms, and these forms alone can operate in determining a judgment; according to the axiom of Roman law, "*in contractibus tacitè veniunt ea quæ sunt moris et consuetudinis.*" To be tried, therefore, by a system other than that under which the contract is made, is obviously to be dragged *coram non judice.*

[1] It has not unfrequently occurred that cases, which in passing through the courts of *prima istanza* and appeal, have received the concurrent sanction of ten judges, have been sent for revision to a single delegate, or to three or four members acting in the name of the senate. The key to this absurdity is, that the revolutionary judges, laws, and sentences, are taken only as scenes in a comedy, and not as having the force of realities. The sentences of the ex-tribunals are not carried into effect, unless when backed by new decisions.

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Among the feudal privileges subsisting before the revolution were the banalities, or exclusive rights of possessing mills, ovens, etc. When these were abrogated, new buildings were naturally erected, according to the exigencies of the community. By a royal rescript, the proprietors of these new edifices were at the restoration compelled to an accommodation with the feudal lord, either by selling the mill, etc. or by paying a compensation, such as the old proprietor would accept.

But while the new government was thus protecting the feudal proprietors, and granting rescripts to the nobility to exempt them from the justice of their creditors, it fell upon the landed property by an edict which has induced universal discontent, an edict for regulating the size of farms and restricting the right of the landlord to let his land as he pleased. The constitutions, or collection of laws made by Victor Amadeus II. in 1723–1729, were admirable, for the state of knowledge at the time. They laid the axe to the root of feudality, and paved the way for the abolition of its jurisdictions, together with many other vexations and abuses, in 1797; and these amendments placed the states of Piedmont in many respects in advance of the rest of Italy. But in the midst of these reforms, appeared the edict of the 19th July, 1799, limiting the size of farms within a rental of 5000 Piedmontese francs per annum, under pain of nullity of contract. The maximum of rice-plantations was fixed at 10,000 francs. The intent of this enactment was to appease popular discontent, and to lower the price of corn. The eighth article declared all existing contracts in violation of this principle, which extended beyond the year 1799, *ipso facto* terminable at the com-

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mencement of 1800. In the mean while the battle of Marengo changed the government; a great part of the law was abrogated, and in March 1804, the French code being adopted, the whole of it ceased to be valid. Even before this time it had practically fallen into desuetude, and was virtually null; so that no experience had been collected of the benefits that were expected from this singular legislation.

In 1816 there was a general scarcity in Europe, of which Piedmont partook in a tremendous excess: and the attention of the government being thus recalled to the subject, a new edict was issued, declaring all contracts for farms above the statutable size, made under the French regime, terminable in 1818; and restricting the farms as before the revolution. The effect of this edict upon the public was very different from that produced by its prototype. The national intellect had been materially enlightened on the subject of political œconomy. A multitude of complaints, demands of exemption, and censures followed its re-enactment. It had not even the proposed advantage of bringing down the price of corn. For the farmers, in giving up their leases, had frequently to receive a restoration of money advanced, instead of rent to pay; and as they were released from the necessity of manuring the land they quitted, they had the less obligation for bringing their corn to market.

In respect to the rice-grounds, this law is eminently impracticable. That species of cultivation requires a combined system of irrigation, alone applicable to great farms; and the arbitrary division of the land into small holdings involved the lessees in endless difficulties. The water necessary for the purpose of irriga-

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tion, varying with the seasons and the local peculiarities of the land, is absolutely unsusceptible of an equitable division among different proprietors. The necessity for numerous new erections, and the inutility of the old ones, (calculated for a larger scale of farming,) became also a ruinous source of expense. As might be expected, therefore, this law was generally evaded by private agreements, and became only available to chicanery and dishonesty. The measure was followed up likewise by others equally unwise: such was the importation of corn from Odessa, accompanied by a prohibition of export, and an obligation to buy the government corn. In virtue of these regulations, the Savoyards, being deemed foreign to Piedmont, were suffered to perish with want, while the Piedmontese could not sell their produce.

The number of tribunals in Piedmont, without counting the "*delegazioni per li privati*," or arbitrations, is so great that they afford matter for a special work, which bears title "*De' Tribuni esercenti Giurisdizione negli Stati di S. M. di quà da' Monti e Colli di Terra Ferma*, 1796: *ristampati nel* 1815. This multiplicity of courts occasions, of necessity, perpetual conflicts of jurisdiction, a frequent diversity of maxims, and the almost endless duration of law-suits.

The judges in general are paid by the piece, and gain in proportion to the length of the process, and the severity of the inflictions. The torture, though, in obedience to the spirit of the age, practically abandoned, still remains part of the law of the land; and criminal processes are again conducted in secret. These are a few only of the blessings which the treaty

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of Vienna has entailed upon an enterprising, amiable, and awakened people; but humanity rejoices in the conviction that such combinations carry with them the seeds of their own destruction, and even if unopposed, must fall by their own weight and inherent rottenness.



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CHAPTER V.

LOMBARDY.

Route to Milan.—Peasantry.—VERCELLI.—*Frontiers, Doganieri.*—BUFALORA.—MILAN.—*Streets, Population,* CHURCHES.—*Duomo.*—*Anecdotes.*—*The Pope's Ballet.*—*Reform of Churches.*—*Convent and Church of Sta. Maria delle Grazie.*—*The Cenacolo of* LEONARDO DA VINCI.—*Anecdotes.*—BRERA.—*Historic Anecdotes.*—*Institute of the Revolutionary Governments.*—*Its Gallery of Pictures, Medals, etc.*—BIBLIOTHECA AMBROSIANA.—*MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci.*—ABATE MAI.—*Palimpsestic MSS.*—VICEROY'S PALACE.—THEATRES.—*Scala, the Vestale, Teatro Patriotico, Teatro di Gerolamo.*—*Italian Drama.*—*Criticism of the Quarterly Review.*—SYLVIO PELLICO.—*Proposed Association for the Improvement of the Drama.*

THE windings of the Po, whose frequent inundations (unlike those of the Nile) cover the fertile plains with rocks and sterility, give a peculiar character to the scenery which intervenes between the capitals of Piedmont and Lombardy. The narrow threads of tributary streams, rushing through broad and stony beds, (which they form when swoln into mighty torrents by the melting of the snows,) the frequent fords,

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the moveable bridges of boats, etc. etc. render the journey at all times anxious and variable;—occasionally dangerous, and sometimes fatal.[1] The country, in general, is rich and cultivated; and corn-fields and vineyards, intersected with swampy rice-grounds, and skirted with forest trees, present a scene of luxury and abundance, which renders the wretched state of the Piedmontese peasantry a problem, only to be solved by an intimate knowledge of the political condition of the country.

Both men and women are hard-featured and squalid; and though the latter are occasionally distinguished by their tawdry ornaments, and by the large black and gold German fans, which they parade on festivals in the streets of Turin, yet many of both sexes go bare-legged, and some even bare-footed; while almost all are slovenly and dirty. A love for costly personal decorations of gold and silver, is most common in those countries, where from the impossibility of placing money to advantage, or from a want of sufficient security, the productive power of capital is but little known. The peasantry of such countries thus idly

[1] Sometimes a violent storm in the mountains, which is not even perceived in the plain, pours forth its waters into the dry channels of the mountain streams, whence they rush forward into the greater rivers in columns of several feet in height, and with a tremendous roar. Woe to the unfortunate traveller, who happens at this moment to be passing the ford! the waters advance with a rapidity from which there is no escape; and post-boys, horses, chaise, and passengers, are dashed along, together with trees and masses of rock, to certain and inevitable destruction. Such accidents, however, are rare, except when travellers refuse to listen to the advice of those accustomed to the phenomenon, and attempt the passage, in defiance of their predictions.

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vest their savings, on the same principle as the Turkish Pacha accumulates diamonds; because they cannot lay their money out in profitable speculation, and because gold and silver are easily transported, and always available in time of distress. The "barbaric pomp and gold" of villages in some parts of the south of Europe are therefore proofs not so much of the ease of the inhabitants, as of the poverty of their resources, and their imperfect œconomy.

The younger females, however, exhibit amidst their general slovenliness, much classic taste in the braiding of their luxuriant tresses, sometimes confined by a glittering comb, and sometimes fastened by a silver bodkin: and even the elder dames wear a square linen veil, not ungracefully disposed; while their low tuckers are arranged to discover more than is politic of their tanned and prematurely withered necks. There is a contrast in this display of grace and indigence, of a tattered petticoat and an elegant *coiffure*, which epitomizes the natural and political history of the country; the fine instincts of an exquisitely organized people bursting here (as every where in Italy) through the cerements of penury and distress.

A few little villages, but no cottage, no villa, no farm-house, are visible along the high road; and VERCELLI is the first town of any consideration, which the traveller encounters on leaving Turin. We entered it in the afternoon, and found it thinly inhabited and melancholy; its silence only interrupted by the eternal ringing of bells, a never-ceasing nuisance in all the towns and cities of Italy, where the feast and the fast are daily and hourly pealed forth, for the encouragement of idleness, or the pursuit of futilities.—Towards evening the streets were less desert-

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ed; and the processions of the "*Milizia Angelica*" considerably added to their bustle. This confraternity, instituted in honour of St. Thomas the angelic doctor, is one of great reverence and celebrity; and the "*Sagro Cingolo*," or girdle of the Saint (which appears not to have been the cestus of Venus,[1]) is among the most precious relics, in the treasury of the cathedral of Vercelli. But neither the saintly sash of the angelic doctor, nor the MS. of St. Mark, nor the relics of St. Eusebius, nor the monument of the blessed Amadeus of Savoy, nor a box at the opera for twenty sous, could detain us more than one day in this celebrated city, so important in the middle ages, and so frequented by Popes, and Emperors, and Tuscan Countesses.[2] The fact was, we were driven out of Vercelli, not as an heretic bishop once was, by bell and book, but by the *bells* and the *bugs;* either of them a charm sufficiently powerful to be unhesitatingly obeyed.

From Vercelli to Milan, the road is always fine; the country always as lovely, as fertile but unvaried plains, clumps of trees, and fruitful vineyards can render it.[3] The Alps, always magnificent, gradually recede as Milan is approached; while the peasantry improve as the kingdom of Italy (the object of all the improvement that the French government, and Milanese

[1] The Saint when attacked by the Devil, in the form of a fine woman, was rescued by this belt, which fell from heaven on the occasion, and conferred upon its bearer the happy gift of insensibility to all female seduction.

[2] See Pignotti, vol. ii. p. 96.

[3] This plain is not only celebrated by Dante, in his stanzas, beginning "La dolce piano che da Vercelli," etc. etc., but is the scene of that adventure of the unfortunate Tasso, which he has commemorated in his "Padre di famiglia."

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enterprise, could bring to its naturally fine qualities) is entered.

At the gloomy and truly antique town of Novarra we were unnecessarily detained for an hour, (and an hour is an age to weary and impatient travellers,) because the officer who was to examine our passports was absent: and because, when he came to his post, he laboured under a disqualification, not uncommon in the Italian states, that of not reading French at all, and Italian but little. This circumstance he endeavoured to explain in Piedmontese, of which we understood as little as he did every other language. It is at Novarra that the annoyances commence of frequent barriers, and rigid polices, established at the confines of the ever-changing governments: and the enquiries, difficulties, and severe scrutiny of the fiscal and municipal officers, which are now encountered at almost every other stage, forcibly illustrate the efficacy of a policy, that insulates the inhabitants of each petty state, and impedes that communication of thought and concentration of interests, which, by effecting the liberation of Italy, would raise it to the dignity of a nation.

At Bufalora, on crossing the Ticino, the entrance into the Regno Lombardo-Veneto, (or that fair portion of Italy, which the modesty of Austria has taken to itself, and the wisdom and piety of the other European sovereigns have consigned to the most effete but oppressive despotism in Christendom) is formidably marked by legions of gens-d'armes and fiscal officers, by the white uniform and black eagle of the old "holy Roman Empire," and by the delay, extortion, and the eternally repeated demands of

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"*passa porto*," and "*niente per la dogana?*" (Have you nothing that concerns the custom-house?)

The *refacciamento* of the ancient States of Italy, the patchwork of kingdoms and parcellings of principalities, which strike the traveller at every fifty miles, confound all geographical recollections, and absolve the memory from all its former combinations. But in the recent struggle for spoil and partition, when every royal hand has been stretched forth, in utter contempt for the rights and the feelings of humanity, to seize its share of the general plunder, none have come off with so goodly a portion as the Emperor of Austria; and an actual survey of the extent and quality of his possessions beyond the Alps, can alone give an adequate idea of how little remains for him to take.[1]

The treacherous but fertilizing Ticino, and the canal Ticinetto, (the principal inlet of commerce to Milan,) form two of the most distinguishing features of that part of the plains of Lombardy, through

[1] Except the Papal States, there is scarcely an acre of Italy that is not immediately or mediately under the command of Austria. And even the frontier town of Ferrara, on entering the Pope's dominions, is garrisoned by Austrians. Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, are governed by Austrian princes; and the alliances of the royal family of Naples with the imperial house, place that kingdom within the influence of the Austrian government, even if the attempted military occupation should fail of accomplishing its purpose. These ample and splendid additions to the imperial crown will, however, be of no avail in supporting Austria against the usurpation either of France or of Russia; but rather will paralyze its military movements, by the known disaffection of the Italians to their masters. As a balance of power, therefore, the act of political cruelty which thus enslaved the Italians, (like most other acts of injustice and wickedness,) will eventually prove vain.

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which its noble capital is approached; and the broad, smooth, and shaded road which leads to the Porta Vercellina, corresponds with the richness of the country, and with the magnificence of the city in which it terminates. Milan was entered by us with anticipations the most gracious; which, contrary to ordinary experience, were surpassed by the events. The very name of this city, as I write it, awakens feelings which the impartiality of veracious narrative should distrust. From pages like the present, the bias of affections and the influence of sentiment should be excluded. I trust, however, that in a woman's work, sex may plead its privilege; and that if the heart will occasionally make itself a party in the *concern*, its intrusions may be pardoned, as long as the facts detailed are backed, beyond the possibility of dispute, by the authority of contemporary testimonies.

Milan is situated in one of the loveliest plains of Lombardy. Its canals, and its proximity to the lake of Como and to the Lago Maggiore, render it the most appropriate mart for general commerce, of any city in the north of Italy. Milan was considerable under the Romans, more important under the Lombards, and magnificent as a republic: and though it fell low under the Spanish and Austrian rule, it recovered more than its pristine splendour, and all its former consequence, as the capital of the recent kingdom of Italy. As we entered its spacious line of street from the Porta Vercellina, and passed between its palaces to the heart of its trading quarters, (whose ancient names recall the various manufactures[1] which flourished in them, when Milan was the armoury of

[1] Contrada de' Spadari, de' Spronari, de' Cappellaj, etc.

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Europe,) they were silent and lifeless : no bustle, no hurrying population, none of the activity of business or energy of commerce. Here and there an Austrian sentinel paced before the gate of some government palace, a tradesman lounged on a bench before his shop, a procession passed with the viaticum, a devotee, with her long black veil, rosary and missal, issued from a church, and groups of Austrian officers smoked their cigars under the handsome awnings of the coffee-houses which abound in every street. As the day advanced, a few men of elegant appearance, in their English tilburies, or mounted on English horses, passed along, and recalled London or Paris. These were young Milanese nobles, whose fathers, from their high palace casements, behold with more surprise than approbation, the activity, temerity, and *degeneration* of a race which, abroad before the hour of the Corso, ride spirited horses, and drive their own carriages.

The general architecture of Milan bears the stamp of its importance in the middle ages. The old palaces, vast and rude, indicate their purposes, as the domestic fortresses of turbulent times. The few Greek façades belong to edifices raised under the recent Italian government. Of its Roman antiquities, the sites only of Thermæ, temples, etc., and a fine portico, called "*le colonne di San Lorenzo*," remain. Under the Viceroys of the Spanish and Austrian governments the city gained nothing, and lost much. Churches and convents multiplied, but its magnificent Duomo remained unfinished; its noble canal, the miracle of the age in which it was constructed, was choked, and fell to ruin. The military edifices, raised for the subjugation of the people under

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Charles the Fifth, fell or stood, as time spared or storms demolished. The palace, inhabited by the delegated sovereign from Madrid or Vienna, remained down to the revolution, much as the Sforza had left it. The high-walled gardens of monasteries choked the suburbs, and impeded ventilation. Cemeteries in the heart of the city frequently produced contagious maladies.[1] Markets rose in the courts of the noblest palaces.[2] The relics of Roman antiquities were suffered to perish from neglect; and the old narrow streets, which by their original construction excluded light and air, were still further impeded by sheds erected at pleasure before shops. At night they were ill lighted by paper lanterns, few and far between. Conquerors and usurpers have no prescriptive right nor antiquated prejudice in their favour; and they are obliged to court public suffrages by promoting public interests, and consulting public accommodation. Under the new regime, to destroy and to regenerate were mainsprings of power; and vigour and renovation, reform and the improvement of the physical condition of the people, became the order of the day.

In 1796, Lombardy, with the whole of northern Italy, received a constitution modelled on republican forms, administered by all the native talent it possessed; and Milan was declared the capital of the CISALPINE REPUBLIC. Reconquered, and held a few months by the Imperialists, it was again liberated, and restored to its free form of government in 1800; when

[1] The cemetery called "*de' nuovi Sepolcri*," belonging to the great hospital, is said to have been a frequent cause of disease in the good old times.

[2] In the court of the Archbishop stood the vegetable market, or Piazza di erba.

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the gracious title of the ITALIAN REPUBLIC was bestowed on it. On the elevation of Bonaparte to the imperial throne, Lombardy found itself betrayed; and the gorgeous appellation of KINGDOM OF ITALY did not compensate for the loss of that liberty which was not the less cherished because it was new.

Notwithstanding the nominal independence of the kingdom, it was still in reality a department of the empire; and the viceroy, who held a court of royal magnificence, was only an agent of that sole chief, who, however he dignified his kinsmen with titles, could not bestow upon them his own talents, and did not share with them his power.

But under each successive change, Lombardy in general, and more particularly Milan, continued in a course of considerable improvement. The public functionaries, almost exclusively natives, were animated by an enthusiastic impulse of genuine patriotism; while to the Emperor, Milan was an object of especial regard, as the seat of his second empire—his other Paris. Under this joint influence, streets were cleared, avenues opened, antiquities guarded, palaces raised, and cleanliness and general accommodation universally promoted; till it might almost be said in the metaphorical sense, that the city of brick was converted into one of marble.

Lord Orford was wont pleasantly to say, on the subject of his Continental travels, that after Calais, nothing surprised him: it is quite true that impressions are deep in proportion as the perception is unworn; and that the real importance of objects does not always decide their influence on the imagination. This remark, however, is not applicable to the DUOMO of Milan, which, with all the recollection of the

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Gothic cathedrals of England full in the mind, is imposing by its size, and striking by its magnificence; and it dwells in the memory and predominates in the fancy, even after having visited the more vast and costly miracle, the church of St. Peter at Rome. It is a singular circumstance, that it should have been reserved for the Italian government, in the 19th century, to finish this magnificent cathedral, commenced in the 14th. The Milanese, who under the Visconti still raised the cry of "*popolo, popolo*," in the streets of their capital, were given by the usurper, instead of the freedom they demanded—a church: for even in those rude days, despotism had learned to strengthen itself by its connexion with religion, and to decorate power with the trophies of art. Notwithstanding the wealth and munificence of *Galeazzo Visconti*, this mighty edifice proceeded but slowly; and ages passed over it, and left it incomplete. The immense sums lavished upon it by wealthy sinners, to forward its continuation, seem to have retarded the work by extending its plan. St. Charles Boromeo (the citizen Saint of Lombardy) did much towards its completion; but on his death, two centuries succeeded without hastening the progress of the erection, and the foundation of Galeazzo still remained unfinished, when an usurper, like himself, influenced by the same motives, and gifted with the same energies, at once completed it. Bonaparte is said to have contemplated this temple, on his first arrival at Milan, with unsatiated delight; and to him it owes the fabrication of two-thirds of its splendid façade, a considerable number of its 400 statues, which rather incrust than decorate it, and the perfect condition in which it now strikes the eye with wonder and admiration.

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The architecture of the Duomo, being a mixed Gothic, is a subject of much criticism to professed virtuosi. But as we first saw it, in the radiance of the mid-day sun, its masses of white and polished marble, wrought into such elegant filigree as is traced on Indian ivory by Hindoo fingers, its slim and delicate pinnacles, tipped with sculptured saints, light as "*e'er danced on the point of a needle, or rode on the beams of the sun*," it looked (all gigantic as it is) like some fairy fabric of virgin silver; and left the eye dazzled and the imagination fascinated. Its exterior lustre was strikingly contrasted with its interior solemnity; and as we drew back the folds of the heavy drapery which shades the entrance of this, as of all Italian churches, nothing could be more impressive than that long solemn sweep of nave, whose deep perspective fades and mellows as it recedes from the eye, and is finally almost lost in distance and obscurity. Before the high altar stands the shrine of St Charles Borromeo, with its circle of burning lamps; the spacious choir rises behind it. The lateral aisles with their massive columns of red granite, and votive chapels, the porphyry baptismal font, the marble pavement, were tinged with the brilliant hues which fell through the high-arched and richly painted windows. A procession of the chapter, with their archbishop at their head, was issuing from the choir, and disappeared through a lateral door leading to the sacristy. Another less splendid but more solemn procession came forth from a chapel, announced by the ringing of a bell, the glare of torches, and accompanied by a guard of soldiers with fixed bayonets. It was the sacrament, borne on a velvet cushion, and under a superb canopy—the *viaticum* of some dying

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sinner: as it went forth and crossed the place of the Duomo, the guards of the Imperial palace, to the left, turned out and carried arms, and those who passed uncovered their heads, or knelt. The bold daring of the first reformers is only to be estimated in Catholic countries, in the midst of those imposing forms, to which the feelings so readily lend themselves, and from which the imagination finds it so difficult to escape.

We had accompanied the procession to the portico of the church; on our return all was silent, but not solitary. Here, wrapped in her black veil, sat the devotee, her arms placed on her knees, and her eyes fixed upon some shrine or picture, the object of her invocation. There lounged the *valet de place*, in the hope of employment from the stranger who might come unaccompanied to the church. In another place, stretched on a bench, slept soundly some weary or indolent *désœuvré*, who found a cool and fresh retreat from the ardour of the external atmosphere. By his side, scarce more awake, and in apathetic calmness, on his bended knees, might be seen a suppliant, in whom devotion warred with stupor, and in whose overpowered mind, Morpheus contended for mastery with St. Borromeo, and blunted the pious purpose which brought him to the altar. Venders of relics and of godly books plied with "temptations of St. Anthony," and the "loves of St. Theresa;" and the smart shopkeeper, with a packet under his arm, brushed by the heavy curtain of the great entrance, dipped his finger in the holy water, crossed himself, and hurried through the opposite door, as the shortest cut to his errand; thus at once pursuing his way through this world and to

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the next; and performing his peripatetic devotion, and following his worldly avocation, "without loss of time or hindrance of business."

As we leaned over the back of a seat, taking a view of the entire building, a female, who was seated in a contemplative attitude before us, and who had an air of distressed gentility, turned round the finest eyes that ever lighted a face so faded; and in a tone of languid *sang-froid*, asked, "*Avete qualche cosa a darmi?* (have you any thing to give me?) The Italian gentleman who accompanied us drily replied, "*Niente*," (nothing;) she coolly resumed her position, and we moved on. Our friend remarked to us, that this woman was one of an order, not incorporated, but allowed, a sort of persons who take up the trade of devotion and of mendicity together, and loiter in churches to waylay the credulity of the devout. "I have met those eyes before," he said, "when it would have been difficult to have answered their supplication with a "*niente*."

The Duomo is to the Milanese, what the Capitol was to the Romans. The people in all ages are the slaves of localities, because objects of sense are always influential, in proportion as the powers of abstraction remain uncalled upon and unexercised. Even the people of Rome, with all the patriotism attributed to them, were best awakened to sentiments of public spirit, when their orators from the Forum pointed to the temples and altars by which they were surrounded, and moved their passions by an appeal to objects connected with their daily habits and domestic feelings.

The first promoters of revolution and republicanism in Lombardy, felt that the catholic religion was so inti-

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mately interwoven with ancient systems, that both must stand or fall together; and they knew by experience that some long-revered and popular church was frequently a more powerful engine of influence, than any creed which rested wholly in abstraction. In the Duomo of Milan, they were aware, centred much of the superstition of the people; and it was for a moment debated in council, whether that cathedral should not be sacrificed to what were deemed greater interests. Some proposed throwing it down, others were for converting it to public offices; but respect for the arts prevailed over the views of temporary policy; and the edifice remains to delight the eyes of endless generations, while the Milanese continue good *Duomo-ites*, if they are no longer bigoted papists.

The latter fact we had the opportunity of establishing on the *Féte-Dieu*, when a procession was got up under the superintendence of the Imperial government with extraordinary splendour. Upon this occasion the viceroy, his imperial highness the archduke Regnier, with all his Court, the military commandant with all his staff, the state and municipal officers, and the archbishop with the whole clergy of Milan, the military standards floating beside the banners of St. Ambrose and St. Carlo Borromeo, walked with the sacrament through streets, lined with tapestry and other gay hangings, under triumphal arches and garlands erected by the especial orders of the police. The streets were crowded to excess; but the theatrical exhibition, the flambeaux (melting their wax, rather than burning) in the blaze of the noonday sun, the drawling monotony of the chant, and the tawdry finery of the church *properties*, excited more mirth than admiration; and was accompanied by

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more jests than genuflections. There was among the lower classes, who had come in from the country, some curiosity, but little zeal; while the town's-people were always irreverent, and often sarcastic :— not so in the Duomo. It was crowded to suffocation by the peasantry from all parts of Lombardy, who, grouped in families, were seated in permanent ecstasy, gazing with delight upon the mighty fabric, traditionally familiar to them, though now haply seen for the first time.[1]

While the temple of popular veneration was thus spared by the Revolutionists, another mode of attacking the strong hold of superstition was adopted, nearly as bold, and quite as extraordinary. A Melodrame, or *Ballet d'Action*, was prepared and brought out at the great national theatre of the *Scala*, called "*Il Generale Colli in Roma*," or "*Il Ballo del Papa:*"[2] and the dramatis personæ announced in the play-bills will best illustrate its tendency.

PERSONAGGI.

Pio VI..... by..... Domenico Le Fevre.
Principessa Braschi (his Niece)..... Luigia Zerbi.

[1] On the church festivals of Italy, the building is usually decorated with ornaments, very much in the style of the last scene of an English pantomime. On this occasion the high altar was loaded with silver or plated objects, vases, candlesticks, busts of bishops and saints, intermixed with a profusion of candles and artificial flowers. The columns which divide the aisles, were clothed in crimson silk hangings, fringed with gold; while in the intercolumniations were suspended pictures of miracles more wonderful and amazing than all that

——— "*Grecia mendax*
Audet in Historia."

[2] "General Colli in Rome, or the Pope's ballet."

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Principe Braschi.....	Paolo Mersi.
Busca, Cardinal Segretario.....	Lorenzo Coleoni.
Principessa Santa Croce.....	Giuditta Bolla.
Conte Antonio (formerly coachman of the Princess Braschi).....	Pietro Zappa.
The General of the Dominicans.....	Paolino Franchi.
Senator Rezzonico (commanding the Papal Troops).....	Luigi Corticelli.
Gandini (Brigadier).....	Giacomo Trabattoni.
Cardinals, Theologians, Dominicans, and other Monks, Abbots, Courtiers Pages, Roman Ladies, Swiss Guards, Roman Soldiers, People, Couriers.	
Il Generale Colli, Commander in Chief.. German Officers, etc.	Raimondo Fidanza.

All the characters thus brought forth for public derision were well known; the family of the reigning Pope, the strenuous supporters of the Papal power, and the secret or declared enemies of revolutionized Italy. On the night of the first representation, even the new government trembled for the event; and was prepared to have all the civil authorities in waiting, and the gens-d'armes dispersed through the theatre. The introduction of the Pope upon the stage was a hazardous *pierre de touche;* and on the morning of the night of its performance (the first day of Lent in 1797,) the crowds collected round the theatre almost induced the withdrawing of the piece, when, to the astonishment of all, it was found that an eagerness to obtain places was the cause of this accumulation of the people before the doors. With the exception of a few boxes of the *haute noblesse*, every part of the theatre was filled to overflowing. A good-humoured impatience was stamped in every expecting countenance, and the gens-d'armes did not make their appearance. At last the curtain rose; and the splendid

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scene of the hall of the Consistory at the Vatican, beautifully executed, drew forth a burst of general applause. In the centre was the pontifical throne of cloth of gold, with the Pope, seated in his robes, and surrounded by the conclave, prelates, bishops, etc. all magnificently habited. The articles of peace proposed by the French were the subject of discussion. The General of the Dominicans, with all the gravity becoming his costume, danced his opinion, that the decision of the conclave was made under the inspiration of the English and Austrians, and not under that of the holy spirit; and he ended his argumentative *pas seul* by throwing himself at the Pope's feet to deprecate a determination so false to his interests, and now so utterly unavailing, when the whole of Italy was already revolutionized.

The Pope, amazed at this new counterpart of St. Paul reproving St. Peter, ("Il Papa," says the program, "*sorprese di trovare in uno de' suoi teologi lo zelo di San Paolo, che osò di rimprovare San Pietro,*") in a threatening *balancé*, rebuked the Dominican, called for the votes of the conclave, whose voices were still for war, and brandished the sword of the Church amidst the *Vivats* of the belligerent cardinals.

The intrigues of the Princess Braschi, and the Princess Santa Croce, (the Pope's nieces, and the rival queens of the Quirinal,) the arrival of General Colli to take the command of the army, the influence of the Braschi over his heart, the councils of the Vatican and of the Palace Braschi, were all developed, to the infinite amusement of the audience. But, when (at the moment of the Papal army's going to march against the Republican troops) a courier arrives with the news of the capitulation of Padua, and of

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the universal success of the French; and when the Pope suddenly, on the advice of the Dominican, changing his intentions, throwing off the tiara, and assuming the cap of liberty, danced a few steps to shew his handsome legs, (of which Pius VI. was so notoriously vain,) the house, convulsed with laughter, became tumultuous with applause; and called for the repetition of the piece, which was performed for many successive nights. During the whole exhibition, but one hiss of disapprobation was noted; and that was when the Pope came forward to bless his army.

It is curious to follow up the fate of this ballet, and of its author. When Napoleon's views gradually centred in his own elevation to a throne, his first efforts were made to restore the influence of the church, and to reconcile himself with him, whose predecessors had consecrated the Charlemagnes, Othos, and Fredericks. The melodrame of the General Colli was then eagerly bought up and destroyed; [1] and the priesthood of Milan were permitted to persecute its author, Le Fevre, then a celebrated ballet-master. Le Fevre fled to Paris; but the word was

* A copy, perhaps the only one saved of this melodrame, is in the possession of the writer of these pages. The title-page is as follows:

Il General Colli
in Roma
Fantomimo;
eseguito
Dal Cittadino Le Fevre,
in Milano,
V. R. F.

"Ahi! Constantin, di quanto mal fu matre,
Non la tua Conversion, ma quella dote
Che da te prese il primo ricco patre."
Dante, Inf. c. 19.

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given, and Bonaparte and the provisional government, under whose influence the piece was represented, abandoned him to his fate. Shortly afterwards, Napoleon observed in council, "*Lasciate dir la messa ai vostri preti: il popolo è sovrano. S'egli vuole la sua religione, respetate la sua volontà.*" "Let your priests say their mass. The people are the sovereign, and if they choose to have a religion, respect their will."

The number of churches still open at Milan is very great; but the number which existed before the Emperor Joseph began his vast, but resisted reformation in his Italian dominions, would now seem incredible. The long exerted influence of the Inquisition, and the precept and example which issued from the Escurial to Milan, fixed deeply the roots of bigotry and superstition. While the King of Spain took pleasure in seeing his subjects burned; and an Auto da Fè was reserved for a court festivity, his viceroy was not idle at Milan. Convents thus multiplied, and with them churches, till a third of the capital was composed of religious and monastic edifices. The Emperor Joseph shut up more than one half, and vigorously began a reform, which was completed under the Republican government. Still abundantly enough remain for all the purposes of religious worship.

Of the few which we went to see, none struck us, after the Duomo, as imposing or beautiful. The Santa Maria della Passione was among the finest; and San Pietro in Gessate was the most interesting, from its frescos being painted by Bernard Zenale, the friend of Leonardo da Vinci. Temples dedicated to the honour of Saints and Saintesses now out of fashion; to St. Euphemius, St. Celsus, and St. Satyre (a loan from

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the heathen Album), rise on every side, and are passed through without much edification or respect. But among those holy edifices which are permitted to moulder in neglect, the church of SANTA MARIA DELLE GRAZIE, and its adjoining convent, will be visited by the true devotees of *genius*, so long as a stone of its cloister-walls remains. The power of its once most powerful founders, the Jacobins (in 1463), is now over, their order is uninfluential, and the shrines they raised and the altars they decorated, now lie ruined and desolate: but the rude rough wall of the refectory, on which Leonardo da Vinci stamped the divinity of his own mind, will be resorted to with enthusiasm, as long as one trace of his pencil, one tint of his pallet, shall remain to consecrate its surface.

"In the refectory, or hall of the Convent of the Dominicans," says Eustace, "was, as is well known, the celebrated last supper by the same painter, supposed to be his masterpiece. The convent was suppressed; and the hall turned into a store-room of artillery; and the picture was used as a target for the French soldiers to fire at. The heads were their favourite marks; and that of our Saviour, in preference to the others."—In all that has been brought against the French of truth or calumny; there is nothing comparable to this act for barbarity, sacrilege, wanton, wilful, and atrocious outrage. The original *Cenacolo* of Leonardo da Vinci, which the splendid engraving of Morghen has given to the admiration of the world, the unrivalled fresco, the chef-d'œuvre of that Leonardo, at once the Newton and the Raphael of his age, turned into a target for soldiers to shoot at!!—for French soldiers too, for whose country

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Leonardo forsook his Italy, and in the arms of whose most popular King, Francis the Ist., he died. The French should never be forgiven this wanton deed, —*if the story were true:*—fortunately it is, from beginning to end, *entirely false*. When the French army arrived at Milan, some cavalry were quartered in the convent, which had previously been devoted to military services, and the horses were stabled in the refectory, by order of the subaltern Milanese authorities, who had the direction of this measure of police. A young French officer, who had heard something of the picture, was the first to discover the risk to which it was exposed, and hastened to inform the commander-in-chief of the circumstance, who arrived in time to save this precious monument, which might have fallen a sacrifice to the brutal ignorance, not of the French, but of the persons who superintended their quarters. The circumstance of the pistol shots is universally denied. We took some pains to discover any trace of such violence; but if even a single shot had been fired by some wanton individual, it is now impossible to verify the fact.

The true causes of the present faded and decayed state of this celebrated fresco are, the bad quality of the materials of which the wall itself is constructed, and its exposure to the north. As long back as the year 1550, according to the testimony of *Armanini*, it was half destroyed (*mezzo guasto*); and in *Vasari's* time, he describes it as "*una macchia abbagliata*," a confused blot. In 1726, it was restored by *Ballotti*, and some years afterwards almost entirely repainted by a vile dauber, of the name of *Mazza*. When the French arrived in Milan, no part of the picture remained uninjured, but the sky, (which

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being painted in ultra-marine, a colour not easily decomposed by moisture, had resisted the injuries of time,) the three figures of the Apostles to the left, which had been restored by Ballotti, and the profanations of Mazza. The barbarians, therefore, who have destroyed it, are the saltpetre which exudes from the wall, the smoke of lamps, the good cheer of the monks, and—Signore Mazza.

Under the direction of the Viceroy Eugene Beauharnais considerable attention was paid to the *Cenacolo*, for the purpose of arresting the hand of time; as a Latin inscription over the door of the refectory intimates; and by order of Napoleon, an accurate copy was made of it by *Giuseppe Bossi* of Milan, a painter, for whose loss, regrets deep and universal were still fresh on every lip when we arrived there. Signore *Rafaelli* also was employed, by the still more magnificent patronage of the Emperor, to execute another copy, in Mosaic, which is one of the most precious specimens of that singular art. Though ordered for Milan, executed by a Milanese, and paid for by the exchequer of the Regno d'Italia, this Mosaic has been conveyed to Vienna, ("*convey* the wise it call,") by the Emperor of Austria, the chief of the Holy Alliance against French spoliation; and the loss is bitterly regretted and deeply resented by the plundered Italians. Gentlemen of England, when your indignation arises at the merciless plunderings of successful warriors, and the insolent contempt for municipal property in the occupiers of foreign states, pour not the vials of your wrath exclusively upon the French!

The length of time which Leonardo da Vinci employed upon his Supper, his leaving Judas for some

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time without a head, the complaints of the Prior to Sforza, Duke of Milan, the humorous apology of Leonardo,[1] that he had in vain sought a countenance expressive of all the treachery and vileness of Judas, and that he had seen none that would answer his purpose, *save that of the Prior himself*, are anecdotes too well known to dwell upon. They, however, have given an historical interest to a picture, which has so many other claims to notice, and which Francis the First of France would have carried off even if he had taken the wall of the convent along with it.[2]

In our visit to Santa Maria delle Grazie, we were accompanied by an eminent artist,[3] to whose most kind and useful attentions we stood deeply indebted; and by some other Italians well versed in the story and fortunes of the Last Supper. The fine old cloisters of the monastery join the church, and surround a spacious court. Their Gothic pillars, groined arches, and curved roof, are enriched with the fine frescos of *Bernardo Zenale*, who, it is said, assisted Leonardo in the plan of the Cenacolo. But though they still exhibit tints of ultra-marine, blue and bright as the skies that shine over them, they were chipping off and falling at our feet as we passed. Here, where many a morbid enthusiast had paced in the silence of brooding

[1] To the Prior's complaint that Leonardo would not finish the head of Judas, Leonardo pleaded the impossibility of finding a head bad enough for the traitor. He concludes, however, his promise for the future with these words: "*O se forse nol troverò io, vi porrò quello di questo padre Priore che ora me si molesto, che maravigliosamente gli si confarà.*" — Vasari Vita de L. d. V.

[2] He proposed this task to his architects, who dared not undertake its execution.

[3] Signore Serangeli.

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meditation, or gazed on the moonlight which illumined the frescos of Bernardo, we found only the noise and bustle of military existence. In one place an artillery waggon was wheeled against a broken shrine; in another a group of soldiers laughed and sang as they smoked their pipe, seated on a prostrate crucifix: a tattered shirt hung to dry upon the flayed back of St. Bartholomew; and a musket leaning on the shoulder of a Virgin gave her the air of a sentinel on his post. In a word, the gens-d'armerie of his Imperial Majesty of Austria were placed here in quarters.

A door to the left of the cloisters opens into the refectory. The floor was covered with the performances of the *crowned* and *laurelled* élèves of the modern school of Lombardy; but we turned at once with a natural impatience to the Cenacolo, which still fades and falls from the walls on which the immortal pencil of Leonardo drew it. A scaffold is raised for the spectator to approach the picture, just where the scaffold must have stood, on which Leonardo worked, forgetting even his necessary refreshment, as Bandello declares; and on which he received the Cardinal Gurcense, whose ignorance and pretension were the subjects of his keen ridicule. The first object that meets the eye, on approaching this fresco, is *a door cut through the legs of the principal figure, and that the figure of Our Saviour!!* The history of this door is well known at Milan. The dishes served at the Monks' table were found to cool in passing along the cloisters; and it was decreed by the Chapter that a communication should be opened from the refectory to the kitchen, which stood behind the picture of Leonardo. Thus the Last Supper was destroyed, that the Abbot's dinner might be served hot! This

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anecdote, which might so well have served as a pendant for the "target of the French soldiers," Mr. Eustace has not mentioned, though, if he visited the picture, this door could not possibly escape him.

The Brera, or palace of the arts and sciences, was anciently the site of the convent and church of the *Umiliati*. The conspiracy of these monks against the life of St. Charles Borromeo occasioned the suppression of their house; and their convent, with many rich dotations, passed to the Jesuits. Under their direction, the Brera became one of the most superb monastic palaces of Italy, and is characterized by the *grandiosità* which universally marks the works of this order. Here they opened those schools, which every where gave a monotonous character to the population of Europe, and disseminated among all classes the dogma of passive obedience to church and state; while those only among their dupes, whose talents rendered them fit depositaries of the secret, were selected for rule, and entrusted with the designs of this extraordinary and all-pervading order.[1]

On the suppression of the Jesuits, the Brera was converted into another monastic institution with the name of *University*, for the education of young nobles, who now (as *old nobles*) illustrate what that education was. Under the recent government of the kingdom of Italy it changed its name to the *Institut*. Its revenues were augmented, its building (un-

[1] Nothing escaped the penetration of that servile courtier, but most witty and subtile personage, the *Prince de Ligne*. In his rage at the approaching independence of Europe, he says, "*J'ai dit, il y a long-temps, que, si l'on n'avait pas chassé les Jésuites, l'on ne verrait pas ce maudit esprit d'indépendance,*" etc. etc.

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finished at the Revolution) was completed, and it was solemnly opened for public instruction, and for the service of the arts and sciences. Its schools were numerous: those for painting in all its branches, architecture, anatomy as applied to the arts, perspective, etc. were directed by native artists of great merit and celebrity. The school of engraving, under the admirable *Longhi*, is still one of the firs tin Italy. The observatory, raised by the Jesuits in 1766, after a plan of Boscovich, was filled with the most expensive astronomical instruments, purchased in France, Germany, and England, among others a fine telescope by Herschel. The corridors were filled with models of machinery, of ships and other objects connected with the marine, etc. etc. A botanic garden was created on the spot, where the monks culled their simples, or reared snails for their meagre days.

The upper portico of this fine building now contains the magnificent gallery into which all that could be obtained or purchased of the ancient school of Lombardy is elegantly arranged: and the public library, where, to the books left by the Jesuits were added the library of PERTUSATI, a part of that of HALLER, and a small collection left by the CARDINAL DURINI, together with a portion of the books collected from the suppressed convents. A sum was also assigned by the government for the purchase of new and valuable works, which sum was never permitted to accumulate.

A few medals, once preserved, or neglected at the Mint, were given to this institution, and formed the basis of a collection, which under the direction of Signore CATANEO, one of the most learned numismatists in Europe, has grown to an extent almost

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unrivalled in the rest of Italy. Dry catalogues of such objects are little interesting to the general reader; nor would my acquired knowledge suffice to point attention to what was the most worthy of notice of the numberless pieces, which the kindness and attention of the director displayed for our admiration. One piece, an English medal, I must notice, on account of the singularity of its finding a place in this collection, and on account of the difficulties it offered to this most scientific medalist. It was a medal struck to celebrate the triumph of the O P theatrical revolutionists, and its impress was, "*Oh! my head aches!*" If M. Cataneo does not hand down to posterity the information we were able to convey to him, this coin, at the end of a century, may give rise to some pleasant and edifying dissertations of antiquarians and medalists, who will probably be as wide of the mark as we are on points of history and manners equally important to human happiness and real learning.

In the portico of the Brera (which, as is common in the Milanese palaces, consists of two stories, and surrounds the court of the building,) some ancient monuments have been collected. Others of modern date have been erected to the memory of those native talents, which are fresh in every mind, and the frequent theme of complacent admiration,—to PARINI, PIERMARINI, ALBERTOLI, BOSSI, APPIANI, and others.

The picture-gallery, or, as the Milanese call it, the PINACOTHECA, is the first on the frontiers of Italy that stays the keen appetite of the traveller, who here begins (as Evelyn quaintly has it) "to become pragmatical," and to feel the first throes of virtù. The corridors, which lead to the first room, are covered with the works of early masters of the fifteenth and

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sixteenth centuries. They are frescos most ingeniously cut from the walls and cells of convents (where they perished in damp and darkness) with an art not imagined by the architects consulted by Francis the First on the subject of the Cenacolo. Among the most precious works thus singularly preserved, are those of LUINI, FERRARI, BRAMANTE, etc. etc. The paintings of Luini, long only known by tradition, have thus been brought to light and restored to the arts, in whose history they form an epoch. Among the immense collections of this noble gallery, two pictures more particularly struck "*mon instinct raisonnant*" (for I was not "studied in sad ostent" to adopt the jargon and affect the distinctions of virtù), and long and often fixed my attention. The one was a Marriage of the Virgin Mary, an early work of Raphael and in his first manner, when nature and Perugino still struggled for the mastery over his divine pencil. The Virgin, a demure, but exquisite beauty, is attended by many fair damsels, all beautiful, but less lovely than herself. Joseph, the bridegroom, holds a wand, from which springs a full-blown lily. A number of young, handsome, but discontented men, carry wands also, from which however no lilies sprout. One, a mere petit-maître finely dressed, has approached the divine bride, and, with a look of saucy spitefulness, breaks his wand across his knee. This picture represents one of the traditions of the Church, which have furnished subjects to so many of the eminent painters of Italy. That of Raphael's "*Nozze della Madonna*" is as follows: the Virgin had many lovers, all pretenders to her hand. A divine revelation had warned her that she should choose him whose wand should germinate; and Joseph

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was designated as the elected husband by the accomplishment of this miracle. A few days after we had seen this singular picture, we found Signore Longhi in his study occupied in engraving it, in a perfection that, it is said, Morghen of Florence alone could rival.

The second picture has another character, and inspires another interest. It is by GUERCINO. The scene is the court of a plain, rude, pastoral building. The principal figures, an elderly man in an Arabian habit, a young woman, and a little boy. The face of an old quean is seen scowling from behind an half-open door. The head of the young woman is not that of Raphael's divine Madonna, lovely, passionless, and angelic. It is the head of a woman of exquisite beauty, but a frail woman, of one devoted and betrayed, of one who expressed in every quivering muscle of a face all soul and life, that she had been the victim of cold, calculating seduction, and of base jealousy and unfounded vengeance. This face (a masterpiece of nature) is turned over a finely formed shoulder in the attitude of one, who though forced to go, yet lingered to reproach. Indignation, deep-seated and acute, mastering every other passion, distorts the trembling lip: but from beneath humid eyelids, seared with tears, escapes a look of fond, weak hope, which perhaps belongs to the child, whose hand she rather crushes than holds. The rounded cheek is saturated with drops that chafe it; every pore weeps, but weeps in vain. The richly-turbaned Arab, who sternly urges her departure, exhibits a determination evidently resulting from feebleness; the sharp, shrewd eye that gleams on him from the virago face from behind the door, renders him "firm

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of purpose." The innocent looks of the wondering child, who clings to his fair young mother, contrasting pathetically with her emotion, complete a picture in which the power of moral expression, the painter's divinest art, is summed up to its utmost perfection. This picture is called in the catalogue, Abraham and Hagar. From the first moment I saw it, the pictures of Guercino became the object of my especial curiosity and research. In the Capitol of Rome I again found Hagar's weeping eyes in his Sybil : probably the model lay in the painter's heart, drawn by Love's " own sweet and cunning hand ;" and some beauty, " loveliest in tears," lent a type to the young imagination, which no after-image of loveliness could ever efface.

The BRERA, since the return of the Austrians to Lombardy, has resumed as much of its ancient monastic character as the temper of the times and of the Milanese will admit. Its administration, so ably and munificently forwarded under the kingdom of Italy, is now dwindled into a sort of oligarchy, the chief object of whose members is to keep their places. Of the many offices vacated by the new order of things, by death or infirmity, few have been filled up. To gratify the jealousy of municipal self-love, or to foment it, many sacrifices have been made to the university of Pavia, and preferences have been shewn calculated to revive the old animosities of these ancient and long rival cities.[1]

Milan owes almost as much to the munificence of her obscure but public-spirited citizens, as to her do-

[1] The gallery of the Marchese Sampieri of Bologna was bought by the late Italian government. It contained three

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mestic tyrants, the Visconti and Sforzas; and infinitely more to either, than to her foreign despots of Spain and Austria. The family of Borromeo, who did so much for the capital of Lombardy, were of Tuscan origin, and, like all the principal families of that state, were manufacturers: one of its members obtained the crown of canonization by his sanctity; but his conduct as a citizen merits much more from the Milanese, than his miracles as a saint.[1] The nephew of St. Charles Borromeo, the Cardinal Frederick, inherited the talents, if not the "*sacred mantle*," of his uncle, whom he succeeded in the see of Milan in 1595. His taste for science and for letters led him to found better things than monasteries and masses; for Milan owes to him her great and deservedly celebrated public library, the BIBLIOTHECA AMBROSIANA, so called after the patron saint of the city.

The monastic libraries of the Benedictines formed the nucleus of this collection, which has gradually

pictures of the Caracci, one of Guercino, one of Albano, (his *dancing loves*,) and the *St. Peter* and *St. Paul* of Guido. The *Brera* having selected these, the rest were bought in a lump by the Viceroy Eugène.

[1] *St. Charles Borromeo*, though a saint and a patriot at Milan, is esteemed a sinner and a spoliator at Bologna, which city he is said to have robbed, while resident there, as the Pope's legate, and to have miserably harassed. His memory (like that of our own King William, a liberator in England and a tyrant in Ireland) excites very different feelings at the distance of a few miles; and it may be fairly presumed, that at his canonization the *Devil's Attorney-general* * was not chosen from the doctors of Bologna.

* At the canonization of a Saint, the Devil is always heard by his advocate, against the motion, before the "*rule is made absolute.*"

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extended to its present importance. Among much of the lore of those days, in which little was taught but what deserves to be forgotten, there are very many good, and some curious works; but the treasures of the collection are the MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci, called "*Codice Allantico*" from the size of the volume. They consist of a number of loose leaves, which Leonardo covered with sketches, notes, mathematical figures and problems; in a word, with the overflowings of that extraordinary mind, that got so much the start of all contemporary intellect. There is nothing more magnificent or more interesting than these irregular coruscations of genius, these burstings of mind through the coil of ignorance, these prophetic guessings at the truth of a yet unrevealed nature! Leonardo da Vinci, whose powerful intellect partook of the genius of Bacon, of Newton, of Michael Angelo, and of Raphael, was the precursor in all their various paths of merit, and was certainly one of the most extraordinary and highly gifted men of any age, or any country. An elegant poet,[1] a divine painter, a noble sculptor, a most eminent mechanician, an able mathematician, a composer, a musician, the most brilliant wit, and the finest gentleman of his day, Leonardo belonged entirely to posterity; for the age he left so far behind him, did not, and could not estimate his claims to respect. His lute and his lion[2] were his introductions to court, where nothing succeeds but what amuses or obeys: but

[1] One of his sonnets begins with these lines,

"Cosa mortale eternità non serba:
Le fabbriche del tempo il tempo atterra,
Ed adeguasi al suol mole superba."

[2] This lion was a curious piece of mechanism, made to

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his problems and his poetry brought no royal patronage; though the admiration with which Francis the First beheld his pictures, and the private friendship with which he distinguished him, are alike honourable to the painter and the prince.

Another MS. in the Ambrosian Library, of very decided interest, is a Virgil, said to have been copied by Petrarch's hand, in which he has also traced some marginal annotations, and some lines on the death of Laura, which recall *Swift's* affecting note on the death of Stella, while the lights of her funeral gleamed through the casement of St. Patrick's cathedral upon the windows of the deanery-house. In this age of literary scepticism, when it is doubted if Pope was a poet, and Petrarch a lover, the learned and disputatious refuse to admit *this* Virgil as being Petrarch's, though it contains a miniature by his friend Simon Memni; and sentimental credulity is thus deprived of one of those gratifications for which it travels so far, and pays so much to enjoy.

The questions on the marriages of Louis the Fourteenth and Madame de Maintenon, and of Swift and Stella, are now laid at rest; but volumes of French and Italian, of Scotch and English criticism have not yet decided on the loves of *Petrarch and Laura:* and whether his passion was fact or fancy, a human feeling or a poetical dream, is still debated, as it always has been, with too little reference to the poetry itself. If woman's judgment goes for any thing in this question, it may be advanced, that the amatory poems of Petrarch appear the effusions of one getting rid of an

amuse Louis XII. when he visited Milan. As it ran before the king, it dropped fleurs de lis from its breast.

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agitating sentiment, through the medium most familiar to a Tuscan, and a poet, who naturally "lisped in numbers," and thought in metre. A man *may* write for ever on a lip, and an eye, on azure, and roses, and yet know as little of the passion as Boileau [1] or Shenstone; but when once he gets to the *topography* of love, and "prates of its whereabouts," and escapes from mere abstractions to familiar facts,[2] recalling the "place where, and the time when," and giving to every feast and fast in love's calendar, "a local habitation and a name," then he has truly authenticated his passion. Such references are not for ordinary lovers, or common poets: they belong to Shakespeare and to Petrarch, and to that nature which bestowed on both the two great gifts which liken men to Gods—genius and passion.

In instances illustrative of this remark, the works of Petrarch abound; and the abruptness with which he commences his sonnets, exhibits the true petulance of feeling and memory.[3] Of *Petrarch's* loves there

[1] There is, I believe, but one amatory poem of Boileau extant, his first and last. Every stanza ends with

"*Mon cœur, vous oubliez que vous ne l'aimez plus.*"

[2] See especially the sonnets beginning

"Quella *finestra* ove l' un sol si vede."—

and—

"Oh *camaretta* che già fosti un porto:"

but above all, his rapturous benediction,

"Benedetto sia il *giorno*," etc. etc.

and his

"Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque," etc. etc.

[3] He himself gives the whole history of his effusions, in his beautiful sonnet beginning

"In dubbio di mio stato, or piango, or canto,

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can be but little doubt; but of his *constancy*, there is room for much hesitation. The sonnets written to Laura by name, are grave and reverential; and they are fitted to that platonic dame he calls a piece of *living ice*, (*vivo ghiaccio*); but his sonnets addressed to other "Cinthias of the minute," under the common title of Madonna, have a lighter, warmer character. Some of them might have been written to his young Milanese love, by whose frailty he became the father of his beloved Francesca. It appears from one of Petrarch's own biographers,[1] that he was not a faithful and platonic lover, but "one who loved not wisely, but too well."

We had the advantage of visiting the Ambrosian Library with one by whom it was always an advantage to be accompanied, the Abate Breme, and of being presented by him to the learned librarian, MAI, whom we afterwards met at Rome as *Monsignore Mai*, librarian of the Vatican. The Abate Mai had long made himself known to Europe, by the lost works which he had drawn from the dust and obscurity of ancient libraries. In the course of his examination of some ancient MSS. the Abbé had the

> E temo, e spero; ed in sospiri e 'n rime,
> Sfogo 'l mio incarco."

This is further illustrated by that burst of passion, visible in the sonnet written when he had just left some coquettish, but enticing mistress—

> "Dolci ire, dolci sdegni, e dolci paci."

This is love's *own* language, foolish perhaps and incoherent, but well worth wiser sentences, and better poetry.

[1] "Era fresco e grazioso, e favorito per tutto, e di natura amorevole; e però gran fatto non fù che traboccasse in simile rete."—Vita di Petr. scritta da Lud. Beccatelli.

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good fortune to discover under the text, another character of more ancient date and different form, which in the end turned out to be *Ulphilas's* Mœsogothic translation of the thirteen protocanonic Epistles of St. Paul. It is known that the ignorant or presumptuous monks of the lower ages had the custom of obliterating manuscripts, to make room for their own homilies and expositions; and these twice-prepared parchments, or as they are now technically called *Palimpsestic* MSS. have, by the Abbé's discovery, become a subject of interesting investigation, and the probable source of many important recoveries of lost classic authors. In Rome, he has already made many valuable hits, and has recovered the other half of a MS. of which a portion only was found under a work which lay in the Ambrosian library. Among the works of most importance thus brought to light, are a part of Cicero's treatise *De Republicâ*, and some commentaries of Frontinus.

We found the diligent and erudite divine buried in the retirement of his library, and still in all the first triumph of his new discoveries. The MSS. lay before him, on a high antique desk, and the light which beamed from the narrow gothic window, falling on his fine head, was reflected from a large gold cross which hung over his black habit. His figure, as he stood with his finger pointed, and his large dark eye bent on his beloved MS., presented in its transparent paleness, and strongly-marked features, one of those splendid originals, which Italy alone supplies to the genius of painting.

It was in vain that Monsignore Mai had the goodness to talk to me, (unconscious of the ignorance he addressed,) of the *Mœsogothic* translation of the *pro-*

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tocanonic Epistles of St. Paul, by Ulphilas, the Moses of his age, of the *Codex Argenteus* of *Upsala*, and of other works referable to his own recent and valuable discoveries: I was still more occupied with the scene, in which he was so prominent a figure, than with the learned discoveries which he has since imparted to the world. The life of this learned man has been little more than a passive transportation from one ancient library to another. He lives with the ages that are gone, and is illumined by lights that gleam only for those who resemble him. With the present age such modes of existence give no sympathy. Steam-engines are invented, vaccination is discovered, safety-lamps burn, and Congreve rockets fly, empires are overthrown, and society proceeds in its career of knowledge and improvement, without disturbing the peace or deranging the occupations of men thus plunged in antiquity, and busied in unearthing the errors of their remotest ancestors. Such, however, are the characters, which, among other rare and curious objects, give to this old tract of worn-out Europe its peculiar tint and aspect; and whatever Italy may gain from modern science and progressive illumination, the poet, the painter, and the novelist will lament the day when Ambrosian libraries are no longer ruled by such persons as Abate Mai.

On the site where the old palace of the Sforza stood, and I believe in part still stands, a new palace of the Ionic order has been raised, under the late government of the kingdom of Italy, for the residence of the Viceroy, Prince Eugene. It is now inhabited by the Archduke Regnier, the Imperial Viceroy, the brother of the Emperor of Austria. The façade, which looks on the *Piazza del Duomo*, and greatly

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adds to its beauty, is elegant; but the edifice is less notable for its exterior appearance than for its magnificent staircase and spacious suite of state apartments. There is, however, nothing in this palace of which the Milanese are so proud (not even the Grand Duke, and his Austrian Court,) as the frescos with which its walls and ceilings are enriched by a native artist, ANDREA APPIANI. Many of the subjects are taken from the *fasti* of the late Revolutionary government; and for the magnificent head of Jupiter Tonans, in some of the allegorical devices, that of Bonaparte has been copied; exactly as Louis XIV. was the never-failing Apollo of the paintings at Versailles. When the Emperor of Austria, after the Restoration, visited his good city of Milan, these frescos shocked his legitimate *virtù*: he declared them to be out of keeping, and suggested his gracious intention of substituting his own imperial face for that of the usurping Jove. No native artist, it is said, dared undertake the work of transmutation, and it is believed, that his Majesty must send for one of the *élèves* of his own German academy at Rome, to effect it.

Our visit to this imperial palace was for the purpose of returning that of the Grand Master, the Conte St. Julien, and to avail ourselves of his invitation to view its interior: but as his excellency was occupied with the Viceroy when we arrived, time was allowed us to make such observations as would probably not have occurred in his society; though, to do him justice, he was a most polite, courteous, and high-bred gentleman.

The vestibule, stairs, corridors, anti-rooms, and saloons, to the very door of the Grand Duke's private apartment, were lined with Austrian soldiers under

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arms; and recalled all the jealous vigilance of the guarded apartments of the Tuileries. In the great anti-room, the sentinel paced with a heavy step; and several withered old courtiers in full dress (which again realized the Tuileries) tripped or tottered by, as flippancy or infirmity permitted. There was one group which strongly contrasted with all this power and splendour, and which at once fixed our attention. A pale, melancholy, young creature sat in a corner, in deep but shabby mourning, beside her stood an old gentleman with silver hair, his eyes turned in sadness on his young companion. They each held a memorial in their hand, and the opening of a door, or the arrival of a stranger, threw them into evident agitation. Probably they were there to sue for the admission of a little light or air to the dungeon of some friend in solitary confinement, a husband, a son, or a brother, charged with *suspicion* of corresponding with the Carbonari of Naples. There was in the aspect of this group something so depressing, and so fearful, that the uneasy feeling it excited induced us to leave our tickets for the Grand Master, and to hurry away without waiting his release from his service. As we passed from the palace, pitying alike the prince thus suspiciously guarded, and those who guarded him, we stopped in the Piazza del Duomo, to look at the preparations going forward for the Corpus Domini. All the carpenters, decorators, and scene-painters from the Opera, seemed occupied in disfiguring the beautiful façade of the Duomo with trumpery draperies, and in spreading awnings and canopies, and fixing flowers and gold-paper, wherever they could. The palace we had left, and the temple we gazed upon, formed a sad and disgusting

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combination. They were the true insignia of Church and State: power supported by violence, fearing and feared; religion disfigured by imposition, degrading and degraded.[1]

The Church and the Theatre are two of the principal engines with which the little governments of Italy have sustained their power. After the Duomo, there is no shrine in Milan so attended, no edifice so prized, as the THEATRE OF THE SCALA. The ideas of pleasure and of devotion may indeed be here confounded by an inseparable association; for it was on the ruins of the ancient church of SANTA MARIA DELLA SCALA, that in 1778 this splendid and extensive theatre was built.

The exterior of the Scala is handsome. The *corps d'édifice* is faced with arcades, which shelter the company, in descending from their carriages, from the inclemencies of the weather. Above these, a broad terrace with a balustrade leads to the ridotto, or gaming-rooms, which are under the protection of the government. Below, a very insignificant vestibule leads to the lower boxes and pit, whence staircases conduct to the upper circles. This theatre, which is said to be larger than the Opera-house of London, has six circles of boxes and a most spacious and well-arranged pit. Each circle has forty-six boxes. The im-

[1] Whatever may be our abstract aversion from the Austrian government on general principles, we had every reason to be contented with some of its principal officers that we knew at Milan: and we have in particular to acknowledge the politeness of the military commander and his lady, the Count and Countess Bubna. Count Bubna is a gentleman, whose social talent and urbanity have succeeded in rendering his person, if not his office, acceptable in the principal circles of the city over which he is called to rule.

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perial box, in the centre, is a superb open apartment, occupying the place of three boxes, and extending through three tiers in height. It is resplendent with gilding, and is surmounted with the imperial crown and cross. The proscenium is decorated with Corinthian columns, and the vaulted roof is richly painted in compartments by PIREGO. In that part of the proscenium where, in England, is placed the king's escutcheon, there is here, as in the other theatres of Italy, a clock, whose dial with its transparent figures revolves before a strong light, to indicate the time to all parts of the house. The drapery of the boxes is uniform and rich; and great magnificence is displayed in their interior decoration, in hangings of silk, and velvet cushions, with chandeliers (lighted at pleasure), and for the most part, a small adjoining apartment for supper or play.

This theatre, uniting every species of accommodation with great splendour, is the chef-d'œuvre of the architect PIERMARINI. His ingenuity has combined every possible advantage, not only for the spectator, but for the actors, musicians, dancers, and mechanicians; and in fact, the properties and painting-rooms are not less worth seeing than the more conspicuous parts of the edifice. All belonging to this establishment, except the *corps dramatique*, shews how material an object it is both to the government and people. The scenes which have appeared in one piece, are never permitted to be employed for a second; and the stupendous decorations and machinery, the richness of the dresses, and the rigid attention to costume, are not to be rivalled in the first theatres either of Paris or London.[1]

[1] 1085 Dresses were made for one ballet.—See Stendhal's Tour.

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The first impression received of the Scala was never afterwards effaced even by the more dazzling aspect of San Carlo in all the lustre of its fairy illumination. We arrived late from the Corso ;[1] the first act of the opera was over, and the stage did not divert our attention from the general appearance of the house. There was a sober magnificence, a solemn splendour about it, that left nothing to be regretted on the score of its absent illumination. The deep shadow of the front of the house, partially dispersed by the stage lights and those in the imperial box, the chaste architecture, the rich but simple draperies, combined to produce an effect stupendous, yet so airy, that it resembled the "fabric of a vision," rather than a material edifice.

The vast pit was crowded ; the women were nearly as numerous as the men ; and though none but the *citadina* go to this part of the house, they were perfectly Parisian in their dress ; and exchanged the far more elegant Milanese costume of the morning, in which they are seen tripping to mass, for the overloaded bonnets and overwhelming ruffs of the French toilet. The resemblance, however, of the two nations was confined to dress: there was none of the petulance, the smartness, the mannerism, which pervades the female *bourgeoisie* of Paris. The women were *posées*, graceful, indolent, and at rest. Wherever a female face *could* be seen, it rarely happened

[1] During our residence at Milan we had the use of the opera box, and the benefit of the circle, of one of the most distinguished ladies of Milan. This species of hospitality we experienced in almost every town in Italy; and I mention the fact as illustrative of the unreasonableness of the often-urged charge of Italian neglect of foreign travellers.

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that it was not a handsome one;—the eyes never failed.—The men who filled the alleys of the pit, were separated into dusky groups, and engaged in animated though whispering conversation. Many, in spite of their great coats and round hats, had a military air. Thinly scattered through the whole, appeared the sky-blue and silver, or white Austrian uniform; and here and there a yellow-whiskered phlegmatic German face edged itself among the dark expressive heads of the Italians, in marked and curious contrast. Every door was doubly guarded by foreign soldiery, and the gens-d'armes were conspicuous among the audience in the pit. In the upper boxes a few lights twinkled, where *Tarocco* is played, in cadence to Rossini's delightful symphonies. The fronts of the boxes almost uniformly exhibit a tête-à-tête; sometimes a lady and gentleman, sometimes two ladies: for two only appear in front, though the back of the box may be crowded. The ladies take off their large bonnets and hang them on the box, exactly as at Paris; and the elegant *demi-toilette* prevalent in the Scala, would not have shamed the inventive genius of Mademoiselle Victorine of Bourbonite memory. The most scrupulous ladies of the highest ranks come alone in their carriage to the opera. As soon as they enter their box, and have glanced their eye along the circles, giving or returning the Italian salutation, which has something at once infantine and coquettish in its beckoning gesture, they turn their back to the scene, and for the rest of the night, hear and see nothing out of their own society; except when apprized by the orchestra that some scene in the ballet, or some *aria* or *duo* in the opera is about to be performed, which it is good taste or good fashion to listen to and ad-

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mire. Then indeed the most rapturous attention is lent; but, the scene over, the "Crocchio ristretto," as they call it, (or private chit-chat) is resumed, and is only interrupted by the ingress and egress of visitors. Every box has its *habitués*, its privileged guests; and it is a tiresome rule that the last arrival is always a signal for the first to depart; without which, says a pleasant mad-cap, but often philosophical traveller,[1] the box would become "*serré comme Tacite.*" The observance of this rule is so strict, that it sometimes leaves a passion half declared, a plot half revealed, a confidence the most critical, or an opinion the most important, unfinished. Nothing can be less enjoyable, though more decent, than this etiquette of the opera; and I have occasionally seen a pretty Englishwoman, accustomed to the good, "substantial, plain, brick and mortar" flirtation of a London theatre, which lasts out the season, and stands the run of the most popular piece, bored to death by this Italian respect for appearances, and sigh for the liberal licence of the Haymarket opera, where the love, before and behind the scenes, is equally *pro bono publico*, and a sentimental *liaison* goes on from night to night to the reiterated airs of Don Juan, or the *Libertine Destroyed.*

The Scala is the evening home of almost all ranks, the recreation of the tradesman, the exchange of the merchant, the closet of the critic, and the *rendezvous* of the politician. For there alone, amidst the openest publicity, can privacy find an asylum against the intrusions of *espionage.* The box is sacred—none can intrude there but the intimate friends of

[1] Stondhal—"Rome, Florence, and Naples." As far as this pleasant and animated work goes, it has much general truth of delineation.

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the lady or her husband, and the numerous "*arie di sorbetto*" [1] call for no attention even from musical enthusiasm; while with their accompaniments they drown the whispered conversation, whatever may be its tendency.

Besides those whom pleasure or business, the performance or the *rendezvous*, bring to the Scala, it is frequented by another class, which under the new order of things daily increases through Italy. Its ranks, once so numerous, were supplied by the cadets of noble families, or those who, shackled by birth, without opulence to enjoy, or business to occupy, lounge through life in indolent listlessness. In the evening, these *gros garçons* are seen stuffed in their grandmothers' caleshes at the Corso: at night they take their places, at stated times, in the boxes of such female friends as are good-natured enough to receive them. They are sure to arrive the first, and take their solitary seat in darkness and in silence. With the first *coup d'archet*, they fall into probationary stupor, from which they are only aroused by the arrival of the mistress of the box; when, having bowed profoundly to her cordial *ciavo*,[2] and kissed reverentially her graciously extended hands, they relapse into a doze, that resembles Baron Trenck's sleep; for it is disturbed every ten minutes by successive visitors, to each of whom they are obliged to

[1] Dull pieces of music, which solicit absence, and remind the auditor of ices and refreshments.

[2] *Ciavo* (pronounced "*Tchouw*," with the *v* vocalized or almost sunk) is the most familiar and condescending salutation of Milanese; "Pare corrotta da Schiavo: noi, difatto diciamo anche 'Ciavo, suo' cioè, schiavo suo, servitor suo." —Vocabolario Milanese-Italiano di Francesco Cherubini, Milan, 1814.

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give up in turn their place; until at last, reaching the door, they make a profound bow and retire, to sleep out the rest of the evening in the successive boxes to which they have by prescription the *entrée*.

Although, in Italy, Milan ranks after Naples in the scale of musical consideration, its ballets are superior to every thing of the same kind throughout Europe. The tiresome custom in the Italian theatres, of eternally playing the same opera for six weeks or two months, whether good or indifferent, prevails at Milan. This endurance of the audience is owing to various causes; and, amongst others, to the splendour and interest of the ballet. Signore VIGANO, the principal ballet-master, is the Shakspeare of his art, and with such powerful conceptions, and such intimate knowledge of nature and effect, as he exhibits, it is wonderful that, instead of composing ballets, he does not write epics. The Italian ballet always differed from every other, and seems to have been the origin of the modern melo-drame. It borrows its perfection from causes which may be said to be not only physical, but political. The mobility of the Italian muscle is well adapted to the language of gesture, which breaks through even their ordinary discourse; while a habit of distrust, impressed upon the people by the fearful system of *espionage*, impels them to trust their thoughts rather to a look or an action, than to a word or a phrase. It is not easy to denounce a smile, or to betray a beck; and communications are thus made, over which the police holds no control; "*la moitié du sens est dans le geste et dans l'œil.*" The Italians being thus by nature and by habit pantomimists, their gesticulations are not restrained by etiquette. The despotism of fashion is

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unknown; no conventional *bon ton*, no high-bred reserve binds them to the unbending forms of English punctilio, or the measured movement of French affectation. The word, *minauderie*, has no equivalent in the Italian vocabulary. Hence the people are graceful, especially the women; and from these sources perhaps is derived the perfection of their *ballet d'action;* in which the performers exhibit a sagacity of gesture, a significance of attitude, and a power of physiognomical expression, which render these representations profoundly affecting as tragedies, and eminently amusing as farces. The progress which the ballet has made in popular estimation has induced the composers to intrude upon the dignity of the legitimate drama, and Racine and Shakspeare have alike been translated into "the poetry of motion." In the grand ballet of Othello, the Moor appears literally *dancing mad* with jealousy; and Coriolanus, the model of all *rats*, ancient and modern, deserts to the Volscians in a waltz of dangerous example to all lovers of the graces, whose patriotism is not very deep-seated.[1]

When we arrived at Milan, the VESTAL was in representation, and although it had already run near thirty nights, the enthusiasm was still warm, and the applause as clamorous as the first night of its exhibi-

[1] The old nobility consider this increasing passion for the ballet as an heresy of the Revolution, and occasionally discountenance it by closing their boxes. I asked the Countess Castiglione (by far the most favourable specimen of the old court), why we never saw her at the opera? she replied, "*Parce que je n'admire pas la déclamation des jambes.*" Mademoiselle St. Hubert rejected a proposal of the managers of the Scala, observing, "*Je ne chante pas pour des gens qui n'écoutent que le ballet.*"

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tion. The story of this piece is well known, but it is curious to remark, that a great part of the interest it excited, arose from the reference which the audience made of the circumstances of the piece to certain institutions, placed throughout Europe under the protection of the Holy Alliance. The fate of the unfortunate priestess of Vesta (the Nun of those days), was the result of an horrible bigotry, by which the priesthood of antiquity endeavoured to support their system. The same bigotry was introduced by the same rites into the Christian church, in direct opposition to the doctrines of Him who sacrificed no life but his own. The terrific "*Vade in pace*," which pronounced a living death to the victim of the Church's wrath in the middle ages, had subsisted to a very recent period in Spain, Portugal, and Italy; and was occasionally put in force against the Christian virgin, who, in the recesses of her monastery, had permitted her vestal lamp to expire.

The first scene of the Vestal represents the Circus Maximus at Rome, during the celebration of the games; and nothing that antiquity has left on the subject is omitted—the architecture, the costume, the groupings, are classical, and partake in nothing of the coarseness and clumsiness of theatric imitation. The consuls, with the Roman people, crowd the seats; no women are present except the vestals who adjudge the prize.

After the *wrestling*, with which the scene commences, follows the *Chariot-race*. The chariots, moulded upon that splendid relic of antiquity, the *Biga* at Rome, are drawn by fiery and impatient horses, and driven by impetuous charioteers, exactly as they are represented in the ancient bas-relievos.

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The figures, faces, and above all, the heads, are *true Italian*, and there is nothing to dissipate the illusion in which the spectator is plunged.

All that follows in the succeeding scenes, is admirably true to nature and to antiquity, and is forwarded by the perfection of the arts. The living groups are formed after the finest sculptures; and down to the bronze vase on the Consul's festive board, the lamp, tripod, and consular chair, all seemed borrowed from *Herculaneum* or *Pompeii*.

The two most impressive and deeply-affecting scenes are those in which the vestal fire is suffered to expire, and in which the frail priestess is buried alive. In the first of these scenes, the Vestal (returned from the Circus) is discovered in the deep solitudes of the temple, love-stricken by the victor she has crowned. She stands at the altar in the midst of a vast and gloomy edifice, whose ponderous columns appear to be of granite and porphyry. The lateral aisles and pillared vistas of the mysterious fabric are seen stretching into the depth and obscurity of a distant perspective. The pale light of the altar-fire gleams upon the face of the Vestal, as she watches it; she stands deeply absorbed in thought, and in her countenance the most passionate abstraction is perfectly expressed; while the music which symphonizes to her reverie, seems a part of her own sensations. Suddenly bursting into the conviction of her fatal secret, she exhibits all the struggles between nature and grace, passion and reason, that can agitate the bosom of a devoted woman. The horrible death which awaits the breach of her vow, and the impulses of a passion that is ready even to meet that death, rather than for ever resign its object, alternately madden and dissolve her; till

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struggling, reeling, combating, as if her lover was present, she sinks overcome—into his arms : for he has broken the seclusion of the temple; has witnessed unperceived her passionate gesticulations, and receives her as she falls to his bosom. At that moment the unfed lamp *expires*, and the priests and priestesses burst into the sanctuary amidst a crash of elementary explosion.

The funeral scene opens with a procession of the consuls, patricians, and people of Rome, the military, lictors, and the priestesses of the temple, accompanied by a sad and solemn music, in march to the *Campus sceleratus*, where the Vestal's tomb is already dug. The victim follows on her funeral bier. Nothing remains of the brilliant umpire of the Circus, the passionate mistress of the temple, the heroine of inquisitorial trial—now hope and life, and even love, are almost gone; suffering and penance, and incarceration and terror, have done their work; every muscle has lost its tension, her head falls on her shoulder, her hands hang lifeless, and her unbraided tresses fall wild and dishevelled about her ghastly face. Her companions now take leave of her in turns, and the last arms into which she falls are those of the high-priestess, who has in vain attempted to save her, and whose last embrace is given with a mother's agony to her dying child. Then the horrid clarion sounds, and at that mandate of death a frightful convulsion passes over her features. The high-priest seizes and drags her amidst general supplications to the tomb. He is inaccessible to pity : he has *his system to support*; a martyr must confirm it, and even the consul pleads in vain. It is in vain, too, that she springs from his grasp ; he again forces her

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to the tomb. She struggles to the last, but she is already half-buried; her head is still above the earth; it is so no longer: her upstretched arms only appear, one hand is still visible, and then the ponderous stone is rolled above the chasm, and all is over! This seems a fiction; yet such things have been, such things *may be;* and Italy, forced back to her dark ages of ignorance and bigotry, by those who now arm against her kindling illumination, may yet present "*more woeful pageants in the scene*" of real life, than that which now only calls forth her scenic powers.—At the end of the *Vestal*, one is tempted to ask by what lever one's feelings have been so profoundly moved; what poetry, what eloquence, have wound up emotion to such painful excess. It seems incredible that such an effect has been produced, without *one word* being uttered, one shriek heard; and that the impression is due to the perfection of attitude and gesticulation. The inimitable PALLARINI, the heroine of the Vestal, and the prima Ballarina of the *corps-du-ballet*, is unquestionably one of the finest actresses in Europe.

THERE are two or three smaller theatres at Milan; at some of which itinerant companies perform morning and evening. There is also a private theatre, supported with much spirit and considerable expense, chiefly by the second class of society. This theatre had subsisted since the first era of the Revolution, and the government of the *Cisalpine Republic* made a present of it to some theatrical amateurs, who gave it the title of *Teatro Patriotico*. Here some of Alfieri's best, but now prohibited, tragedies were performed. Here also was played the "*Aristodemo*" of Monti, long after the public theatres were obliged to strike it off their stock list; and Madame Monti, a lady of great

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beauty and acquirement, was one of the chief ornaments of the *corps dramatique*, for none but ladies and gentlemen were permitted to act, while no pieces were performed but such as were strictly national. At present this theatre bears the title of *Teatro Filodrammatico*; and though the representations are now confined to such pieces as have stood the ordeal of the *censor*, and the best plays are consequently excluded, the private theatre of Milan (to speak from the specimens we saw) need not shrink from the criticism of the most fastidious judges. The comedy was more particularly good; and we had occasion here, as throughout Italy, to remark the singular talent of the Italians for a peculiar dry drollery, that recalls the untranslatable humour of England.

There is, however, a theatre at Milan, against which the government has not as yet fulminated its prohibitions, and which nearly disputes the popularity of the *Scala*. The theatre of *Girolamo della Crena* is so called from the name of the principal puppet, who is a very powerful rival of the veteran *Policinello*. Whatever piece is represented upon this stage, *Girolamo* is always the principal actor. His distinctive character is, that he speaks Piedmontese, and makes stupid mistakes to please the inhabitants of Milan, and to feed their municipal prejudices against their neighbours; exactly as the Milanese *Menichino* performs for the amusement of the rest of the north of Italy, and as honest Pat is travestied on the London stage to flatter the cockney prejudices of John Bull. This species of wit is, in general, of tolerably cheap production, and it does not belong to very kindly dispositions; nevertheless Girolamo is sufficiently facetious, and if his jokes are offensive to national

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vanity, after all, he is but a puppet. In "Zemire ed Azore," (the piece we saw performed,) Girolamo was the servant of the old merchant who gets into the enchanted palace, and he exhibits the usual quota of timidity that belongs to the servant of low comedy. He always addresses the beast by the appellation of "*mostro gentile*," or "gentleman monster;" and though more of action lay in his right leg than was strictly necessary for the developement of the plot, yet some of his poetic flights were very ludicrous. His invocation to gloomy night, which he pronounced to be "dark as a tailor's conscience," is a fair specimen of his excellence in the anti-climax.

The people of fashion at Milan go once in the season to Girolamo, as, at Paris, the same class go to the *Ambigu* and the *Gaîté*, and it is thought good fun, once in a way; but the people find Girolamo good fun every night in the year, and rarely desert him; though the Piazza del Duomo nightly exhibits puppet-shows, and the steps of the cathedral are crowded with an audience who have not the means of paying for a box at Girolamo's little theatre. The scenery and decorations are really very pretty, and there is great ingenuity exhibited in the transformations, of which this little stage is rendered susceptible.

The state of a national theatre may be taken as no unfair barometer of public opinion, as well as of national taste. It is evident that in Italy the opera, for which Paesiello and Cimarosa composed, is on the decline; that the rigid imitation of the Greek drama is utterly neglected, and that public feeling and taste call for something not yet attained, and that probably will not be permitted. The Italians have been lately accused of having abandoned those sources of

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interest and excitement, which almost forced themselves upon them; of having neglected their own history, (tragic in every page,) and of wasting their powers upon subjects foreign to their genius and national character: and it is added, "that if in earlier times any genius of transcendant excellence had arisen in the line of domestic tragedy, the Italian Princes, either from ostentation or from real love of intellectual enjoyment, would have vied for the patronage of such a poet; and in the Republics, however absorbed in domestic faction, the power and influence of such a writer would have been at once acknowledged." The *solution of this difficulty* is asserted to be, "that the Italians *deliberately preferred servile imitation.*"[1]

The domestic history of Italy is a perpetual struggle of the people against the feudal tyrants, the Popes, and the Emperors: what story then, in the middle ages, could a poet have taken for his theme, and pleased his patron Princes? The league of Lombardy afforded a splendid subject; but it was fatal to *their* power, and that of their Imperial Ally. The conspiracy of the Pazzi against the early Medici, already deep in crime and usurpation, or that of the "*Orti Rucellai*," when Machiavelli was put to the torture, and the young, the patriotic Agostino Capponi was led to the scaffold—these are fine themes that might well have rewarded the labours of the poet; but what would have been his fate, who should have recalled such efforts against despotism in the courts of the d'Este, the Farnese, or the Medici?—the dungeon of Tasso, in the hospital of St. Anne! The Princes of

[1] *Quarterly Review*, 1820.

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Italy, in the 16th and 17th centuries, as in the present era, wanted no national tragedies. Insipid pastoral dramas were performed in all the court theatres of the day,[1] when licentiousness and pedantry, and

[1] There has been much critical disputation on the origin of the pastoral drama, which, in the opinion of Menage and of Gravina, are of modern growth. These writers reproach, rather than praise, the Italians for the invention and manner of treating their subject, and for their departure from classical models. This system, however, was admirably suited to the theatres of the courts of princes; and to such theatres, dramatic representations were almost exclusively confined. One of the earliest of these court dramatists was a noble author, Niccolo da Coreggio Visconti. His "Cephalus," or "Aurora," was represented at the theatre of his nephew, Duke Hercules the Second, at Ferrara. Then followed the "Tirsis," of Castiglione, which he recited, dressed as a shepherd, for his Duchess of Urbino, with entre-acts of morris-dancing and choruses. Fauns and Satyrs, and Nymphs and Gods, were again produced on the theatre of the court of Ferrara, in the "Egle" of Geraldi in 1540. The "Amintas" of Tasso, of all the pieces in this style, was the best adapted to succeed by its exquisite poetry, exquisite satire, and exquisite flattery; the poetry was all his own, like the character of Tirsis, which he drew from himself; the flattery was for his princely spectators, and the satire for his poetical rivals —Speroni or Patrizii. The scene of action is the court of Alphonso, and the shepherds and shepherdesses, the princes and princesses of his family. The moral, as indicated by the chorus which finishes the first act, is, that honour is a quality perfectly useless to heroic shepherds and shepherdesses, and a serious drawback upon their pleasures.

"Quell' idolo d' errori, idol d' inganno,
Quel che dal volgo insano
Onor poscia fu detto,
(Che di nostra natura 'l feo tiranno)
Non mischiava il suo affanno
Fra le liete dolcezze

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servility and adulation, alone abounded; and these give no very brilliant example of the "*intellectual enjoyments*" of those patrons of the fine arts, who robbed Cellini of his gems and vases, and permitted ANGUILLARA, one of the best tragic poets of his day, to live and die in want and misery.[1] The tragic muse might, indeed, "returning, weep her woes,"—but *woe* to the muse that wept the wrongs of Italy!—For "Sophonisba," or "Orestes," she might drop tears of blood; but for Italy she dared not utter an apostrophe such as Petrarch breathed and Filicaja re-echoed.[2]

In the time of the Republics there was no theatre;[3]

> De l'amoroso gregge;
> Nè fu sua dura legge
> Nota a quell' alme in libertate avvezze;
> Ma legge aurea, e felice,
> Che natura' scolpí;" *S'ei piace, ei lice*, etc.

Such were the only dramas admitted, admired, and patronized by the Italian princes. And after this, who would have ventured upon *Cola di Rienze*, or the Siege of Milan, for the themes of their dramatic exertions?

[1] Anguillara's tragedy of "OEdipus" was highly esteemed, as Mons. Ginguené observes. He was sometimes remunerated by the great for his verses, with a few yards of velvet for a dress, as in the instance of his "CAPITOLO," addressed to Cardinal Trento; and sometimes with supercilious neglect, as by Cosimo, Duke of Florence. He was reduced to sell his productions at half-a-crown a piece, and died in great distress.

[2] See Petrarch's national hymn, beginning "*Italia mia benchè 'l parlar sia indarno*," and Filicaja's well-known sonnet,

> "Italia, Italia, cui feo la sorte,
> Dono infelice di bellezza," etc. etc.

[3] The first tragedies written or acted in Italy, during the 14th century, were pedantic compositions in Latin, in imita-

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and when they flourished in all their tumultuous freedom, to have meddled with contemporary faction might have been equally impolitic and unsafe; nor is much to be hoped from "the influence of a poet" over men, who, struggling for rights and life, banished the first and brightest; because, all poet as he was, he was believed to be a traitor.[1]

These are the causes by which the genius of Italy was driven "*into a servile imitation*" of the classic theatre, and to write even comedies upon the plans of Plautus. In this respect, what Italy *then* was,

tion of the Greek theatre; and they were acted or recited only by learned societies. Even then, one of these, "the Death of Ezzelino," *was* taken from the recent history of Ezzelino tyrant of Padua. In the first act his mother, confesses to his brother, that their father was—the Devil! This was thought a good joke in the days of *the Republics*; but under the Princes, the dramatists of such domestic stories would not have had much success. The first Italian tragedy acted was the "Orpheus" of POLITIAN, the tutor of the Medici. The theatre of the Vatican was, under LEO THE TENTH, supported with great splendour; but the churches were most frequently the theatres of the people, where, as in England, they were accustomed to get up their "MYSTERIES."

[1] Dante, at the time of his banishment from Florence, was, like all his family, a Guelph or *liberale*. His exile was at first the result of faction; and he continued true to liberty, and to his own "*Carità del natio loco*," up to the writing of the 10th book of his *Inferno*, where he places the Emperor Frederick II. and Cardinal Ubaldino, in hell. It was not until his impatience and resentment at his long exile getting the better of all discretion and patriotism, that he changed his party, and attacked the Florentines, "*quello ingrato popolo maligno*." Of this temporary desertion from his party, through pique, he is accused by one of his most ancient and partial biographers. When it was known, that he openly invoked the Italians to "Lasciar seder Cesare nella sella," *then*, he was accused of treason, and his exile was for life.

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Italy *still is;* the tragedies of Alfieri are forbidden, the "Aristodemo" of Monti rarely played; and the inimitable author of *Polissena*,[1] a tragedy which received the prize from the Accademia della Crusca, given by Napoleon in 1810, is, in 1820, obliged to publish in England, because no Italian press dared give vent to a production, in which beautiful poetry is made the vehicle of liberal sentiments. But how fares it with the young and amiable author of "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI?" Silvio Pellico, the eulogized of a loyal British Review, the "*poet of ardent and unstudied feeling*," whose tragedy is considered as "*one beautiful example to justify the opinion, that Italians should look at home for their tragic subjects?*" What prince indulges in "*his intellectual enjoyment*," by patronizing him? what range is given to *his* talent, which has been called upon by a foreign nation to supply its cravings? At this moment SILVIO PELLICO is incarcerated in the dungeons of the police of Milan, and buried in solitary confinement. The *Quarterly Review* must, therefore, wait for that "feast of reason" it expects from his pen, until its friends, the Holy Alliance, recover from the jealousies and suspicions, on which they have imprisoned one of the most amiable and charming poets of Italy![2]

At the present moment Italy abounds in poetical talent. The names of Monti, of Niccolini, of Pellico, of Foscolo, and Manzoni, all living dramatic writers

[1] Signor G. Batista Niccolini of Florence.

[2] Pellico's alleged crime is the SUSPICION, the UNFOUNDED SUSPICION, of being connected with the Carbonari. His real offence is his having edited the now suppressed CONCILIATORI, of which we shall speak hereafter.

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of eminence, evince that freedom alone is wanting (that element without which true poetry is rarely produced,) to revive the stage, and to raise the Italian tragedy to a greater elevation than it has yet been suffered to attain. Though the "*servile imitation*" of the Greek theatre, and more servile models of composition, are still forced upon the poets of enslaved Italy, though every path to independence is still closed upon the aspirings of genius, the day *is* arrived when neither the amatory *fadaises* of Tasso's Aminta, nor the horrible (and what is worse, the *inevitable*) crimes of OEdipus, can satisfy the dramatic taste of the people. As they advance in social feeling and liberal opinion, they call for a theatre whose representations shall "come home to men's business and bosoms;" where scenes of domestic life, and characters drawn from nature, and wit purified from indecency, shall assist in ripening those home feelings, which are now, for the first time since the ruin of its republics, beginning to develop themselves in Italy. To urge this desirable object to its completion, and to open a mart, not only to the successors of GOLDONI, but to the best translators of foreign comedies, several noblemen of Milan have entered into an association and subscription, for the formation of a permanent theatre for Italian comedy in the capital of Lombardy. In the printed "PROGETTO," one paragraph alone illustrates the merit of the design, and the benefits to be derived from it. These are, 1st. Within two years the formation of a select and numerous company, employing in the mean time such companies as exist.—2dly. To insure daily representations of plays.—3dly. To reform the existing imperfect and faulty

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declamation.—4thly. To give prizes for the best original and translated dramatic works. —5thly. To form a new repertory for the theatre.—6thly. To assist such persons as exhibit marked talent for the stage, and are struggling for existence: and lastly, To adopt every means of raising the Italian drama to the level of any the most cultivated among the nations of Europe.

It must be added with regret, that to this admirable design the government does not lend its assistance. When we left Milan, application had been made to the Grand Duke; but the *Aulic Council*, at *Vienna*, which alone decides on Italian affairs, had not returned an answer. Morals, wit, and learning come not within the scope of Aulic legislature; the people that are *too* moral, soon become *too* free: liberty is the sun under which domestic virtues have always flourished; and the wives and mothers of England owe their glorious pre-eminence far more to MAGNA CHARTA, than to their chill skies and northern latitude. But operas and cecisbeos, and Aulic councils, go best together; and the comedies which outraged decency, and inculcated vice, on the theatres of the VATICAN and of Ferrara, in the 16th century, would stand a better chance of encouragement in the twentieth, than those which "hold the mirror up to nature, shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the *very age and body of the time his form and pressure.*[1]

[1] The "Calandria" of Cardinal Bibbiena was played in the Vatican for the amusement of the Pope, and of Isabella d'Este, Duchess of Mantua. This author, whose wit and indecency were so long the charm of Leo's society, was poisoned by the order of his master.

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CHAPTER VI.

LOMBARDY.

MILAN.—*Public Buildings.—Forum Bonaparte.—Arch of the Simplon.—The Arena.—Public Gardens.—Villa Reale.—Royal Manufactories.—Gallery of Professor Breislac.—Benvenuto Cellini.—Egyptian School.—Imperial Pensionat.—Lancastrian School.—Private Palaces, ancient and modern.—Casa Trivulzio.—Library.—Collection.—Leonardo's Primer.—Casa Porro Lambertenghi.—Malaspini Collection.—Casa Litta.*—VILLAS.—*Cinsello.—Balsamo.—Casino Trivulzio.—Royal Villa of Monza.—The Cathedral.—The Iron Crown of Lombardy.—Coronation of Napoleon.*

Two antique towers are all that remain of the ancient fortresses of Milan, which became alternately the citadels and the prisons of the families which founded them. It is supposed that the castle erected by Galeazzo Visconti was begun in the year 1358. This castle being demolished, a second was built by John Galeazzo: but that also exciting the jealousy of the republican citizens, it became a sacrifice to the liberty of the country. Dungeons and keeps, however, were instruments, without which despotism, in the mid-

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dle ages, could not subsist; and Francis Sforza erected, for the third time, a fortification to overawe the people of Milan. Of this latter edifice, the two towers already mentioned are a remnant. The rest of the edifice was levelled by the French; and the modern barrack, which occupies the site of the ancient keep, still preserves that spot true to its original destinies. The remainder of the space was dedicated, by the late Italian government, to the amusement of the people; and was laid out into regular walks and grass-plots, with rows of trees, under the direction of Canonica, an architect of celebrity. This really elegant promenade was, at the epoch of its formation, called, in the language of that day, Forum Bonaparte; at present, under the more orthodox appellation of Place du Chateau, it is, like every other work or institution which has no other object than the health, comfort, or happiness of the people, fallen into neglect, and is suffered to decay.

At one end of this promenade, at the spot where the grand road over the Simplon terminates in the city of Milan, a superb Triumphal Arch was commenced, after the design of the Marquis Luigi Cagnola. It is a work which, for magnitude and beauty, is well worthy the still greater work whose successful termination it is intended to celebrate. To judge of this noble monument, which is completed to scarcely more than one-third of its intended height, it is necessary to see the plans and drawings of the architect. The decorations and statuary commanded for the completion of the design,—a design which may vie with the best that antiquity has bequeathed to the admiration of posterity,—have formed a school of sculpture in Lombardy, and brought forward aspir-

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ing genius with a rapidity that marks the energy of the system of which the monument itself is a result. PACETTI, MONTI of Ravenna, MONTI of Milan, ACQUISTI, PIZZI, and MARCHESI, men who, under the regime of fifty years back, might have remained "*unknown to fame*," have displayed, in the sculptures, basso-relievos, and architectural ornaments, a force of genius, and a boldness of conception, which demonstrate that talent will never be wanting when the market is open for its productions.

At the Restoration the work was suspended, and the arch now remains, as it was left in 1814, surrounded by masses of marble, as they were drawn from Carrara, and blocks of granite torn from the acclivities of the Simplon. Pediments, shafts, basso-relievos, statuary, and trophies, are scattered on every side; the lichen and moss already degrading their fine forms, while the surrounding workshops, full of unfinished work, are dark and silent.

At a little distance from the arch of the Simplon stands the ARENA, or *Circus*, planned by the same eminent architect that designed the arch, whose mind seemed deeply imbued with the fine forms of antiquity. This arena, designed by the Revolutionary Government as a place of amusement for the people, and for the celebration of national festivities, is capable of containing, with ease, thirty thousand spectators. Here it was intended to revive chariot and horse-races, and such athletic sports as were practised in the best days of antiquity. The arena is so constructed, as in a minute to be covered with water, and to be converted into a naumachia. In every respect, indeed, the imitation of antiquity is complete. The *pulvinare* of the Romans (the stand for the Emperor)

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is raised on superb columns of red marble, and the triumphal gates are decorated with basso-relievos analogous to the destination of the edifice.

We were not aware of what we were going to see, when one day, after a dinner at the house of a Milanese Noble,[1] some of the party proposed carrying us to the arena. As we drove along the immense circumference of the walls, and entered its superb triumphal gate, I thought that it must be one of those magnificent and precious remains of which I was to see so many in Italy, but of which I had as yet seen none. The space of the arena, and the number of circular seats, even when empty, are exceedingly striking; but when the imagination fills them with their *thirty thousand* spectators, and occupies the centre with high-mettled racers and spirited charioteers, the picture it presents, the associations it suggests, and the effect it produces, are not comparable with that of any other similar monument. Such spectacles had been frequently presented under the Viceroy Eugene, when *fêtes* were given by the government, who, in thus offering to the people an image of the ancient glories of Italy, rose above the illiberal and narrow policy of the present day, which knows no means of governing but to divide, and no method of tranquillizing, but to degrade.

As we entered an apartment, intended for a withdrawing-room, over the grand entrance, I thought I perceived, through an open door, a band of armed men in the distance. The light of the setting sun

[1] The Milanese, like the Parisian dinner, terminates with the dessert: every one rises the moment that is over, and, after coffee, they disperse to drive in the environs, or the Corso, or to pay visits.—In the Villas, they adjourn to the gardens.

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reflecting upon "helm and hawberk," upon broad shields and brilliant spears, convinced me that I was right. Two rows of warriors, clothed in coats of mail, shewed their grim visages from beneath their half-raised visors, recalling the enchanted castles of ancient chivalry: and, with ARIOSTO fresh in the imagination, and GROSE's Military Antiquities in the memory, fancy was proceeding to conjure up the rest of the adventure, when a nearer approach dispelled the dream, by reducing these heroic Rinaldos and Astolphos to the paltry reality of a few stuffed manikins. Upon inquiry, we found that the Austrian government, having determined to imitate the national festivities of the republic, and the military games of antiquity, with equal fidelity, had prepared these formidable adversaries to stand the shock of a regiment of lancers, for the amusement of the Emperor, who was then on his progress through Italy; and the regiment selected for this exhibition of its prowess, was that of which the Prince Regent of England had condescended to accept the Colonelcy.

The CORSOS, or great avenues, leading from the gates into the heart of the city, are among the most spacious approaches in Italy. The *Corso della porta orientale* is particularly striking. Several new palaces, standing upon the site of demolished convents and churches, rise on either side. The façades are chiefly of the Greek orders, and contrast forcibly with the massive, monastic fronts of the old buildings, which are usually of Spanish architecture. On the left of this beautiful Corso are the public gardens, which were but just finished at the Restoration. It is only separated from the street by a range of granite pillars, with a cornice surmounted by an-

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tique vases, and a light iron-railing, decorated with armorial bearings. The garden is cut into irregular alleys diversified with trees and grass-plots, and watered by a canal. The buildings are in good keeping; they consist of an amphitheatre, a carousal or large pavilion, and an edifice in the centre for the public amusements. This temple of pleasure was, a few years back, a convent of nuns of a rigid order; and if the spirit of some old Lady Abbess still visits the haunts of her power or penance, it must, all spirit as it may be, be struck with wonder.

A flight of stairs leads from these gardens to a public walk, which has been made and planted upon the ramparts, from the Porta della Tenaglia to the Porta Romana, a very considerable extent. The VILLA-REALE, a residence of the Viceroy, adjoins, and adds considerably to the magnificence of the scene.

Much of the taxes complained of under the French regime were expended upon works of this description, by which the wealth taken from the few was scattered among the industrious many; and it is further to be remarked, that notwithstanding the largeness of the sums so taken, they have left the Milanese nobility by far the richest body in Italy. The system which accompanied these impositions opened to the nobles new, more efficient, and more legitimate sources of wealth, than those which the old regime offered.[1] They are now agriculturists, manufacturers, speculators, and spread their vast capital (formerly hoarded in chests), over the whole country; resembling, in this particular, the free citizens of ancient MILAN, from whom they are

[1] See Appendix, N°. 1.

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descended. We have it on the testimony of the noblest amongst them, that they have considerably increased their revenues by this abjuration of aristocratic prejudices; which has given, at the same time, a full play to their extensive pecuniary means, and to their native and natural intelligence.

Of the numerous convents that were suppressed, all were not demolished, some being converted into private dwellings, and others devoted to the public service. Two houses of Carmelite nuns are now the residence and work-shops of the persons employed in the Mint; and St. Theresa's bare-footed followers have yielded their refectory and cells to the royal manufacture of saltpetre. Both these establishments are extremely well worth seeing, though not often visited by the stranger. Indeed, a previous personal acquaintance with the directors was the cause of *our* visiting them, and passing one of the most interesting among the many pleasant and profitable days we enjoyed at MILAN.

We were accompanied in this visit by Professor BREISLAC,[1] the most learned mineralogist of Italy, who is Inspector-general of the gunpowder works; by Monsieur PRIMO, who superintends the manufacture of saltpetre, and by Signor MOROSI,[2] the royal mechanician at the Hotel des Monnaies. After seeing

[1] Professor Breislac is advantageously known to Europe by his mineralogical works, which are held in deserved estimation. Of course he did not escape the notice of the Italian government. He is a member of the Royal and Imperial Institute of Sciences.

[2] To this gentleman Milan is much indebted for the introduction of considerable improvements in machinery, a point in which, under the old government, they were much in arrear of the rest of Europe.

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whatever was worthy of attention in these establishments, which their talents have so considerably improved, we proceeded to the mineralogical collection of Monsieur BREISLAC, which is eminently interesting for the beauty and rarity of its specimens, procured by the assiduous labour of a life devoted to science, and enriched by an extensive scientific correspondence. This collection, which, to a female, is attractive by the beauty, order, and neatness of its arrangement, should by no means be passed over by the scientific traveller. From all that I have heard, there is no private cabinet between Milan and Naples to compete with it; and the stores of the worthy Professor's mind, still more rich than those of his cabinet, are imparted to the visitor with equal politeness and zeal for science. In the apartments of Signore MOROSI, we were permitted to view a vase and stand, of the richest workmanship of CELLINI. It is not improbable that these are the identical "*Bacino e Boccaletto*," of which Cellini speaks with such delight in his Life; and, indeed, they are reported to be so. If so, they were finished in France. As soon as they were completed, CELLINI took them to his *soi-disant* patron, the Cardinal d'Este of Ferrara, who, without saying any thing to him, carried them off, and presented them to FRANCIS the First. The king was delighted with the gift, and was lavish of his praise of the ingenious artist, ("*Il rè l'ebbe molto caro, e mi lodò più smisuramente che mai si lodasse uomo par mio.*"[1]) In return for this present the King gave the Cardinal an Abbey of seven thousand crowns income; and was going to make a present to CELLINI,

[1] Vita di Cellini.

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when the Cardinal Saint basely endeavoured to prevent him, promising to give him himself a pension of three hundred scudi from the proceeds of the Abbey, *which he never did;* "*e troppo lungo sarebbe a voler dire la* DIAVOLERIA *di questo Cardinale.*"[1] Such is the true patronage of princes,[2] who, sympathizing neither with the necessities nor the sentiments of the artists, are rarely actuated in their munificence by any other feelings than those of mere ostentation or childish caprice. Whether this be, or be not, the identical vase and basin of which Cellini relates this curious anecdote, (an anecdote which, like his whole life, is so faithful a portraiture of the times in which he flourished,) they are relics of rare and unquestionable value for the matchless beauty of the workmanship. They are of silver gilt. The border of the basin exhibits the seasons, represented by the rural occupations peculiar to each. The wood-cutter in the midst of forest scenery, the interior of a cottage with a winter's fire, and the old peasant bending over it, pleased me more than the finely-chiselled Zodiac which occupies its centre. The vase is of a beautiful and *svelt* form. The principal figure that starts from the surface is a hero, surrounded by all the emblematical virtues that are by courtesy assigned to that very doubtful character. These precious monuments of an art now unrivalled, were, some years back, found in the *Monte-di-pietà*,[3]

[1] "It would be too tedious to describe all the *devilishness* of this Cardinal."—Vita di Cellini.

[2] For anecdotes illustrative of this position, see in Evelyn's Memoirs, various specimens of the *patronage* of Charles the Second after his restoration.

[3] A pawnbroking establishment, usually conducted under the authority of the Government in the Continental States.

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where they had been pledged by a noble family, into whose hands they had fallen. Their anterior history, of course, cannot be traced.

Among the establishments we visited this day, was one of singular interest, an Egyptian school established in Milan for the subjects of the Pacha. It consisted of a considerable number of young persons, of various ages, from all parts of his dominions. Signore Morosi (the director) and the professor of chemistry in this establishment, conducted us through the building. In one of the dormitories we encountered a scholar, a dark youth of about seventeen years of age, intently bent over a manuscript. It was a translation from the Italian into the Coptic, which hewas about to send home. He started up, and heard our apologies for the intrusion, with a grace that untutored nature rarely wants. He was a native of Mount Lebanon. I asked him if it was long since he heard from home; his countenance changed, he shook his head, and said mournfully, "*gran tempo fa*," (it is very long since,) evincing by his looks, that even the wild cedars of Lebanon may be regretted in one of the finest capitals in Europe. While we were talking to him, another graceful, half wild, but intelligent being, followed us with a drawing, of which he seemed very proud: it was a copy of the picture of the King of Sardinia. I wonder what he thought it was! As he held it up close to his own marked and sunny countenance, the contrast excited a general smile. This school has already sent back some clever draughtsmen, chemists, and mathematicians. Besides the living languages and natural sciences, the boys are taught to work in making machinery of the finer kinds, in

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order to introduce at home the European arts, which are yet unpractised there. It is curious to see this race, at the end of ages, coming to take back to their own dark regions those lights which their ancestors first diffused over Europe. In returning through the play-ground, several little boys ran up and kissed our hands: they had not yet learned to speak either French or Italian.

The immediate transition from the republic of Geneva to the states of the King of Sardinia is not more abrupt, than the contrast between this establishment and that to which we next proceeded—the Royal and Imperial Pensionat, a superb female seminary, founded by the late government. Here all was tameness and gentility, conventional grace and arbitrary elegance. Of all the benefits which the Revolution has conferred upon Italy, the greatest, the most permanent, is the new and liberal system of female education, raised upon the ruins of that demoralizing bigotry, which was calculated to make women concubines and devotees, but which could not produce good wives and good mothers. In most of the great capitals, Bonaparte, or the Italian governments that acted under his influence, have formed establishments for the education of girls of all ranks, and endowed them with sufficient revenues; being fully aware how powerfully women contribute in determining the character of society; and how much a generation of well educated females must contribute to raise society from that gulf of immorality, into which the vices and feebleness of the old governments had plunged this part of Europe. The church, convent, and grounds of San Filippo Neri, belonging to an order of nuns, with a considerable revenue, were appro-

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priated by the government to this establishment, intended as a national school for females, and more particularly for the orphan daughters of the officers of the army who fell in the service. It is a fact, that when this seminary was established, no Italian lady, fitted by education or experience, could be found, who was willing to accept the place of its directress; and the Baroness de Lor, a lady of distinguished talent and irreproachable conduct, was taken from a similar establishment near Paris, to superintend the foundation at Milan.

In our visit to this seminary, we were accompanied by Madame de Lor herself; a lady, whose society we afterwards sought upon all occasions with pleasure, and enjoyed with profit. As there is no English school of this description, no comparison can be drawn: but in the great points of air, space, elegance, and accommodation, neatness, freshness, and good order, it is impossible that it should be exceeded. The convent of St. Philip Neri resembles a royal palace: its arcades below, and its open galleries above, surround a beautiful and well-cultivated garden. The dormitories are spacious, and provided with dressing-rooms abundantly supplied with water in superb fountains. There are also warmed apartments (*scaldatorj*), in which the children are permitted to amuse themselves before they retire to rest. The rooms are lighted at night by pending lamps, which are inclosed in glass bells, and burn till daylight; no candles being allowed. The hospital bedrooms are on the upper story, and are attended by two nuns, "*sœurs de la charité*:" there are warm and cold baths adjoining. The wardrobe is a vast apartment, filled with every article of female dress, made

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by the children themselves for their own use; the materials being found by the establishment. Another room is appropriated to works of ornament. There are also separate apartments for each class, all opening into the garden; by which the disadvantage of a close and heated atmosphere, so common even in our own best schools, is effectually avoided. We saw groups of little children hurrying from one class to another through blooming shrubs and orange trees, each with her little straw bonnet and basket on her arm. We afterwards saw them assembled in a vast and handsome hall, from whence they proceeded to an excellent dinner. When Madame de Lor entered, several of the little ones clung round her, and each had her *nom de caresse*, or some mark of affection and familiarity. She addressed them all in French, to shew us the progress they had made, and made them laugh heartily at their own mistakes. Italian is much cultivated; Milanese is rarely allowed. Their studies are liberal, and must shock many of their noble grandmothers, who scarcely learned to read and write; and who see their illustrious descendants (condemned by their birth to worthlessness and indolence), thus occupied in cutting out shifts, making stays, inventing dresses and mending stockings, conversant in all the details of which no mother or mistress of a family should be ignorant, and combining these homely duties with languages, the arts, the sciences, and literature! [1]

[1] The origin of these establishments in Italy is, I believe, due to the Duc de Melzi. He wished to commence a female seminary at Lodi. The person to whom he applied for advice and assistance is ONE, whose name is well known in England, one endowed with every talent, and every feminine accom-

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Since the Restoration, however, some changes have been made in this, as in every other institution of the late government, which have given to it some of the monastic character belonging to the original destination of the building. The children are no longer permitted to see their fathers, except, as in the old convents, in the *parloir;* that is, through iron bars. It is in vain that their young hearts may bound towards the object of their affections; no bosom receives them, no knee sustains them! They may press their lips through the bars to the hand that leans against them, but there all intercourse of endearment ends, exactly as in the days of the convent of the ladies of St. Philip Neri.

The peace of 1815 closed a long career of blood, and removed the barriers of a long separation between nations. The avenues leading to an interchange of improvement, once re-opened, which prejudices and political estrangement, not less than war, had closed, there was a general movement through

plishment, the celebrated Maria Cosway. Under her inspection, the *Pensionat* at Lodi became, what it still is, one of the most excellent institutions for female education in Italy, perhaps in Europe. After some years, domestic circumstances obliged her to return to England; and the school is now under the superintendence of another lady. The children educated are in number forty-two; they are dressed in uniform, plain and neat, and without finery. The instruction is the same for all, except music, dancing, and drawing, which are confined to those, whose parents are of rank or wealth sufficient to make such accomplishments desirable. They all learn useful female works, and are taught the art of house-keeping, so as to be able, on returning home at the age of fourteen, to keep the books, and manage a family. Writing, arithmetic, and an epistolary style, are particularly attended to, and geography, grammar, and history, fundamentally taught.

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Europe. Kingdoms exchanged their population; and if the English posted through Italy, to see sights and revive classical associations, the Italians visited England to gather from observation, improvements the most applicable to the wants of their own beautiful country. The English went to Italy in groups and families made up of all ages and ranks, from infancy to senility, from the trader to the peer, and imported with them the comforts, and habits, and prejudices of their wealth. The Italians who visited England were chiefly single men, many of them in the first flower of youth, or in the prime of manhood. They did not expect to find the suns [1] of Italy, or to eat ice under the shades of orange-groves; and they did not complain that such habits of enjoyment were denied to them. They came to contemplate the effects and the workings of a free government, of a free press, on manners, literature, science, and domestic happiness; and with such experience as they could acquire, and such information as they could obtain, they returned to Italy. From that moment, their time, their talents, and their fortunes, have been given to the introduction of those lights into their own country, which struck them with admiration in others. The historical names of Capponi, Confaloniere, Ginori, Pucci, Velo, etc. etc. are too well known in the circles of rank and fashion in England, to need any introduction here; but it did not, perhaps, appear on the surface, that these gentlemen—who were every evening to be seen in the most exclusive societies, who had passed even the fiery ordeal of Almack's, and assisted at the opera

[1] A Neapolitan wit of the old school observed, that "the Suns of England were the *Moons* of Italy."

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suppers, and private theatricals, of supreme *bon ton* —had devoted their mornings to schools and manufactories, to the workshops of mechanists, and the laboratories of philosophers. "In my first voyage to England, in 1814," (says the Count Confaloniere, in a discourse pronounced by him as President of a Milanese association, for the introduction of Lancastrian schools, formed by himself,) "a school in London of six hundred children, conducted by *one* child, struck me with astonishment, and a close inspection of the mode of instruction by which this was effected, convinced me that it might become most beneficial, if adopted in Italy. In 1816 the French introduced the system of MUTUAL INSTRUCTION at Paris, and in 1818 already nine hundred schools were opened in France. At the latter end of this year, on my return from Paris, more convinced than ever of the utility of the system, from this extraordinary and rapid progress, I made my first application to the Viceroy, to introduce it amongst ourselves."

The proposition was scarcely mentioned at Milan, when an association was formed for carrying it into execution; and the descendants of the Visconti, Triulzi, Ubaldi, Lambertenghi, Litta, Borromeo, and Carafa—names that sound so fierce and feudal in old Italian story, so often opposed in contest, or ranged in deadly feud—were here united, to spread that light among the people, once so jealously withheld, and which even the fathers of these men would have denied, as dangerous to social order.

In 1819 we left Count Confaloniere in Milan, occupied with laying the foundation of his school, and in providing many other schemes of national improvement. On our return in 1820, in company with

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the Count and Countess, we inspected its progress, and found five hundred and fifty children far advanced in elementary instruction, the Lancastrian system in full exercise, and order, activity, cleanliness, and regularity, as firmly established, as in the oldest institutions of the kind which we have visited. This is a new sight in Italy: the ties of vassalage exchanged for those of gratitude and affection; and the *power* to oppress, commuted for the *will* to benefit and ameliorate. In the exertions of these genuine patriots there is no concealed design, no sect to favour, no established church to consolidate. The door of knowledge is not opened to let in the light of heaven through the discoloured medium of an exclusive creed; nor is the information afforded intended as an additional chain to bind the people to a *social order*, whose benefits are too problematical to be trusted to unassisted common sense. Here all is fair and open to the day; and the sole intention is the multiplication of popular force, and its necessary consequence, a diffusive happiness.

The kindness and hospitality with which we were received at Milan, afforded us the opportunity of seeing many of the palaces of the nobility and gentry; few of which are open to the public, or on the lists of *Valets-de-Place*. The most splendid residences of Milan still bear the republican appellation of *Casa* (*house*), and they have indeed a character very distinct from the *palaces* of the upper classes in Southern Italy. The depressing influence of Spain and Austria upon the Milanese retarded all the useful arts; and whatever was incommodious in the sixteenth century remained so in the nineteenth. As lately as the year 1743, a French traveller describes

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the archbishop's palace and the governor's house as the only residences in the city where the windows were *completely glazed*. Glass was then quite a distinction, as it still is in the villages about Rome and Naples; and some of the handsomest edifices in Lombardy had their windows covered with oiled paper. Amidst the great and beneficial changes lately introduced into Milan, much remains to be done: while the higher arts have been well attended to, the art by which a door is hinged, or a window closed, is still in its infancy. France, however, was not a school to forward such improvements; and a Milanese palace is not, after all, much inferior, in these essentials, to a Parisian hotel. The deficiencies of both are effects, though insignificant ones, of the old systems, common to both; and England has the best locks and hinges, as she has the best steam-engines, and the best navies, because she had long enjoyed the most perfect of any known political constitution.

Almost all the old families of Milan have been illustrated by the military feats and heroic virtues of their original founders. The "*Magno Trivulzio*," who played so important a part in the wars of Francis the First and Charles the Fifth, was one of those chiefs whose courage and influence so often changed the fortunes of the day. The fine old Casa Trivulzio, where the *Marshal Condottiere* received Francis the First during his visit to Milan, still stands unimpaired in the Contrada Rugabella. It has, however, been long abandoned by the family; and the present Marquis occupies a mansion not less vast, but more modern, enriched by the collection and library of the celebrated Carlo Trivulzio, who added to a name historically illustrious, the epithet of "*philologus præstan-*

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tissimus." The pictures in the Casa Trivulzio are few, but good and curious; and the library is singularly rich in MSS. and in rare and precious editions of the fifteenth century—the oldest MS. Dante with a date affixed, known to exist, is among the former; and a Petrarch printed fifteen years after his death, among the latter.

But among these treasures, that which interested me the most (and the Marquis Trivulzio always left us to form our own predilections, without pointing out the objects he himself esteemed), was a sort of Album of Leonardo da Vinci, where a page of geometry is followed by a page of caricatures, taken perhaps from originals in the Borghetto, where he used to seek them on market-days; and a vocabulary is succeeded by a sketch that pourtrayed all the divinity of his own genius.

Another still more curious object is, a *primer*, or school-book, written and beautifully illuminated by Leonardo, for the use of the young Maximilian, son of *Sforza del Moro*, the usurping Duke of Milan. The vellum pages of this compendium contain, after a few trite maxims of conduct, such as princely ears may be permitted to hear, a little series of vignettes, admirably preserved in all their original richness of colouring, their gold, silver, and ultra-marine tints, perfectly fresh. The first is a view of the castle of Milan. From a balcony a warder blows an horn, to mark the hour of retreat. Below, in the court, stand the little prince and his tutor; the latter points to the evening star, intimating that it is time to retire. A naughty boy is still occupied in catching birds, (said to be FRANCESCO, the prince's younger brother—for younger brothers are always naughty boys,) while

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the good prince, always distinguished by his finery and demure look, is ready to obey his tutor's order.

In another picture "the good prince" is seen going to the public school, and with much dignity is chiding naughty Francesco, who is fighting another boy, his book and mantle thrown on the ground. The tail-piece of this page is curious for a royal primer —a hand *armed with a birch rod*. The next vignette exhibits the interior of the school-room, such as are still seen in the sacristies of the old Italian churches. The good prince is still the principal figure, seated opposite his master. Nothing can divert him from his studies, not even his dwarf, an hideous but droll little monster, who stands tempting him with comical grimaces and arch gibes. Meantime two boys (*not* princes) have fallen fast asleep beside him, and their books are falling from their hands; while unlucky *Francesco* is busied *à la dérobée*, stuffing his bird into a cage. School over, the prince is next represented seated at dinner, with his *bonne* and a large monkey. His schoolfellows, with Francesco, stand round respectfully, as if they formed his little court, where it is evident that the monkey is the prime favourite.

Then comes Prince Maximilian as a gallant youth, mounted on a Barbary steed, gorgeously dressed, and issuing forth from his father's castle to the wars. A beautiful lady, from the casement of a tower, gazes on him with marked admiration. The title is "*il principe contemplato da donne.*" The last of these pictures of his future fortunes and glory, on which his young eyes must have gloated with dazzled satisfaction, is his *triumph over a subject world;* and with it finishes this system of princely education,

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begun in hypocrisy and ending in despotism. The story of this hero of his own primer (a feeble and unfortunate prince), is already before the world. There is also a letter extant from a mistress of his, a model of the love-letter style of the day; and, as it may be curious to *amateurs*, it is subjoined below.[1]

A Lucan, done in France in 1363, (where Cæsar is always painted decked with *fleurs-de-lis*, to shew that he is of the reigning house of France,) and above all, a little book presented by Henry the Fourth to his beautiful mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, containing a sonnet of his composition, and in his own hand-writing, were among the most curious objects in this interesting library.

Among the antiquities are some Consular Dyptics (one of the time of Justinian). Of these relics there are but fifteen extant : three are in the Trivulzi collection, and two in the church at Monza. In this collection also are a part of the chair of the Exarchs of Ravenna, a beautiful faun in *Rossoantico*, with Etruscan vases, medals, cameos, coins, etc. without number.

But the Casa Trivulzio contains one apartment more interesting, and in Italy more rare, than its library and its gallery. It is a small retired room, terminating the Marchioness's own suite. Here, as often as we visited the Casa Trivulzio, and that was not seldom,

[1] "Signore mio Sforza ed amoroso bello. Ringrazio per mille volte la Signoria vostra di quello che s'è degnata operare per me con lo Ill'mo Signore vostro Padre, de la lettera che mi ha fatto avere i miei dinari. E quello che non posso supplire di merito con il refferirne grazie, supplirò, quando saremo lì, di tanti dolci bacini. Mi raccomando a voi Signore Sforza ed amoroso mio bello. L'amorosa vostra Nicolosa."

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we found the young ladies of the family cultivating all the arts with diligence and success; forwarded by their governess and masters, and presided by their father and mother: in a word, one of those blessed scenes of domestic education and endearment, supposed only to be found in England, and certainly unknown in Italy a few years back. In the study of the ladies Trivulzi, existed the true antidote to heartless intrigue and idle dissipation. Should this bright example be generally followed, Italy may again become renowned for the chastity and talent of her daughters, as the testimony of Dante and Petrarch proves it to have been in the days of her republics, when mothers abounded, such as she who

"Traendo alla rocca la chioma,
Favoleggiava con la sua famiglia
Di Trojani, e di Fiesole, e di Roma."—DANTE.

It is very natural that my pen should proceed as my steps often did, from the CASA TRIVULZIO to the CASA PORRO LAMBERTENGHI, the residence of Count Porro; but it would have been difficult to contemplate with the cool examination of curiosity, a dwelling, under whose roof we were almost daily accustomed to receive the rites of kindness and hospitality.[1] Our observations of the apartments and gardens of the CASA PORRO, were indeed soon obliterated by the society we enjoyed in them. It would, however, be unpardonable to pass over in silence the collection of Etrus-

[1] Count Porro was in the habit of giving a weekly dinner, for the purpose of collecting and uniting the talent with which Milan abounds, and more particularly those persons who favoured or contributed to the "*Conciliatore.*" Paris itself could scarcely furnish pleasanter or more intellectual society. Here, amongst others, we habitually met the author of "FRAN-

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can vases, which all strangers visit, and which contains some of the most beautiful specimens of those most beautiful and inimitable antiquities.

To the Milanese, an object of far greater curiosity and admiration is the gas apparatus which Count Porro, in conjunction with Count Confaloniere, has introduced into Italy, and with which his whole house is splendidly illuminated. Whichever way, indeed, we turned in Milan, we found traces of the ardent but rational patriotism, with which a little band of nobles, with whom these truly excellent persons are intimately connected, are unceasingly occupied in bettering at once the moral and the physical aspect of their country, and are preparing it to receive that liberty which, however apparently remote in the present most unhappy moment, by the very nature of things, cannot long be delayed.

Count Porro, with the generosity that charac-

cesca da Rimini, Silvio Pellico;* the Marchese Pecchio, a young nobleman of considerable literary acquirement; Professor Breislac; Signore Borsieri, a grandson of the celebrated physician (known in England by his Latin appellation of Burserius); and last, not least, our lamented friend the Abate de Brême, in whose social intercourse the gaiety and good humour, the simplicity and playfulness of a child, broke through the reflection of the philosopher, and the deep regrets of the patriot. Here too we had the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with the historian of Italy, Monsieur Sismondi, and of meeting many other persons of distinguished talent and reputation, from almost all countries; who, in passing through Milan, joined the circle, and benefited by the hospitalities, of the Casa Porro.

* Signore Pellico is the able and affectionate instructor of Count Porro's two sons. We had scarcely reached home when we learned with indignation and grief, that this worthy and distinguished young man had been confined upon the most groundless pretexts by the Austrian police.

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terizes all his exertions, is likewise laying the foundation of a gallery of the works of native and contemporary artists. What is most admirable in this encouragement of the genius of his day, is the effort he is making to draw the young student out of the servile track of imitation, by employing him upon subjects taken from the glories of domestic story. Signore Palaggi, one of the most eminent artists of Lombardy, has just finished for him a fine picture from the history of Milan.[1]

We were indebted to the patient attention of the Marchese Malaspina, for the pleasure we received from a very curious collection of gems, which renders his house an object of research to scientific travellers, antiquaries, geologists, and lapidaries. Here nature is to be found in all her frolicks. Here *white* coral, and *black* pearls, shew how equivocal the compliment *might* prove, of *coral* lips and *pearly* teeth; while

[1] The story of this picture is as follows: Charles the Eighth, in the year 1494, visits John Galeazzo Maria Sforza, who, a prisoner in the castle of Pavia, is on his death-bed, poisoned, as it is said, by Lodovico il Moro, his uncle, and the usurper of his dominions. Charles, whose object was conquest, was fearful of offending his ally Lodovico, and refused to see the unfortunate prisoner; but the intreaties of the dying man's wife for her infant children, and for her father Alfonso of Naples, succeeded in procuring this interview. The effort, however, was useless. The only object of the conqueror, was to preserve the friendship of the betrayers of Italy, who called him to tyrannize over their distracted country.—Vid. Sismondi Rep. Ital. T. 12, p. 136. See also Muratori.

The scene is the death-bed of Sforza, and the principal personages, the King of France, the Duchess of Sforza, her child, and a beautiful page in the back-ground. The portraits are historical. The costume is magnificently represented; and the picture eminently interesting.

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dim diamonds shine, as Estifania says, "like an old lady's eye," and sparkling jet sends forth brilliant lights. Here also were found likenesses of living characters, which, for ages before the flood, were buried in the swarthy bosom of the mine; and gems of such loyal tendencies, as to give out perfect resemblances of reigning legitimate kings. The M. Malaspina de Salazar adds to his noble birth, the character of one of the most learned antiquaries of Lombardy; and his admirable "*Guida di Pavia*," notwithstanding its modest title, embraces much deep erudition concerning the history and antiquity of his country.

The Casa Litta was once remarkable as being the only house in Milan where society assembled and strangers were received: but it was society regulated by the armorial bearings of its members. Wit there had a poor chance without supporters; and no *lion* was so welcome as a *lion rampant*. There, however, Lalande was received as a foreigner and a writer; and he observes of this splendid palace, that, "*il n'y avait rien dans le reste d'Italie qui ressemblât davantage aux grandes maisons de Paris.*"[1] A picture of Corregio, and some other specimens of the

[1] A Milanese merchant, of the highest respectability, had been ennobled by Maria Theresa. The first object of the noble merchant was to get admitted to the Casa Litta; and, having been presented, and received at the Imperial Court, he at last effected his purpose. The first night he presented himself, the whole of the noble circle turned their back upon this Italian George Dandin. One of the imperial family is said to have reproached the Duchess with this aristocratic insolence to one who had kissed the Empress's hand; and the Duchess replied, "Any one may go to Court; but to go to the Casa Litta, it was necessary to bring genealogical credentials."

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fine arts, still render the Casa Litta an object of attention. The guide-book of Milan describes innumerable other palaces; among which are those of Melzi, Settata, Borromeo, Visconti,[1] etc. all having some peculiar point of attraction. But to describe *indescribable* things, is not the business of the present volume. Catalogues abound in the Italian tours, where the number of national objects is so great, as to make selection a necessary, but a difficult effort. In this department little remains for the future traveller to glean; but living, moving, breathing, Italy, offers the richest harvest to the moralist and the politician, that Europe can afford.

The neighbourhood of Milan abounds with villas, few of which bear any resemblance to the seats of the English nobility. They are more places of temporary retreat, or casual recreation, than of a permanent or periodical residence. The nobility go regularly at *St. Martin's* Eve, in November, to settle with their tenants, and frequently stay till Christmas. Their other visits to the country are few and distant, and their *villeggiaturas* last but for a few days. Of the many villas which we saw, and in which we were invited to *fêtes champêtres*, dinners, or *déjeuners à la fourchette*, I observed that the proprietors accompanied us out, and returned to town again with their guests, to finish the evening, *à l'ordinaire*, at the opera.

There was formerly no local tie to attach the Italians to rural life. They had no love of gardening; they did not plant, nor farm, nor ornament. They

[1] I have seen no *Hotel* in *Paris more Parisian* than the residence of the amiable Duchess of *Visconti*, at Milan.

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built, indeed, extravagantly, but never completed; and, generally speaking, their vast and desolate villas shew a mixture of ruin and neglect, that forms a most gloomy and dreary picture. Terraces, balustrades, colonnades, pavilions, courts, fortifications, towers, temples, and belvederes, abound very generally; but green, fresh, delicious nature, is almost every where excluded. To this general view of Italian villas, there are now, however, many exceptions. The extension and decoration of the grounds and gardens of the royal villas, executed under the late government, awakened taste by the force of fashion and example.[1] But even before that period, the good sense of one individual in Lombardy had banished the "*chimæras dire*," cut in box, and grotesque images carved in stone, which had usurped the place of Grecian statuary, and grinned and squinted on every parapet from Milan to Venice. A visit to England in the early period of life, had impressed upon the MARCHESE SYLVA a love of nature, and had inspired him with the good taste of following her dictates. On his return to Milan, Signore Sylva elegantly illustrated his feelings on this subject, in a work which he published under the title of the "*Art of English Gardening;*" and in the grounds of the beautiful villa of CINESELLO, he has realized much of his ideas,[2] where masses of forest-tress, young

[1] Whoever wishes to contrast the ancient with the modern style of villa, should visit the SIMMONETTA, described in all guide-books for its echo; but which is much more interesting as a specimen of the taste of by-gone generations. Addison mentions this villa. It is scarcely more than a mile distant from Milan.

[2] In an old work, called "*The Garden of Honour*," it appears, that in the fifteenth century the present style of English

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plantations, orchards, shrubberies, and flower-gardens, are mingled in artful but natural disorder. There deep glens and groves enclose antique monuments and classic inscriptions: an undulating park commands the plains of Lombardy, while the Alps, rising at intervals above the horizon, terminate and adorn the various and ever-changing landscape. The CINESELLO is the LEASOWES or STOW of the Milanese. The mansion is in the best style of the old Italian villa, spacious but cumbrous. The frescos and sculpture by Montalto, Pamfilo, and Negri, are esteemed in good taste; and a gallery, enriched by some masterly compositions of *Guercino*, *Schidone*, *Procaccini*, and *Perugino*, holds a distinguished place among the Milanese collections.

One wing of the house which particularly struck me, was ancient, and remained in the state in which it had been fitted up for some bridal mistress, more than a century ago. It was a suite of apartments, such as would have thrown the ladies in the Spectator into hysteric raptures, and would have made the despair of Horace Walpole. The rooms were many and small; the roof low; the rafters heavily carved, and richly gilt. The walls were hung with gilt leather; brackets of every grotesque form supported

gardening prevailed in Italy. A people who love nature will copy nature; and the lives and works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccacio, abound in examples of the love which the citizens of the Italian republics felt for their villas, which became objects of great luxury. See in Boccacio's Life of Dante, the description of the Divine Poet's first introduction to the little *Bice*, the Beatrice of his future inspiration. Nature and rural life were banished from France under Francis the First; and under Louis the Fifteenth, not a trace of it remained.

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China lions, and porcelain monsters. The girandoles were such as Lord Chesterfield first imported from Sevres to England; and the cabinets and armories, such as might have contained the jewels and wardrobe of some of the Duchesses of the Sforza family. The library, filled with valuable and curious works, with many ancient manuscripts, and some early editions, contained also a large proportion of modern productions, together with a small collection of fossils and minerals. That we might view the details of this delightful place at leisure, the Marchese had invited us to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The breakfast, however, was a sumptuous and splendid dinner, served at three o'clock. The *cuisine* was exquisitely French; and no *financier* of the days of Louis the Fifteenth, ever satisfied the high science of his habitual *gourmands*, better than Signore Sylva might have done, had any of that learned race assisted at his festivity.

Balsamo, the seat of the Marchese Brême, the ex-minister of the interior, is rather an elegant pavilion, than a country-house. It stands in the midst of a garden that resembled the *parterre* of an English florist. We were received, on our arrival there, in the library, which is curious, as containing the busts of the principal Piedmontese writers of celebrity. The beneficent and fine countenance of the Abbé Caluso, the wild energetic physiognomy of Alfieri, were those best known to us. The dinner was sumptuous and elegant, and not by any means that of an *ex*-minister. Upon this, as upon similar occasions, the company retired before the cloth was removed, to the gardens, where coffee and liqueurs were served, and bouquets of fresh flowers presented.

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The conversation was brilliant and animated. Some grouped and chatted, others sauntered through the grounds; and none thought of departure till the fairy lights of the *Lucciole*[1] were dimmed by the bright glow of the rising moon. The last act of the "*Vestale*" was performing, as the party arrived towards midnight, at the opera.

At a very pretty casino of the Marchese Trivulzio, we enjoyed a truly English country-house day, in a truly French *maison de plaisance*. The arrangement and furniture of this villa were all Parisian; the frescoed walls Italian. The apartments open on gardens, surrounded in every direction by the most splendid scenery. Connected with the *villa* is an extensive farming establishment; and it being the season of the silk-worm, we availed ourselves of the circumstance to inspect this branch of rural œconomy, so interesting to a foreigner. The arrangement on the grand scale differs but little from that which is observed in the little nurseries of silk-worms, which are usual among children in England. The worms are disposed on several rows of shelves, in a spacious loft, and are constantly supplied with mulberry-leaves taken from trees, pollarded for the convenience of obtaining them. The heat, closeness, and *fade* smell of these chambers, are quite intolerable. When the period for spinning arrives, small branches of trees are placed for the reception of the worms, which, following their marvellous instinct, mount the twigs to seek convenient frames for commencing the coccoons. The culture of the silk-

[1] Nothing can exceed the effect of the Lucciole, or fire-flies, in a still gloomy evening: they fall like a shower of light, and glitter on the foliage like gems.

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worm is very general in Lombardy, and is amongst the most lucrative branches of agricultural industry. Its great merit is the making a large return of money in the course of forty or fifty days, which becomes immediately applicable to the general service of the farm. The coccoons, at the proper time, are scalded, to kill the grub. In the larger establishments they are wound off at home; the smaller farmers' wives more usually sell them in the coccoons, to others who have convenience for winding. This process serves as a lucrative employment to women, who flock from great distances to the more extensive winding-houses. In the year in which we visited Milan, extensive mercantile failures occasioned heavy losses to the cultivators of silk; occasionally, also, a failure of the worms, or of the mulberries, is a source of temporary distress; but, on an average of several years, the gain must be very considerable in proportion to the capital employed.[1]

[1] The silk-worm was brought into Europe in the time of Justinian, who established manufactories of silk at Corinth, at Thebes, and at Athens. By a document preserved in the archives of the church of Arbo, bearing date 1018, it appears that that island was subject to a tribute of certain pounds of silk to Venice, and that, in case of failure, the silk was to be replaced by a like weight of gold. The Venetians, by their relations with the east, contrived to obtain the monopoly of the silk trade, and established looms in their own city: and this project was aided by the arrival of thirty-one families of workmen, banished from Lucca during the civil broils in 1310. On this occasion, Castruccio Castracani entirely destroyed the rising manufacture at Lucca, commenced before the thirteenth century. It is curious to observe the same crimes, and the same errors, recurring again and again in the history of man, and producing the same ill effects; without the example occasioning the slightest ameliorations. The Venetians, in thus

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The GARNATTO of *Count Mellerio*, the ancient villa of the family *De Verri*, where the Count Carlo de Verri so long occupied himself in improving the old system of agriculture, recalls something of the Hawkstone of Shropshire. There are also many other villas in the immediate neighbourhood, which are proofs of the wealth and progressive refinement of the Milanese. Many even of the second rank, and not a few shopkeepers, have their casino. One of the prettiest villas upon the lake of Como, has been founded upon gauze and wire; and the gardens of the fashionable *Modista* are quite as much admired as her caps and bonnets.

The ROYAL VILLA OF MONZA, and the celebrated CATHEDRAL, with its IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY, are objects which, being seen together, are naturally united in the recollection. Recent travellers have spoken so lightly of having gone to Monza to "*see the iron crown*," that we conceived the visit a thing of course, open to all strangers in the common routine of sights. We found, on the contrary, that to obtain permission to inspect this relic was a matter of interest and of time; and we owe it to the Count St. Julien, the Grand Master, through the Count Confaloniére, that we at last obtained an order to see the object of so much ambition, so often disputed by contending emperors, and so lately seized by one who had no parallel among his imperial predecessors. The order was signed by the Grand Duke, and coun-

profiting by the false policy of the Luccese, raised their manufacture to such a point, that it produced to the state 500,000 ducats per annum. In the same manner Europe took advantage of Louis the Fourteenth's fatal edict of Nantz. See l'Histoire de Venise, par Daru.

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tersigned by the Governor of Milan: and it was dispatched the night before our visit to the Chapter of Monza.

The PORTA NUOVA, the GRAN NAVIGLIO, and the pretty village of GRECO, with its fine frescos by Luino, lead to the town and Duomo of Monza, both of great antiquity. This cathedral was of great importance in the fourteenth century; and the town has been lately dignified with the title of city, by the present Emperor, in honour of that crown he has so recently regained. Notwithstanding its new style and title, and the silk manufactory it contains, we found Monza dreary and silent; and its great square in front of the cathedral, grown with grass, marked how much the shrine of the saintly and royal THEODOLINDA, the famed and most popular of Lombard Queens, was now neglected by the descendants of her ancient subjects. The Duomo, externally gothic and venerable, is, within, still more impressive and antiquated. The relics of the barbarous taste of the *bassi tempi* were visible in the sculpture, tracery, carving, and frescos, which covered the walls, pillars, altars, and shrines of this most venerable edifice.

We were received at our entrance by some of the chapter, appointed to do the honours by the archducal mandate. The canon who conducted us, having left us in the church, retired to robe for the ceremony, and returned *in grand pontificalibus*, preceded by a priest with a wax torch, and some *cherici* in their white short surplices. This little procession, as it issued from the aisles, seemed a living illustration of some of the surrounding basso-relievos, particularly one where an archbishop of Monza carries the crown to the second husband of Queen Theodolinda. When

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they arrived before the shrine of the IRON CROWN,[1] which is contained in a gigantic cross suspended over the altar, the priests fell prostrate; the sacristan placed a ladder against the cross; ascended, opened the shrine, and displayed the treasure in the blaze of the torch-light; the priest below filled the air with volumes of odorous vapour, flung from silver censers; and nothing was visible but the blazing jewels, illuminated by the torch, and the white drapery of the sacristan, who seemed suspended in mid air. The effect was most singular. At last the incense dissipated, and the cross closed, the sacristan descended, and the canons shewed us a mock crown in imitation of the real, that we might judge of the details, and of the size and value of the gems. Since the usurping hands of Bonaparte last violated this most legitimate of relics, no human touch has sullied its lustre; for it is remarkable that the Emperor of Austria has abstained from any repetition of the ceremony of the usurper's coronation.

When Napoleon resolved on crowning himself with the most ancient of feudal diadems, he gave to the ceremony all the splendour, and all the imposition, of which it was susceptible. His journey to Milan was like the triumph of a Roman Emperor; and the forms, processions, etc. arranged for the occasion, fill,

[1] *La Corona Ferrea* receives its appellation from an iron ring contained within its circlet of pure gold. This ring was made of the nails of the cross of CHRIST.

St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine of "*sagro ardore*," says the historiographer of this relic, herself collected the nails in Jerusalem, which she sent to her Imperial son. How they descended from the Greek Emperor to the Lombard Queen, does not appear; but the bequest by Theodolinda to the cathedral is an historic fact.

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in their description, a tolerably thick volume. The decorations, from the royal palace to the cathedral of Milan, where the coronation took place, occupy many pages. The procession which conveyed the crown from Monza was singular: it was led by a guard of honour on horseback, a corps of the Italian guards; a carriage contained the municipality of Monza; another followed with the workmen employed to remove the crown; the canons, the syndic, and the ARCIPRETE of the cathedral of Monza, succeeded; and last, came a carriage with the Master of the Ceremonies of the Imperial Court, bearing the crown on a velvet cushion. Twenty-five of Bonaparte's old guard surrounded the honoured vehicle. The crown was received in Milan with a salvo of artillery, and the ringing of bells; and at the portal of the cathedral, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, who bore it through the church, and deposited it on an altar. The guards watched round it during the night.

All kings are actors, and love dramatic representations; but none of them knew the true *stage effect* like the "*Usurper;*" nor applied it more frequently to the folly, vanity, and cullibility of their subjects. At the period of this ceremony, many of the republican Bonaparte's old friends and counsellors, who had assisted him in getting up "*il ballo del Pape*," were living in Milan; but they were not invited to assist at the coronation.

The royal villa of Monza is not far from the town. It is approached by a noble avenue, lined with fine trees. The gardens, park, and hot-houses (so rare and new in Italy) filled with the productions of NEW HOLLAND, are all fine, and were laid out by the late government; so that, on the return of the Austrians,

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they found their old dreary villa no longer cognizable, as the spot where the Grand Duchess Beatrice was wont to hold her Tarocco parties, and pass her imperial villeggiaturas. The palace has been as much improved as the grounds : it was the favourite residence of the Viceroy Eugene; and it has all the elegance and accommodation of St. Cloud. The new theatre, and the beautiful rotunda, painted by *Appiani*, forcibly contrast, by their taste and splendour, with the heavy remains of the ancient building.[1]

[1] For an account of the hospitals of Milan, and the Maison de Force, see Appendix on the State of Medicine, where the similar establishments of the principal towns of Italy are collected in one point of view.

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CHAPTER VII.

LOMBARDY.

The Austrian Government in Italy, under MARIA-THERESA—*under* JOSEPH *the Second—under* LEOPOLD.—*The French Invasion.—Provisional Government of Milan.*—DUC DE MELZI.—ARMY *of* ITALY.—*Italian Republic.—Kingdom of Italy.—Court of the Viceroy, Prince Eugene.—Reformation of Manners.*—1814.—*Fate of the Army of Italy.—Restoration.—Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom.—Anecdotes.—Genius of the actual Government of Lombardy under the Austrians.—Aulic Council.—Conclusion.*

IT has been the fashion to consider the Empress Maria-Theresa, as one of those sovereigns, whose talents have distinguished them from the common herd of princes. Her efforts in favour of her Italian subjects have acquired for her even the reputation of a royal reformer. As the mother of many sovereigns, whose characters and views have considerably influenced the political events of the last fifty years, and as a potentate whose personal interests plunged Europe in a long series of sanguinary profitless wars, Maria-Theresa will occupy a considerable space on the canvass of modern history: yet

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an intimate study of her character, her means, and her actions, shews this powerful queen to have been but an ordinary woman.[1] Her talent[2] was her ambition, the inheritance of her birth, and the habit of her domestic education; without it, she would have remained in that obscurity in which so many other rulers are buried, or from which they are only rescued by the dates of their own court calendars,

"Where dunce the second reigns like dunce the first."

A robust constitution, and much personal beauty, were among the elements which formed the character and influenced the events of her life: the one conferred upon her that stubborn nerve which passed for heroism; the other, that female ascendancy which aided her cabinet intrigues, and gave her a superadded taste for supremacy, satirically ascribed to all pretty women, who "would be queens for life:" both served her in her struggles for empire.

Her education was such as a German court could bestow upon one destined to reign in pure, unmixed, and unquestioned despotism. Called in from her childhood to the council-board of her father, the subtility of political intrigue was the earliest direction given to her young mind; and a conviction of

[1] A number of royal *sentimentalities* have been got up in French memoirs, for this "*Mère de la patrie.*" Among others it is related, that, seeing a poor family at the gates of her palace, she sent them down her dinner, and "*ne se nourrit que des larmes qu'elle répandit.*" This was in the year that she entered into a convention to dismember unhappy Poland. The tears she then caused to flow, might have *fed* her for the rest of her life.

[2] See Coxe's *House of Austria.*

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boundless and divine-righted power, was the first principle, as it was the last sentiment, of her existence. Whatever talent she possessed, (and it was much less than has been attributed to her,) arose from the concentrated and deep-seated selfishness, thus naturally and artificially impressed upon her. Her passion for undivided rule was such, that her husband, her children, her courtiers, all but the favourite minister[1] of the day, were as much her slaves as the lowest of her vassals. To the last hour of her life she treated her sons as secret enemies, because they were eventually to be her successors; and she reduced her husband to a state of dependence and insignificance[2] in his own court, that finally rendered

[1] The calibre of the ministers of the good old times is evidenced in Kaunitz, the soul of Maria-Theresa's council. Her sons found him so inefficient, so opposed to all reform, that he was thrown aside as one whose views were wholly inapplicable to the spirit of the age; and he was condemned to oblivion with the title of Chancellor, "a sound signifying nothing." In a conference with the King of Prussia, Leopold said to him, "*J'ai mon Hartsberg,*" (a minister of Frederick William,) "*et le Roi de Prusse son Kaunitz : il faut les écarter l'un et l'autre.*"

[2] The character of this Emperor by a contemporary sovereign is still more amusing: "L'Empereur, qui n'osait se mêler des affaires du gouvernement, se jeta dans celles du négoce. Il ménageait tous les ans de grosses sommes de ses revenus de Toscane,* et les faisait valoir dans le commerce. Il établissait des manufactures, il *prêta sur gages.* Il entreprit des livraisons d'uniformes, d'armes, de chevaux et d'habits d'ordonnance pour toute l'armée impériale. Il avait pris à ferme les douanes de la Saxe : et en l'année 1756 il livra

*Tuscany had fallen, on the death of the last of the Medici, to the house of Lorraine, of which the husband of Maria-Theresa was the chief. It was in right of his father that Leopold was Grand Duke of Tuscany; and the Duchy is now become the state of the second son of the Imperial house.

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him an object of ridicule and of pity to his courtiers, and a subject of coarse but good-humoured popularity to the people, whom he resembled in his fate and habits. The education which she gave to her daughters, came out in the course of their reigns in foreign states. The fatal influence which the Queen of France exerted over the court of Versailles, and which banished all that was best from the councils of the King; the conduct and adventures of the too famous governess of the Low Countries, Marie-Christine; and the dark deeds of that fearful Queen, whose name in Naples is never breathed but with a shudder, are proofs of her system which already belong to history. To the preservation of her vast estates, she sacrificed her natural affections, her scruples of conscience, her dignity as a queen, and her honour as a gentlewoman;[1] and, aspiring to the re-

même le fourrage et la farine à l'armée du Roi de Prusse, qui était en guerre contre l'Impératrice son épouse." OEuvres Post. du R. de Prusse, t. 3.—The Prince de Ligne says of the court of Maria-Theresa, that it had "l'air d'une caserne, ou d'un couvent;" and of the education of her sons, that it was "comme celle de bien des souverains," "négligée à force d'être soignée. On leur apprit tout, excepté ce qu'ils doivent savoir."

[1] England, always the *Cavaliere pagante* of Continental wars, forgets the sums extorted from her to place the crown of the empire on Maria-Theresa's brows. The house of Hanover still felt themselves her vassals; and George the Second, her professed champion, wasted the blood and treasures of his subjects in her support. When her secret alliance with her natural enemy, France, and her black treachery and base ingratitude to England, were discovered, not only Europe, but her own drowsy capital, her slavish court and timid children, rose against her. Her eldest daughter, the Abbess of Claginfurth, reproached her in open terms. Her son Joseph demanded, what faith she could place in France,

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putation of prudence, discretion, and fidelity to her marriage vows, she became the associate of one of the most abandoned of her sex.[1] At the end of her long and powerful reign, the personality of her objects became evident in the results of her misrule.

who had so often deceived her; and for this remonstrance he was banished from her presence. Even the *pedlar*, her husband, stood up in council, when her correspondence with Madame de Pompadour was first revealed to him, and left it in indignation. She soon, however, felt the loss of English guineas; and, when her resources failed, she was heard to lament the loss of English cullibility. Then, however, England had another royal pensioner upon her hands: Frederick of Prussia was at that time, by treaty, receiving from the court of London an annual subsidy, nearly equal to that which had assisted Maria-Theresa to resist the powers of Europe.

[1] She began her letters to Madame de Pompadour, "*Ma Princesse et Cousine.*" Kaunitz reproached her with this familiarity with a kept mistress: she replied laughing, "N'ai-je pas flatté Farinelli?" (Farinelli was *ministre de poche* to Philip the Fifth, by whom he was taken from the Opera stage, and to whom he sang the same song every night for forty years.) The project of Maria-Theresa's alliance with France was discussed and conducted at Babiole, the maison de plaisance of the royal concubine. The council consisted of Madame de Pompadour, De Bernis, her creature, and the Count Staremberg, as plenipotentiary from Vienna. The marriage of Marie-Antoinette of Austria with the unfortunate Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Sixteenth, was the last act of Madame de Pompadour's reign.

Shortly after the *succession* of Madame du Barri, Choiseul was dismissed, D'Aiguillon became minister, and France abandoned Austria for Prussia: but the death of Louis the Fifteenth changed the phasis of all the cabinets of Europe; D'Aiguillon and his system fell together, and Maurepas became the minister of Louis the Sixteenth. Such is the boasted stability of hereditary monarchy! and such the wisdom of despotic councils! Under the system of Madame de Pompadour,

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For, having been, during her prolonged life, perpetually engaged in foreign wars, (the fruits of her insatiable ambition,) occupied with cabinet intrigues, and engrossed by wily ministers or reigning favourites, she left her states, as to intellectual and physical improvement, just as she found them. In Hungary and in Austria, the feudal system existed in all its impurity at the latter end of the eighteenth, as in the beginning of the twelfth century. The people were poor, oppressed, and miserable; the nobles, with certain privileges and powers, were corrupt, ignorant and superstitious; the clergy wealthy, influential, and domineering. The idea of representation had never suggested itself; a free press was unknown; and the government of this empress was then moulded, as that of her grandson now is, upon the model of that of Algiers; with the sole modifications which the knowledge of neighbouring states, and an illumination not its own, may have forced upon its unwilling councils.

The adversity which clouded the last years of Maria-Theresa, was scarcely known to her, but through the failure of her funds. Surrounded by veteran courtiers and flatterers, it is probable that she remained ignorant of the deplorable situation to which her people were reduced, till that moment when calling for money, her subjects had only their blood to offer;—it was *then* that necessity produced those reforms, which acquired her so glorious a re-

it was the fashion in France to celebrate the *virtues* and talents of Maria-Theresa; and Louis the Fifteenth, in his *parc-aux-cerfs*, declared that he revered her *for her piety*, in proportion as he detested the King of Prussia *for his neglect of religious duties*.

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putation. The augmentation of supply was imperiously necessary: the sources of popular contribution were exhausted; the people had given their last, and she turned to her nobles and her priests, and both in Italy and in Austria, attacked at once their wealth and their privileges. While thus plundering her *rich aristocracy*, she began to talk of her *poor people:* but privileges annulled, and abbeys suppressed, increased the number of malcontents, rather than acquired popularity for the imperial innovator. Her reform had come too late: her subjects saw, in changes so long deferred yet so hastily adopted, the temporary expedients of a bankrupt, rather than the beneficent intentions of a humane and enlightened sovereign. Death, however, impeded the accomplishment of her designs; and her son and successor, Joseph the Second, with other means and other views, *was all* that she had *affected* to be.

On the demise of his father, Joseph felt that the mother who had harassed his youth, and had held him in humiliating absence from all public affairs, even then placed but a barren sceptre in his hand. To avoid the insignificant position of a mere representing sovereign, he fled from his own court, and, in the character of a private gentleman, visited most of the other states of Europe. Knowledge acquired by experience, operating upon native energy and sensibility, dissipated the illusions of a royal education, awakened human sympathies, and called forth that sentiment, so nobly breathed in the despotic court of his unfortunate sister, "*that the greatest possible happiness was to reign over a free people!*" The misfortune of such a prince was, to be placed at the head of a degraded and besotted people, for whom

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his philosophy was too advanced, and his views too elevated. His *fault* was, the having taken a royal road to reform—a short cut to national regeneration, which, though pure in intention, still smacked of despotism. In his own impatience, he looked more to the end than to the means; and he disdained to pander to the bigotry it was his vocation to destroy. By the people he was not understood; by the noble and the priest he was perfectly comprehended. They saw his aim, and combined to turn it on one side, to save their privileges and preserve their power. They saw him attack the church, by invalidating the papal bulls, if not transmitted through his own government. They beheld him destroying aristocratic influence, by meeting the antiquated and corrupt law in all its delinquency; and suppressing the numerous and petty tribunals, which made the power of the few, and depressed the many: in a word, they saw him boldly encounter the abuses of feudal government, and begin that system of radical reform, which the French revolution afterwards adopted, but could not complete. Those of his acts which excited the greatest hostility, best prove his wisdom and humanity. Such were his decrees of 1781, granting the free exercise of worship to the Greek and Protestant churches; which previously had been treated throughout his dominions as the Catholics of Ireland still are by the British government. He gave to all Christians, of whatever sect, equal rights; he opened the schools and universities to that long-suffering race, the Jews—the Jews, now persecuted, robbed, and murdered in Germany. To these great works, which were meant to advance, by hasty strides, the cause of reformation and humanity, he added others, all bearing towards the same

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end. He founded colleges and libraries where his fathers had raised convents and shrines; he had the Bible translated into the vulgar tongue (hitherto withheld from the knowledge of the people); he took the literary censorship out of the hands of the priesthood; he abolished the *Droits Seigneuriaux* and the *Corvée*, and rendered taxation equal; and though he centred all power in the hands of the sovereign, this exclusive supremacy promised eventually to become but a stepping-stone to a free government. For a people taught to *know* their rights, rarely remain long without *acquiring* them; while, in the first epoch of a violent change, concentration begets unity, without which no revolution in laws and government can succeed.

But what was the result? and what was the reward of these voluntary efforts of a prince in favour of his long-oppressed people?—what statues like those of *Amadeus of Savoy!* of the Louises of France! the Francises of Germany! did aristocratical servility, or popular gratitude, raise to his glory? Joseph the Second, the patriot prince, the patron of letters, died of a *broken heart;* unhonoured by one trophy, unlamented by one laureate elegy! The Pope, the priesthood, the princes and nobles of Germany and of Lombardy, united against him; the ignorant and bigoted people believed him the avowed enemy of their religion; and, instructed by the higher classes, they cried out the name of "Maria-Theresa!" in the streets of Milan, to testify their aversion to her successor. In Vienna, under the very windows of the emperor, the more brutal Austrians, in a coarser dialect, exclaimed, "Let him die?" (or, more literally from the German, "Let him burst!") He expired, catching to

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the last these terrible execrations, and suing to be permitted to die in peace.[1]

His brother, the Grand Duke Leopold, falsely, perhaps, accused of being less sincere, though not less intelligent or enlightened, was called from his little state of Tuscany, (in the moment when he also laboured for reform,) to rule the empire, and to witness the results of his brother's unavailing efforts.

More politic, more temporising, and less petulant than Joseph, Leopold gradually yielded, against the suggestions of his better reason, to the torrent of influence and opinion. The Hungarians demanded back their dungeons, and their old rusty crown of St. Stephen—the badge of their antiquated slavery. The nobility of Austria and of Lombardy called for feudality and vassalage; and the priests instigated

[1] When he was dying, the Cardinal Archbishop, who was performing the last offices of the church at his bed-side, is said to have refused him absolution, until he rescinded many of his acts; and having obtained much from the impatience and weakness of the expiring sufferer, he went to the balcony, and to appease the people, proclaimed the emperor was absolved, having reversed his former decrees made in their favour: the slaves shook their chains in triumph, and he was permitted—"TO DIE IN PEACE."

The eulogium of this prince has been frequently made by the only two contemporary sovereigns who had either talent or common sense—Frederick of Prussia, and Catherine of Russia. Speaking of *Joseph* to the Prince de Ligne, Frederick asked him, "*Avez-vous entendu ce qu'il m'a dit de la liberté de la presse et de la gêne des consciences?—il y aura bien de la différence entre lui et tous ses bons ancêtres;*"—he might have added, or his *immediate posterity*. CATHERINE said of him to the Prince de Ligne, "*Votre souverain a un esprit tourné toujours du côté de l'utilité; rien de frivole dans sa tête, il est comme Pierre-le-Grand.*"—Lettres du Prince de Ligne.

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both. The Emperor, ere he finally yielded to either, struggled to rescue some amelioration for the unhappy peasantry, in obtaining for them the right of possessing a *little land*, unalienably theirs; and he was refused. The Low Countries (which had so long opposed the Emperor Joseph in his attempts to lessen the power of the Pope and the priesthood, and to diminish the inordinate wealth of the hundred and fifty Flemish abbeys), reclaimed their ancient abuses, and returned to the systems protected by Maria-Theresa. Leopold, after a vain resistance, yielded back his empire to that degraded state in which it existed under his mother—in which it now exists under his successor. As he had coincided with the opinions, so he shared the fate, of his unfortunate and illustrious predecessor. The little interest he took in the congress of kings, and the coalition against the French republic, excited a suspicion[1] that he tampered with the faith pledged to the nobles and the priests:

[1] He knew that his sister, the Queen of France, was accused of being at the head of an Austrian conspiracy to operate a counter revolution, at the moment that her husband had pledged himself to abide by the government already established; and he feared to expose that princess to the vengeance of a nation already infuriated.—See Coxe's House of Austria.

When Leopold was forced to enter the confederacy, he did it with a *sang froid* noticed by *Brissot*, in his famous speech to the legislative assembly.* During this emperor's interview with the King of Prussia, at Pilnitz, the Count d'Artois arrived, to urge those hostilities which produced all the fatal consequences that followed. The representations of the French prince easily inflamed the imagination of Frederick William; but it was found most difficult to conquer the repugnance of the Emperor Leopold: and it was only by reiterated impor-

* "L'Empereur, comme Prince, veut la paix—comme Empereur, *il a l'air* de vouloir la guerre."

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they had more hopes of his son, who was not, like his father and uncle, bred in the school of humiliation and subjection. In the prime of life and health Leopold died suddenly, and in agonies, being seized with an illness on drinking a glass of lemonade, at the house of a noble, whom he had honoured with his society. He reigned but a single year, and was succeeded by his son, the present Emperor of Austria, Francis the First.

The history of these two short, eventful, and most singular reigns, exhibits the most melancholy and awful phasis of political society that humanity can present—a people who have so far forgotten the blessings of liberty under an oppressive government, as to shrink from its recovery. It teaches also that most important fact in politics, that kings who lavish *privileges* cannot give *rights;* it is the people that must take them:—that sovereigns who can bestow honours cannot ingraft constitutions; it is the people that must demand them. But though the philanthropy of Joseph the Second failed to correct in a few years the abuses of many ages; though he died the victim of disappointed hopes, too imprudently urged to a premature accomplishment, his protection of letters and of science, his anxiety to diffuse knowledge, his reiterated attacks upon bigotry, still had their slow, sure, and due effect in his Italian dominions,—upon a people, whose native ingenuity, though latent, was never extinct.

Towards the latter end of the eighteenth century, the genius of Northern Italy seemed suddenly to

tunities, and almost by force, that he was prevailed on to sign the declaration of the crusading kings of the eighteenth century.

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burst forth like a volcanic explosion. While the old nobles of Milan were supporting with all the energy their effeminate habits had left them, the abuses of antiquity, philosophy and wit were openly attacking them: BECCARIA produced his invaluable work on "*Crimes* and *Punishments*;" ALFIERI, his "*Tirannide*;" PARINI, his "*Giorno*;" and the talent of Lombardy united to publish the admirable "*Café*," a periodical work, which attacked in gross, what individual ability had assailed in detail. The Verri (in themselves a host in the cause of truth) and the Carli were aided by the TISSOTS, and the FRANKS, in awakening a passion for science; and the youth who attended their courses, caught lights from their patriotism and genius, which rendered "visible the darkness" of their own fathers; who were plotting in the *salons* of the Archduchess Beatrice, to counteract the wise measures of the eminent men, whom the Emperor had placed at the head of the Italian administration. Surrounded, on his arrival in Milan, by men of letters and of talent, and misled by the lights of the few, which he mistook for the improvement of all, Joseph was at a loss to discover where lurked the impediments to his will, the enemies of his peace, and the obstacles to the well-being of his Italian subjects. He found them in the bosom of his own family, in the apartments of his brother, the Archduke Ferdinand, and his sister-in-law, the Archduchess Beatrice, the delegated GOVERNORS of the Milanese. The Archduke Ferdinand bore no resemblance to his imperial brothers, and had been less tried in the school of adversity; because his youth and mediocrity had placed him less within the sphere of his jealous mother's vigilant suspicions. He re-

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sembled his mercantile and manikin father, in all his bad, as in all his good qualities: like the old Emperor, he loved the gossiping of his court at home; and only busied himself with commercial speculations abroad. He was connected in all the details of his business with army agents, and *fournisseurs;* and he raised corn,[1] which he disposed of at the highest price, even to the revolutionary French, when they were marching to the gates of the capital he governed. —His pleasures were debaucheries; and all his pursuits were opposed to that literary refinement which the favourites of his master and brother possessed, or affected. The Archduchess Beatrice, of the house of Este, daughter and sole heiress of the then reigning DUKE of MODENA, whose Dukedom was her dowry, held a considerable ascendancy in Lombardy, by her birth; which she ripened into a more considerable

[1] When the French forces were almost reduced to famine, in their descent on the desert coasts near Genoa, it was the Archduke's granaries that succoured and supplied them. Some, however, suppose that this apparent stupidity was deep policy—that he saw the course events were taking, and endeavoured to provide for his own independence, unconnected with the fate of his brother, the Emperor. In Milan it was confidently asserted, that both he and the Archduchess had attempted to negotiate with Bonaparte. To conclude with the dull subjects of these observations: the Archduke Ferdinand is dead:—his son, by Beatrice, Duchess of Modena, is the present Duke of Modena, (made, it is now reported, 1820, commander-in-chief in the Austrian expedition against Naples, by his cousin, the present Emperor.) The Archduchess Beatrice is now Duchess of Carrara (at least I think that is her title): we saw her at Florence, where she was in 1819, on a visit to her nephew, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, just as stout and as bustling as when she was heading a party against the Literati of Milan and her brother-in-law Joseph the Second.

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influence, by the display of all those qualities so prized by the old nobility. Replete with aristocratical prejudices, bigoted in all the fullest force of the term, haughty and despotic, she beheld the remote dawn of social and political emancipation with a religious horror, and opposed it with a pertinacity and virulence which resembled a religious zeal. With all the prejudices and arts of her sex, she endeavoured, by manœuvre and intrigue, to impede the march of that reform which her brother-in-law was labouring to operate by means the most prompt and open. From the co-operation of the court of Milan Joseph soon learnt that he had nothing to hope. To counteract its influence, he reduced the political power of the Grand Duke to a name, and a representation; and placed the reins of government in the hands of Count Firmin. This most enlightened minister and benevolent man, during his short administration, had to struggle against the complicated intrigues and Machiavelian policy which continued to prevail in the petty courts of Italy; and more particularly in the least of *all little courts*, that of *Modena*. Still he pursued his great course; allied with all whom talent illustrated and principle ennobled in Italy: while all those whose personal interests were trodden on, and whose prejudices were shocked by his legislative wisdom and even-handed justice, grouped round the Grand Duke and Duchess in their retreat at Monza, or their royal palace at Milan.

Not only the thunders of the pulpit, but the bolts of a still more formidable power were turned against the men of genius and liberality, who forwarded the measures of Count Firmin. Fashion, in the dull and cumbrous circle of Beatrice, strove to imitate that

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ridicule which the flimsy, but brilliant court of her sister-in-law, Marie-Antoinette, were playing off against such men as Necker, Turgot, D'Alembert, and Condorcet. The maudlin pleasantry of Beatrice's court had its effects :—The abolition of the torture, recommended by Beccaria, and adopted by the Emperor, was voted supreme *mauvais ton;* the VERRIS were made subjects of laughter; and the entrance of one of the editors of the *Café* into the *Casino Nobile*, or any society of rank, was the signal for every other person to rise and leave the room. There was no favour, no *Tarocco*, in the Royal Palaces, for those who sought the acquaintance of the literati;—and every man, whatever might have been his birth and previous habits, who cultivated letters, and professed liberal opinions, was exiled from the circles of rank and fashion of his native country. Yet, in spite of this temporary re-action, the admirable poem of *Parini* (*il Giorno*) was read with insatiate avidity, though it exposed the vices, ridiculed the follies, and condemned the worthlessness of the upper classes. The treatise of Beccaria was translated into every European tongue; and the then rising generation were gradually preparing to co-operate in that great change, which displaced the Ferdinands and the *Beatrices*, and shook to its centre that foul system, which may for a moment re-assemble its elements, but which never can finally establish them in their primitive cohesion.

As the progress of the revolution was observed directing its course towards the Alps, and threatening the Chinese government of Milan, every engine was set in motion to impede its influence, and to prejudice the people of Lombardy against its principles. All

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the literary talent that could be commanded or seduced, was enlisted in the cause of the enemies of reason. The Abbé FONTANA was induced to translate *Arthur Young's* dull book on the French Revolution. The Abbé SOAVE was commanded to write a work against the habits and character of the French nation; and he succeeded so well, that many of the lower orders implicitly believed, (what he confidently advanced,) that in some parts of France, the men were cannibals, and ate little children, as Italians swallow macaroni. The unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth was prayed to, as one canonized, miracles were performed in his name in the Duomo, and such tales were daily echoed from the press, as could only find credence from a people long excluded from every means of acquiring knowledge. But while many of the nobles, and the greater part of the common people, lent themselves to every invention, and were agitated by all; the middle classes, the professional men, and many of the younger branches of the aristocracy, were prepared to range themselves on the side of the revolution. Public opinion was rising from antiquated errors and hereditary prejudices; the readers of the "*Café*," the admirers of ALFIERI, the disciples of CARLI and BECCARIA, had already declared for that change which annihilated feudal institutions in one of the most enlightened states of Europe; for they were too far from the scene of action to be shocked by the events which retarded its progress and disfigured its best acts. It was from the highest ranks of Milanese society, that the purest, firmest, and wisest of the Apostles of liberty stepped forth to advance her banners; and the birth, wealth, and virtues of the Duke de Melzi gave to his example an influence

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of electric rapidity. Hated by the court, revered by the middle classes, his disinterested patriotism was acknowledged by all; and every one thought better of a cause which he had so warmly espoused. The enlightened citizens of Northern Italy hesitated not to give vent to their long brooding discontents, under the sanction of such a name; and readily embraced a party which he and men like himself now openly advocated.

The catastrophe approached; the French army descended the Alps, and, under the command of Bonaparte, became the arbitrators of Austrian Lombardy. The words "*liberty and equality*" became the countersign of the day. A provisional government, purely Italian, was created under the name of "*Amministrazione Generale*," and the most distinguished men from Cremona, Mantua, Pavia, Como, etc. etc. were called to assist in organizing and completing it. The Duc de Melzi was still the informing soul of all. He, who best knew the precise state of civilization to which his country had arrived, gave a character to the first free government of Italy, which it lost when deprived of his councils and preponderating influence.[1]

[1] When Bonaparte assumed the imperial purple, and Melzi saw the approaching fate of Italy, finding himself the dupe of those illusions in which Napoleon had the art of involving all who admired him, he retired from affairs, and passed the last years of his life in profound retirement, in his beautiful villa on the lake of Como. Although he was induced to accept the vain title of Grand Chancellor of the kingdom, he was more pitied than blamed; and he died lamented by many and revered by all. The young Duke and Duchess, his son and daughter-in-law, are models of domestic virtue, and inherit much of the affections of the people.

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This government, though placed under military influence, and dependent with respect to the *imposition foncière*, retained the nomination of all public employments, administrative and judicial, and whatever could otherwise constitute an independent and national state. Among its first acts, were the abolition of exclusive privileges,[1] and the forming a national guard. Bonaparte took upon himself the creation of the ARMY OF ITALY!

A career was now opened for every species of merit. *Cesarotti*, the elegant translator of Ossian, found the wild sorrows of Malvina a passport to political distinction. He was received with enthusiasm by Bonaparte, made one of the chiefs of the new government, and afterwards created a Knight Commander, with a suitable pension to support his new rank; a distinction quite adequate to the laurel crown

[1] One of the first and wisest acts of the new government was, to prohibit the wearing of a stiletto, and to make it penal to carry a knife. The accounts of assassination in Italy have been always exaggerated. In the north of Italy the crime prevailed much less than the south. Since the suppression of the immediate means of gratifying the impetuous bursts of vindictive passions, assassination is almost unknown, or occurs as rarely as in any country of Europe. More murders are committed in England and Ireland (on the evidence of the public papers, and the numerous and terrible executions that follow,) in the course of a few months, than through the whole of Italy in as many years. For the truth of this assertion, I appeal to the British of *all parties* resident in Italy since the peace.

The streets of Milan are so safe at night, that they are walked, even by foreigners, at all hours, with the same confidence as by day—there is indeed but little difference. Many of the Cafées continue open, guitars are jingling, and chorusses singing almost till dawn; and in fine moon-light nights nobody thinks of retiring.

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of an Arcadian academy. Angelo Mazza, his friend, was called into notice and consideration, though only known as the translator of Akenside's "*Pleasures of Imagination*," and as a man of literary talents. *Casti* became the constant associate of the republican commander-in-chief. *Parini*, the *Burns* of Lombardy, held his letters patent of nobility in his "GIORNO," and found his "*peasant birth*" no obstacle to political elevation. Notwithstanding his great age, he was afterwards made a member of the supreme government of the Cisalpine Republic. *Monti*, in spite of his *Bassvilliade*, and the strict law in force against those who had written for the tyrants, composed patriotic hymns, and was forgiven. Honours soon followed absolution, and the poet was distinguished by the new government, and created Historiographer by Bonaparte, who gave him a thousand louis-d'ors on reading his *Bard of the Black Forest*, and was ever after his enthusiastic admirer and liberal patron. Tozzini, Morosi, and Brieslac, were invited to contribute their talents to the sciences, and to be recompensed in proportion to their merit. Fontana, who was caught flying with his translation of "*Arthur Young*" under his arm, was brought back by Doctor Rasori, and presented by him to Bonaparte, as a man of considerable science, learning, and talent. He was made a member of the legislative body, and otherways distinguished. Even the Abbé Soave with his *Anthropophagi* book, who ran away on the first approach of the "cannibal" French, was invited to return, and promised not to be eaten. His calumny was first laughed at, then forgotten: his translation of Homer and Gesner only were remembered and recompensed;

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and he was seated in the Professor's chair of logic at Pavia, from which he was only removed by death.[1]

In 1799, the return of the Austrians to Lombardy, and the horrible re-action at Naples, perpetrated by the intrigues of the Queen, assisted by the English, changed the face of things in Italy. Death and exile became the order of the day. SUWAROW, at the head of his Russian cohorts, was brought by the Emperor of Austria into the Milanese, the French were driven out of the Peninsula, and that unfortunate and lovely country was forced[2] to submit to the fate which bathed the soil of Poland with patriot blood, and nearly passed the sword of extermination over its capital.

In June 1800, the battle of MARENGO was fought! and the French once more became masters of Italy.[3] The General Bonaparte had first been received at Milan as a conqueror: he was now welcomed back

[1] When we visited that famous University, the ABATE was still talked of, by the name of "*il Padre vera idea*," from the title of his anti-jacobin work, "*La vera idea della Revoluzione Francese.*"

[2] From 1799 to 1800.

[3] Bonaparte's address to his army, on the eve of this memorable battle, after a feigned retreat, was as follows:

"C'est avoir fait trop de pas en arrière; le moment est venu de faire un pas décisif EN AVANT. Souvenez-vous que mon habitude est de coucher sur le champ de bataille."—The night finished the combat, completed the victory, and Bonaparte slept upon that field of battle where DESAIX fell!—The tomb of this *true hero* is on the summit of Mont St. Bernard, where Bonaparte had funeral games celebrated in honour of his memory. The monks of St. Bernard still amuse the passing traveller with details of these classic games, which gave for a moment to their convent, the bustle of a barrack and the gaiety of a palace.

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as a benefactor! The First Consul of France was constituted President of the Italian Republic; and all Italy sent forth the best and bravest of her sons, to replenish that army which had already given such hopes to the nation.

The Milanese, during the middle ages, had been in Italy the "*Hotspurs of the North;*" but their spirit and their hopes were alike exhausted in fruitless efforts of resistance against the combined armies, Spanish and German, of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. From that period, hatred to their inexorable conqueror had originated a sort of point of honour, in not bearing arms under the banners of their foreign masters; but in time, this spirit, so noble in its principle, degenerated; and those whose ancestors in the sixteenth century had sheathed the sword, from patriotism and indignation, suffered it to rust, from habits of effeminacy and indolence, in the eighteenth. The modern Milanese nobility paid a voluntary tax to the Austrian government, to exempt them from military service; for, to have served in the only two Italian regiments then existing, the corps of Belgioso and Caprara, had long become a mark of *roture* to those, who thought

> "That it was great pity, so it was,
> That villainous saltpetre should be digged
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
> So cowardly."

Yet a spirit thus partially stifled, never was wholly extinguished; and one of the most gallant monarchs of his day pronounced, in 1789, an eulogium on Italian courage. Joseph the Second, and Napoleon, had

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but one opinion on the subject.[1] The Milanese, no longer fearing to be sent to serve in the Crimea, or to be quartered in Transylvania—no longer shrinking under the upraised cane of an Austrian corporal, flew to arms at the first blast of the trumpet that sounded in the cause of Italian independence. They needed no conscriptive force, but mustered in voluntary legions, and organized themselves with a rapidity that astonished their French instructors. Three centuries of obloquy were soon forgotten; and the Milanese opposing the Imperialists in those fields where Barbarossa was defeated, recalled the glorious times and glorious cause, which ALESSANDRIA rose to commemorate.

The Army of Italy, too often involved and confounded amidst the immensity of Imperial legions, still made itself conspicuous among its compeers:

[1] Joseph, speaking of his Italian regiments and their feats, at the siege of Belgrade, said—"J'ai été, à mon attaque de Belgrade, très-content de ceux dont on n'a pas toujours su tirer parti."

Napoleon omitted no opportunity of testifying his respect for the army of Italy; while to his Viceroy Eugene, on the contrary, it was said to be a subject of jealousy and displeasure. The devotion of the Italian legions to their native leaders and oldest officers, Generals Pino, Lecchi, etc. etc. left him no hope of that military popularity of which he was so fond, and of which, in the end, he proved himself so unworthy. Much was done by the court-party of the Viceroy, and his French secretaries, to crush the independence of the Italian army, and to produce discords among its chiefs, but in vain! It maintained its spirit, unity, and devotion to the last.

We were assured by officers of the highest rank, that, in a work called the "History of the Campaigns of Italy in 1813, 1814," the author had been misled by the Prince Eugene, under whose dictation, they assert, it was written.

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distinction marked its banners under the burning suns of Spain, and amidst the snows of Russia. The bones of its heroes have whitened on every plain that witnessed the conquest or defeat of a force, which had become that of all Europe: and from the first day of its formation till that sad hour, when, assembling before its final dispersion, it burned[1] its eagles, and scattered their dust on the wings of heaven, it continued the subject of eulogium to its Imperial leader, and the pride and admiration of that people whom it had redeemed from ignominy, and rescued from debasement.[2]

The First Consul of France, and President of the Italian Republic, becoming Emperor, could scarcely fail of obtaining the iron crown of Lombardy.[3] In this step, the patriotism of Italy saw the destruction of its hopes; while, in the ill-advised union with a daughter of Austria, it beheld the downfall of Napoleon, and the consequent return of that "*Tedesca rabbia*," (German misrule,) from which they had so recently escaped.

But if the superior few lamented the present, and

[1] A fact. Many of the officers swallowed the ashes, and swore never to serve but under the banner of Italian independence.

[2] While the betrayers of this gallant army, in 1814, seek to conceal their own crime, by calumniating their victims, history will restore to it the trophies won by its arms, at Tilsit, Stralsund, Lutzen, Catalonia, Arragon, Moscow, Fiumo, and Ferrara.

[3] The Milanese Government were *desired* to demand of the Emperor, the erection of the Republic into a Kingdom; and the *desire* of the Conqueror of Europe at the head of so many millions, was, of course, complied with. This farce, at which some wept as at a tragedy, was performed at Lyons. Melzi, who was induced to take a part in it, was deceived to the last.

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foresaw the future evil, the many were reconciled to a comparative liberty, and to a degree of prosperity which far exceeded their best experience under their Austrian masters.

In re-organizing the government, nothing that could soothe[1] the self-love of the nation was forgotten, but its *independence!*—All the Italian ministers were retained. The republican institutions were preserved in all their integrity. The administration of affairs was domestic, and concerns of European importance only were referred to the council of the Tuileries. Art, science, and manufactures received a new impulse; and all that eventually renders the liberty of the press indispensable, continued to flourish, at the moment that its liberty was withdrawn. These were incongruities which left Napoleon but "*la moitié d'un grand homme*," and which exhibit him endeavouring to perfect his splendid despotism, by such means as best educate the people for freedom. After all he has done, he stands accountable to posterity for retarding the great cause of human emancipation; and before that great tribunal it will be no plea, that he was enveloped by what was worst in the old system and the new, by the corruption of legitimacy and the profligacy of the revolution; that his counsellors and his abettors were, a TALLEYRAND and a FOUCHÉ. It may be an excuse for his fall, that he was betrayed by BOTH; but it takes from the glory of his elevation, that he used such agents and acted under such influence.[2]

[1] See Appendix, Milan, N°. 2.

[2] Bonaparte, educated in France in the time of its greatest political corruption, knew nothing of civil liberty as a principle, and perhaps still less as a sentiment: starting upon life

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Napoleon had made a splendid marriage for the Viceroy of Italy (his step-son Eugene Beauharnais) with one of the fair and virtuous daughters of the house of Bavaria; and the court of Milan, gay as the youth and spirit of the young sovereigns could render it, became exemplary from the dignified virtue and domestic qualities of the Vice-queen; and still more so from the distinguished ladies whom Napoleon placed around her. *Cecisbeism* was discountenanced, as counter-revolutionary; and though the old regime of Milanese gallantry[1] could not be over-

during the reign of terror, he confounded the love of liberty with jacobinism, and mistook the *abuses* of the *counter-revolution*, for the *spirit* of the revolution itself. A friend of the author's was present when *Talleyrand* (his evil genius) succeeded in persuading him the French were sick of freedom, and sighed for their ancient despotism. As soon as he got command of the Italian army, he affected great republicanism, called the military under *Moreau*, "*les Messieurs*," and his own, "*Citoyens*," though they already had assumed all that embroidery and finery, the forerunner of their corruption, and Moreau's retained their original simplicity. When General Marmont was sent home from Italy to present to the Directory *twenty-two* standards taken in the Italian wars, the Republican assembly presented him a pair of plain pistols: after the battle of Hohen Linden, the *First Consul* presented Moreau a pair of *pistols* set in diamonds. One means of corrupting the Republican armies was, permitting the chiefs to *levy contributions*. *Bernadotte* always refused to avail himself of this licence; his probity and that of Desaix became proverbial in the army.

[1] Bonaparte endeavoured to bring matrimony into fashion in his Italian dominions. In the circle held after his coronation, at *Milan*, he turned to a lady of high rank, and asked her with his usual brusquerie, "*where was her husband?*" She replied, "*At home, Sire.*" "Cosa fa?" (what is he doing?) She replied, drily, "*Fa niente*," (Nothing.) "*Fa niente! Fa niente!*" reiterated Bonaparte, contemptuously—"Sempre

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turned with the same facility as its governments, yet decency was brought into fashion ; and its violation deemed as vulgar as a dinner *all' Ambrosiana*, where porridge and *frittura* made the foundation of the *menu*. Rank was no longer the exclusive admission to a drawing-room, or to a royal ball ; and many a beautiful and accomplished *cittadina* then obtained a vogue even in the court circle, which the [1] *Hochfürstlichen Durchlauchts*, the *high and first transparencies* of the Austrian court at Milan, would now refuse to the *Venus de Medicis*, if her claims to pre-eminence were unsupported by genealogical quarterings. The army of Italy was fighting bravely abroad, the gentry were improving at home, and the class of small landed proprietors, springing out of the new order of things, were giving a modification to the society of Milan hitherto unknown, when the campaigns of 1814 changed all the political relations of Europe. The fate of Italy was peculiar. On the 17th of April 1814, the Prince Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy, aware of the spirit that actuated the army of Italy, adopted its views, declared himself its chief, and swore to share its destiny. On the 23d of the same month, the Italian army, unsuspecting and unprepared, was transferred from the command of Eugene to that of an Austrian general, the Count Bellegard ; and thus, like the country, betrayed, not conquered, it saw itself abandoned by a false, feeble, and foreign chief, who, urged forward to fortune by

questo maledetto fare niente." (Always this cursed *doing nothing*.) He insisted that all cards of invitation should be written to include the name of husband and wife—a thing *formerly* unknown in Italy.

[1] An Austrian title of respect, as "your grace" in England.

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the creating genius that fostered him, seems scarcely to have possessed a quality worthy of his high destiny[1]—save that of courage.

The Army of Italy now no longer exists: its force is reduced to a few spiritless corps, always watched and suspected by *that* government which has banished them to the wilds of Hungary and Bohemia, and only permits them to serve far from their native land, and under German chiefs and Austrian fuglemen. But the great body of that splendid armament, which Bonaparte, during the Spanish campaigns, was heard to call the *élite* of his legions, is now dissolved. The popular leaders who still survive, are living in profound and obscure retirement; the most distinguished officers are placed under the strict *surveillance* of the Police, and find even their domestic hearths, in the midst of their own capital, (garrisoned as it is with Austrian troops) no shelter against persecution and unfounded suspicion. We were ourselves witness to the indignities offered to

[1] Eugene Beauharnais, having surrendered the Italian army to Marechal Bellegard, fled precipitately from MANTUA, and took refuge in Munich. In passing through the Tyrol, he ran considerable risk of being taken by the inhabitants, who were determined to revenge upon him the death of Hoffer, and also certain acts of power which he had exercised, in order to compel a rich heiress to marry his aide-de-camp. The Austrian colonel, commanding the escort, under whose protection he ventured to traverse the country, would not undertake to save him, but by disguising him in the Austrian uniform, and engaging him to travel without pausing or exchanging a single word with the inhabitants. I give these anecdotes as they were related to me in Milan by the highest authority. One thing is certain and obvious, that *Eugene Beauharnais* had failed to obtain the esteem, confidence, or admiration of the people over whom he was placed.

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one of the most gallant of those gallant men, by a petty martinet in office, who, upon a most frivolous pretext, denounced him to the military commandant. It was owing to the cool, impartial enquiry of the superior officer, that one of the bravest cavaliers in Italy—one who had received wounds in almost every battle in Russia—did not fall a victim to unfounded accusation, got up to forward the jealousy or the dislike of the accuser.

In 1814, the kingdom of Italy, with the title of the Vineto-Lombard Kingdom, was placed unreservedly under the rule and government of the Emperor of Austria, by the Holy Alliance, which, going beyond the point of restoration, nearly doubled the possessions of the House of Austria in the peninsula.

Montesquieu has said, in reference to the state of Europe in his day, "*il est égal d'être à un maître ou à un autre.*" The Milanese were not exactly of this opinion: near twenty years of political experience and practical study had given them a very decided volition on the subject of their governors, and their governments. The despotism of Bonaparte, the treachery of Beauharnais, had taught them the truth and wisdom of that Scriptural counsel, which commands man "not to put his trust in princes." If a government characterized by that *grandiosité* (to use a word of its own) which peculiarly met the views of their ardent imaginations; if all that was splendid and useful in *appearance*, could have captivated the good-will of the Italians, they would have beheld the downfall of the French power with well-justified regret: but this was not the case. France had done much for them; but the Holy Alliance *promised* more. It promised liberty to Europe, and free con-

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stitutions to its respective States. Besides these general pledges of emancipation, the Italians had documents of a private and more particular nature, which "made assurance doubly sure," opened their hearts to confidence, and gave certainty to the future.

While the French Italian government were developing every means of national improvement, and nothing was wanting to complete the work but liberty; there was heard throughout Italy a voice, low and subdued as that of conscience, but sweet and persuasive as the Syren's tones. It addressed to the Italians, in the sweet strains of their native tongue, inspiration, such as fell from the lyre of their patriot bard, when he boldly called upon the "*Latin sangue gentile*," and bade it

> "Sgombra da te queste dannose some
> Non fa idolo un nome
> Vano senza soggetto."—PETRARCA.

It rendered the benefits they enjoyed tasteless, while it reminded them of their ancient valour and independence. It reproached them with their submission to slavery, and patience of a foreign yoke; it called on them to rise *en masse* like men, and like Italians, and to make one more struggle to recover the glory and the freedom of their ancestors. It promised them all the aid that money and arms could afford; and sketched for them the plan of a constitution, formed upon "the immutable nature of things."[1]

It will doubtless be asked who was the illegitimate agitator, who instigated subjects to rebellion, and

[1] "Ora volete voi di nuovo devenire Italiani, etc. etc." "Costituzione fondata sopra la natura delle cose," etc. etc. etc. See the "Invito dell' Archiduca Giovanni d'Austria al Popol d'Italia, 1809."

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called upon them to rise *en masse* upon their all-confiding master; who gave vent to the revolutionary jargon of liberty, of rights, and of emancipation and independence, to disturb the peace of a prosperous and thriving nation? It was the old foreign, feudal, stationary, obscuring *despot* of the Milanese, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA! It was *he* whose spirit stalked, in the guise of the Genius of Liberty, through the land; and who chose as the oracle of his inspirations the only one of his family, whose reputation fitted him for the insidious task, the only one who had shewn sufficient talent to awaken the jealousy of his Turkish brother.

In 1809, his Imperial Highness the Archduke John acting for the Emperor, who had previously attempted to sow the seeds of counter-revolution by secret emissaries, published a manifesto, inviting the people of Italy to throw off the French yoke, to join in the "*virtuous enterprises*"[1] of the Emperor for the recovery of their liberties, "whose promises were immutable, holy, and pure, as those of Heaven,"[2] by whose inspirations he spoke. He swore oblivion for the past, and pledged his princely word, that the sole object of this "*virtuosa impresa*" was the recovery of their liberty. The principles thus taught, sunk deep; for, from the lips of patriot royalty

> "What precepts fail to move?"

and the credulous Milanese had probably yielded to

[1] Invito dell' Archiduca Giovanni d'Austria al Popol d'Italia, 1809.

[2] La parola di quel principe è sacra ed immutabile, come ella è pura; egli è il Cielo che parla per bocca di lui. Noi non venghiamo per investigare nè per punirvi: noi venghiamo per rendervi liberi."—Ibid.

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the voice of the Imperial charmer, if the potent spell of national prosperity had not taught them to endure the ills they had, rather than fly to those they knew not of,—ills which might be the result of the doubtful exertions they were called upon to make. But while they still hesitated, another impulse was given to their indecision in the manifestos of Austria, published by General Nugent, addressing the people by the soul-touching title of people "*Del regno d'Italia indipendente.*"[1] Italy caught the sound; and it became as the divine voice in the wilderness, when England[2] gave it echo, and the flower of her brave and noble sons repeated it from lips which had never yet been polluted by falsity or deception.

When English arms planted the flag of liberty on Italian shores; when English influence broke the thraldom of the Italian press; and when England signed the contract of emancipation, Italy, in spite of the recollection of Austrian tyranny, believed, confided—and was betrayed!

[1] The manifestoes of Count Nugent assured them, that "avrete tutti a divenire una nazione independente."

[2] In Lord William Bentinck's manifestos at Genoa, and at Leghorn, in 1814, he says, "Italiani! Le milizie della grande Bretagna sono sbarcate sui vostri liti. Ella vi da la mano per trarvi dal ferreo giogo di Bonaparte... facciamo sì che l'Italia ciò divenga che ella già fu, nei suoi tempi migliori." * While his Lordship was thus, "in choice Italian," persuading the people to throw off the intolerable yoke of the French, Mr. Canning was assuring John Bull, in the House of Commons, that "never was there a people so passive, and so inclined to submit to their oppressors." Poor John Bull! deceived at home, and deceiving abroad, and whether deceiving

* Italians,—The troops of Great Britain have landed on your shores: she offers you her hand to liberate you from the iron yoke of Bonaparte. Let us make Italy what it formerly was, in the good old times."

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When kings met in council at Paris, to divide the spoil, and to fix the precise degree of civilization to which Europe might be permitted to graduate; nations, as yet unsuspicious of their impending fate, sent forth their representatives to claim their promised liberties. It was then that Italy, like some splendid, but pensive queen of tragic story, presented herself at the bar of the royal tribunal, and produced the manifestos of her princely and imperial champions, stamped in letters of gold,[1] and bathed in tears of gratitude;—but there were none to acknowledge the signatures. She turned to the leader of the Genoese patriots, and pointed to the standards *he* had raised on the heights of the BOCCHETTA: he pleaded mistake of orders, and as dupe, or as duper, committed himself irremissibly in the eyes of posterity! She raised her suppliant looks to the representative of the English cabinet, who, "pale, mild, and penetrating," smiled blandly on her sorrows; and to her demand of a free constitution, such as England *once* enjoyed, he coolly hinted,[2] that HER CONSTITUTION WAS NOT THE BEST THING THAT ENGLAND HAD TO BOAST." In her last extremity she approached the imperial throne, and sued

or deceived, paying your blood and treasures, to purchase the scorn and hate of nations, who once would have taken you as their model, and relied on you as their hope!

[1] Besides the proclamations issued at Leghorn, standards were distributed, bearing "Independenza," in golden characters; but all is not gold that glitters.

[2] When Count Confaloniere, one of the deputies from Milan, in reply to Lord Castlereagh's question of "*what they wanted?*" said, "a Constitution like that of England!" the minister, we were assured, significantly replied, "*Ce n'est pas ce que nous avons de mieux.*" (That is not the best thing we have!!) If any man in England was justified in uttering this blasphe-

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for her rights to him who had so lately asked her co-operation in memory of *the league of Lombardy!* But CÆSAR heard her with amazement, and lengthening the longest face in Europe, fluttered his fingers (his imperial *tic*), and filliped her off with the words, "*conquest* and *subjection*."[1] The Royal Congress broke up, and each potentate resuming his ancient states, with as much more as cupidity could grasp, or jealousy grant, returned to his hereditary possessions, to oppose knowledge, to extinguish illumination, to retrograde humanity, and in one word,

"To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead."

Thus was Italy once more brought back to that

mous sarcasm, it was that Minister, who, having destroyed the liberties of his *own* country, has laboured so hard to annihilate those of the nation by which he has been adopted.

[1] The Emperor's answer, as repeated to us by some of the deputies themselves, was literally as follows: "Le loro Signorie sanno, che avendo le mie vittoriose armi conquistata l'Italia, non vi può esser questione veruna di *costituzione* nè *di indipendenza*." (You know, gentlemen, that my victorious arms having conquered Italy, there cannot be any question of constitutions or independence.)—Remembering, however, his Majesty's call and promise of a Constitution, the deputies were not so easily put off, and they became more importunate on the Emperor's visit to Milan. His answer was still pleasanter than that at Paris, and I give it in his own words, as taken down by a nobleman present, to whom it was addressed: "Signori, non voglio dare costituzione, perchè una costituzione è un ostacolo al bene che intendo di fare. La costituzione distrugge la confidenza tra il sovrano ed il popolo. Il bene che è da fare, voglio farlo io, di mio proprio *moto*: non mi parlate dunque di costituzione, non ne voglio sentire." "Gentlemen,—I will give you no Constitution, because a Constitution is an obstacle to the good I mean to do you. A Constitution destroys confidence between the Sovereign and

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state, in which force and fraud had left her in the 16th century, betrayed and hopeless,

> "Col crin sparso, incolto
> e negli occhi
> Quasi orror di servitù vicina."—MANFREDI.

And now the majesty of Hapsburg resumed its seat in the worm-eaten chair of Theodolinda at Monza: the white uniforms and yellow whiskers of Austria, poured into the courts of the royal palace of Milan: the scenery and machinery, which had served to carry on the recent political farce, were collected, and thrown into the property-room of the Aulic Council; and Lord William Bentinck's standards of independence, Don John of Austria's manifestos of liberty, Count Nugent's proclamations, and the tattered fragments of the new Anglo-Sicilian constitution, were all hung up together in reserve for some future melodrame, to be played by particular desire for the benefit of the legitimates of Europe. An Imperial viceroy was sent to represent in the capital of Lombardy, with strict orders to resume the Spanish etiquette of that court, where queens fell in the fire, and courtiers, out of respect, dared not rescue them from the flames.[1] Genius was placed under the ban of the empire; wit was subjected to the secret tribunal of the police;[2] science, in the new nomenclature of royalty,

the people; the good that is to be done I choose to do myself, of my own mere motion. Don't talk to me, therefore, of Constitutions, for I won't hear more on the subject."

[1] Since the marriage of the Archduke Regnier, Spanish etiquette has been revived with new force, at the moment when it was wholly set aside at Madrid.

[2] A Piedmontese wit, resident at Milan, having said, in the *Conciliatore*, that to resume the old order of things, was to

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was termed heresy and irreligion ;[1] and poetry, not strictly classical, was declared revolutionary and subversive of social order. A decree went forth to *les douaniers des pensées*, to seize Voltaire[2] on the frontiers, and stop Gibbon on the Simplon. Even Ariosto was not permitted to sing unreproved,

Le donne i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori ;[3]

and professors from their chairs, and priests from their pulpits, were ordered to preach,

dance the Lorraine minuet, as it was formerly danced at Turin, offence was taken at this disrespectful mention of the legitimate minuet, and an order was issued to arrest the writer, whenever he should have the impudence to cross the frontiers of Piedmont.

[1] When the Emperor received the Institute of Milan, to shew them how little he valued the improvement of science, he thus addressed them : "Signori, non domando loro scienza, non domando che religione e moralità." (Gentlemen, I ask not science of you, I ask only for religion and morality.) When the ex-minister asked his Majesty, if he was contented with the progress of public instruction, the Emperor replied, "Sì, sì, ma troppo lusso, troppa magnificenza. A me basta che i miei soggetti sappiano leggere e scrivere!" (Yes, yes, but there is too much luxury ; I am content if my subjects can read and write.)—When the Astronomer Oriani was presented to him, he turned on his heel, without addressing a single word to the man, to converse with whom Bonaparte left Princes waiting in his anti-room.

[2] A Milanese nobleman wishing to import an edition of Voltaire and Rousseau, which he had purchased at Paris, applied for leave to the State Librarian ; the State Librarian referred him to the Grand Duke, and the Grand Duke to the Aulic Council at Vienna. When we left Milan, the books still remained in the hands of the custom-house officers.

[3] When the autograph copy of Ariosto was shewn to the Emperor at Ferrara, he returned the MS. without looking at it, observing, "Non ho mai letto, e non voglio vedere quel poema così osceno." (I never read, and I don't wish to see

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"And preach it long,
The right divine of kings to govern wrong."

A detailed account of the grievances which the Milanese endure, under the present regime, might fill a considerable volume. Some idea, however, of the political condition of this beautiful country may be formed from a few traits with which the reader is here presented, taken at random from a manuscript confided to the author, in reply to some enquiries made on the subject. To feel the full force of these *dispensations*, it is necessary to bear in mind the great difference of character, and of habits of thought and action, which subsists between the Austrian ruler, and the Milanese slave; and the consequent shock of opinions, sentiments, and prejudices, to which the latter is perpetually exposed, in every detail of intercourse that occurs between the two nations. If it were required to sum into one compendious and comprehensive phrase, the expression of all that the human heart can conceive of hatred and contempt, it could not be more adequately done, than by citing the feeling of a genuine Italian towards his German masters.[1]

The government of Vienna reserves to itself exclusively the right of imposing taxes: and the subaltern administrations of Lombardy are expressly forbidden to protest or complain against any of its acts. Thus the Aulic Council has the sovereign disposition of the

that indecent poem.)—These anecdotes are given as they were repeated in the different circles of Lombardy, where they are generally circulated and believed.

[1] "*Testa Tedesca*," (German head,) is the familiar phrase at Milan, applied to the perpetrator of any act of uncommon stupidity and slowness.

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property of the Italian citizen. All the operations of finance emanate from Vienna, without the slightest regard to any national representations.

In like manner personal liberty is at its disposal, without the slightest restriction. The subaltern civil and military authorities, at Milan, Coma, Brescia, Venice, and other places, have made arbitrary arrestations, without affording any redress to the innocent victims of their ill-founded jealousies. The tribunals of Lombardy and Venice are chiefly filled with German judges (*regorgent de juges allemands*), who are for the most part ignorant of the legislation, manners, and customs of the country. All the presidents are foreigners. Under the French, not a single foreigner found his way into this department; but, since 1814, it has become necessary for the Lombard to learn German, in order to hold communication with his judge!

The office of the Viceroy is chiefly confined to the forwarding documents from the subaltern authorities, and petitions, to Vienna. He dares not complain of any disposition that has once passed the Aulic Chamber.[1] The present Viceroy is a remarkably timid

[1] While we were in Italy, the *Chef de Police*, Count Rapp, being in declining health, sought permission from Vienna to visit some neighbouring baths. The permission arrived two months after he was dead and buried!—Such is the insignificance of the Viceroy, that he does not presume to do the merest trifle, without consulting the Court at Vienna. On one occasion, he wrote for leave to permit the Milanese to *mask* in the Carnival, and the answer arrived from the *Aulic Council—the first week in Lent!!* Another time he wrote for leave to fill the Arena with water, in order, during a course of severe weather, to form a sheet of ice, and enable the young Milanese to skate. There being nothing

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and reserved man: his usual reply to all representations is "*Io dirò al mio padrone*"—(I'll tell it to my master).[1]

There exists at Milan a court of Counsellors of government, headed by a president, and in the provinces there are certain delegates, all named at Vienna, and necessarily Germans. This spectre of a government has no deliberative voice, and is only operative in doing mischief, by retarding the expedition of reports to the Aulic Council, and the communications that emanate from that body. The president for 1819, either for his amusement, or for pure wickedness, kept back for whole months papers which decided matters deeply affecting the fortune of private citizens.

The political body, established in the several provinces, and styled Provincial Congress, is composed of the notables of the country, each of whom is chosen by the government from a list of three individuals elected by the landed proprietors. Their office is to superintend public establishments, the billeting of soldiers, public roads, commercial property, etc. The

suspected of being suspicious in this proposal, it was cheerfully granted, and a brevet expedited in all possible haste, which arrived in Milan—early in the MONTH of JULY!!! All papers relative to administrative affairs, however trivial, are sent to Vienna, and sooner or later are returned to Italy. The porters in the public offices are very poor, and paper is dear at Vienna. They take all the half sheets which remain blank, and thus the other halves, being loose, are readily lost. Sometimes they even take pieces written on one side. When this was made the subject of reiterated complaint, the Viceroy at last was stimulated to promise, that he would *write to Vienna*.

[1] His brother the Emperor.

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projects which emanate from this body, are carried to the Viceroy by the delegate of the province, who is strictly charged to avoid all complaints concerning the imposts ordered at Vienna. This Congress proposes the expenses to be incurred upon public works, and the indirect taxes which shall be destined to pay them.

The mayors (Podestà) are likewise chosen by the government, from three candidates elected by the notables. They superintend the cleansing of the cities, the price of provisions, and the establishments which belong to their commune.

The Archbishop of Milan is a German, as are most of the Bishops, whose sees have been vacated since the *new old* regime. The military, in like manner, are brought from the most remote and barbarous regions of the Austrian dominions, while the native regiments are sent to pine in Hungary, etc. etc. ; to vent their ill-humour upon the citizens of those states, and to depress and subjugate them, in return for the same good offices performed by German soldiers towards the people of Italy. Thus the Viceroy, the Archbishop and many of the superior clergy, the Director-general of Police, the President and most of the Council of Government, the Director-general of Finance, the Presidents and most of the Judges of all the tribunals, an infinity of subaltern *employés*, and the whole army, are foreigners, speaking another language, and moved by other feelings and principles than those of the unfortunate citizens, with whom they hold little interchange of social kindness, and have no sympathies.

The sole policy observed by the Austrians in effecting this change, was an attempt to soften down the

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harshness of the measure, by the appointment of men, whose conciliatory manners and even tempers might give the colour of moderation to acts essentially despotic. For this purpose, Count Saurau[1] was made governor of Milan, as the "*soave licor per gli orli del vaso;* Count Rapp[2] was placed as *chef de police*, and Count Bubna as military commandant. The first was a person of sagacity; the second was a walking apo-

[1] On the Restoration, two or three Capuchins tried their luck in Milan; and were followed in the streets (where a monk had not been seen for years) by the young people, who at first took them for mountebanks: the governor *Saurau* sent for one of them; ordered him to shave and wash himself, and to dress LIKE A CHRISTIAN, or to leave the dominions, on pain of imprisonment.

A Milanese priest found a man possessed by the Devil, (who, as an *old legitimate*, had not shewn his face in Italy since the Revolution,) and dispossessed the victim in the presence of a full congregation. The governor sent for the priest, and said to him, "*Padre mio*, while I am *Governor of Milan*, I'll have no *devils* let loose upon the community." —A cripple, under the protection of some pious ladies, suddenly let fall her crutches before the shrine of *Santa Caterina*, and ran about the church, while the officiating priest cried out "*Miracolo! Miracolo!*" The priest was punished—the imposition discovered; and from that moment, the governor issued a "*Défense à Dieu de faire miracles dans ces lieux.*" In a word, the Aulic Council found they were mistaken in their man. *Saurau* was recalled, and another substituted, less conscientious about miracles.

[2] A Milanese lady of our acquaintance was denounced, by an agent of police, as having a picture of Bonaparte exposed in her house. Count Rapp, being her friend, waited upon her privately, to say that, if she did not conceal it, it must be seized. He had himself picked it up in a shop, and had shortly before made her a present of it. Although the Count always appeared *fast asleep* in his carriage, the police of Milan was as much *awake* as in any other part of Europe.

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plexy; and the third an amiable man of the world. They were all calculated to throw suspicion off its guard: and the ministers stood so apparently opposed, in private character, to the odious public measures they were called upon to execute, that they became rather objects of pity than distrust; and the finesse of the policy adopted was daily illustrated by the freedom with which the Milanese vented their discontents in the presence of those from whom it would seem their interest to conceal them. The numbing despotism thus forwarded by the peculiar character of the agents of the Aulic Council, produced, for a moment, a torpid acquiescence; but acts of increasing oppression, injustice, and violence, soon dissipated the dream of security—and, ere the writer of these brief sketches had left Lombardy, the public mind was in a state of feverish fermentation, which wanted but the new "*virtuous enterprise*" of the Emperor of Austria against Naples to lash it into desperation.—But Italy is little more than a great prison, guarded at all its barriers by Austrian armies, headed by Austrian chiefs. The Emperor is King of that vast and splendid territory, recently called "the Kingdom of Italy"—the Queen of Sardinia is one of his nearest relations—the Duchess of Parma and Placentia is his daughter—the Duke of Modena is his cousin—the Grand Duke of Tuscany is his brother—the Duchess of Carrara (the oft-mentioned Beatrice) is his aunt—the King of Naples is his uncle and father-in-law; and the prime-minister of Rome is *his friend*: his garrisons reach to Ferrara, and his spies are every where. Should these, or any of these, fail, he has the Holy Alliance to aid and back him, and a British navy riding in that port, where, to win a wanton's smile,

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and please a queen (the Emperor of Austria's aunt), an English hero ordered a patriot admiral to be hung from the yard-arm, in defiance of a solemn treaty, and in violation of every principle of justice and of humanity. It is in vain, therefore, that Italy has wrongs to madden her, a spirit to avenge those wrongs, illumination to see the remedy, and volition to enforce it :—penned in her military folds, chained, manacled, tied to the stake; nothing can avail her but one of those miraculous impulsions, which set the experience of history at defiance, and outstrip the doctrines of calculation.

Such an impulse, however, she will receive; and whether it come from a successful resistance of Naples, or from the kindling indignation of all Europe, irresistibly excited by the falsehood, treachery, and vulgar hypocrisy of the pigmy successors of Napoleon's giant despotism, it *cannot be long distant.* Against the liberties of Italy are the Sovereigns of Europe, their armies, and their treasures : but armies are no longer to be trusted ; and treasures, thanks to the thoughtless profusion of modern exchequers, are no longer to be commanded. In their favour are the kindling illumination of the age, the sympathy of the whole population of the civilized world ; and all the force that belongs, in the eternal nature of things, to justice and to right.

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CHAPTER VIII.

LOMBARDY.

Society and Manners—previous to the Revolution—during the French Occupation—since the Restoration.—Italian Independence.—The Cittadini.—The Casino Nobile.—Corso.—Milanese Dialect.—The Ladies of Milan.

THE society of Milan, before the French revolution, was confined to the royal palaces (where the Archduke and Duchess displayed a "*luxe bourgeois*," rather than a princely state), and to the *salons* of one or two ladies of the highest rank. The great break-up of interests, opinions, and habits, consequent upon that event, dissolved all ties of ancient usage. The separation of principles produced a division of families; or, if the two generations continued beneath the same roof, their circles, distinct as their politics, became circumscribed as they were select. Assemblies gave way to little coteries of persons, whom sympathy of opinion united in despite of disparity of rank and inequality of fortune.

Whatever society yet remained, was no longer confined to the aristocracy. The sale of national property, and the activity which the bustle, civil and

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military, of the Revolution, infused into commerce and manufactures, called forth the middle classes; and equipages now appeared on the Corso, which, though destitute of supporters, and unadorned by coronets, eclipsed by their richness and elegance those of the high and unchanged aristocracy; who, unable to compete with their new rivals, withdrew almost entirely from the contest.

The new system of education of both sexes, and the new doctrines of so large a portion of society, multiplied still further these primary sources of division. Formerly the females were taken from the hireling nurse to the cloister of a nunnery; where, to learn their rubrick, and work Adam and Eve in tent-stitch, comprised the sum total of their acquirements; too happy, if more than one of each family revisited a world, to which some suitable alliance, negociated by interested parents, could alone restore them. The sons were given up in early boyhood, by the family chaplain, to a monkish college, where their minds were involved in bigotry, as their persons were disfigured by the monastic garb; and where pedantry and priesthood,

> "Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
> Have never suffer'd it to stand too wide."--POPE.

Of the younger sons, the major part remained to swell the ranks of the "church militant;" the rest came forth from the cloister, to hang in idle dependence upon the patronage of primogeniture, or to earn a more degraded subsistence, as *cavaliere-servente* to some wealthy dame, whose wane of charms threw her on the paid attentions of the noble, but destitute *cadet*.

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The abolition of all monastic institutions, the reformation of the universities, the establishment of female schools, the military conscription, and the great political convulsions of the last twenty-five years, stamped a new impress upon the rising generation, and drew a line of demarkation between the sons and their parents, which it is impossible to efface.

In some vast suite of the noble Milanese *Casa*, with floors of stone and walls of fresco, a disorderly anti-room leads to the stately and dreary apartments occupied by the heads of some illustrious and ancient family, whose name, degraded by titles received under Spanish viceroys or Austrian governors, once probably shone bright and untitled in the pages of republican history. Here the circle of ceremony is composed of a few *dowagers* of both sexes, who come to play Tarocco, discuss the merits of the ladies of the *Biscotini*,[1] and talk over the days of La Beatrice. To these occasionally is added some Austrian noble, high in office; or some *ex-militaire*, the *beau-garçon* of the garrison when the Prince *Belgiocioso* was the king at arms of fashion. The *habitués* of the house are usually the ancient *cavaliere-servente*, the domestic chaplain, (who combs the lap-dog,[2] and

[1] Many of the old nobles of both sexes belong to religious confraternities. "La dame di Biscotini" is one of the most fashionable. It is a society of females, who found their hopes of saving the soul upon little *douceurs*, calculated to pamper the body; and paddle about among the poor with baskets of cakes, which their penitents are content to swallow in conjunction with their doctrines. The Padre de' Vecchi, a Barnabite, was the "agreeable rattle" of this coterie.

[2] Such are the duties ascribed to the domestic director in "*The Chaplain*," an exquisite piece of satirical humour, written in the Milanese dialect, and in high vogue when we

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attends the Contessa to mass and vespers) with some popular preacher of the *Oblati*, or ex-prior of the reviving order of *San-Pietro martire*; both sure of a cover at the dinner-table, in return for their daily reiterated fulminations against the sacrilege, impiety, and disloyalty of an age, which has unfrocked monks, abrogated privileges, and rendered domestic chaplains and *cavalieri serventi*, less than the exclusive masters of every *ménage*.

The mornings of these genuine *vieilleries* of the worn-out system begin with a visit *in form*, from the Signore Sposo, to the Signora Sposa, while she takes her chocolate, at the toilette: their grown or married sons or daughters are then permitted to kiss her hands, and retire with the performance of the ceremony;[1] devotion succeeds, and the noble *dévotée*

were at Milan. It is in the form of a poetical advertisement for one of these *animals*, and describes in a most ludicrous strain of irony, the qualifications expected from this patient scrub of a noble family. The Milanese assert, that there is an indescribable charm in the light poems written in this dialect, quite untranslatable--"The Fuggitivo," by Signore Grasso, is particularly cited as full of poetical merit; and little poems are daily issuing forth in that most popular dialect, which it would be difficult to print, and is not always safe to circulate. A young man was taken up for *circulating* a sonnet, while we were at Milan: after a few weeks imprisonment he was set free; but it was not even proved that he had circulated the poem--the suspicion was enough, and his friends had no redress.

[1] The old *noblesse* are obliged by the law of the land established by the French, and not yet abrogated, to an equal distribution of their wealth among their children. Their hostility, however, to those of their sons whom they suspect, or know to be opposed to the present government, has in some instances induced them to elude the law, by leaving considerable sums in the hands of the directors of their consciences, to say, or have said, a certain number of *masses* for their

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spends her morning at church, or in the duties of some religious confraternity, to which she is sure to belong. An early dinner is followed by a funereal drive to some of the least frequented Portas; a visit of ceremony fills up the *prima sera*, and prayers and cards conclude the day.

Meantime, it is probable, that the young, active, energetic heir and his family, begin their day in another suite of apartments, in the same palace, as the best description of people of fashion commence it in England. He is in his library or dressing-room, answering the letters of English manufacturers, of the heads of Lancastrian schools, or of celebrated mechanists, from whom he expects a steam-boat or a gas apparatus; thence probably he proceeds to visit his horses (often brought from England), and snatches a drive in his tilbury, or a gallop in the outlets; cautious to be in time for the early dinner at the *other side of the house*, unless engaged to the five o'clock dinner of less shackled friends, who live without the restraint of paternal bondage and antiquated habits. His lady, on the other hand, having paid her devotions at her neighbouring church, is cultivating in her French boudoir, the talents first called forth in the *pensionnat* of Madame de Lor, receiving friends, or driving to the hotels to visit foreign travellers recommended to her notice. After dinner, the *prima sera*[1] is devoted to

souls. A friend of ours was cut out of the will of a rich female relative, for having visited England: for one of the surest signs of revolutionary principles, is a passion for travelling and improvement.

[1] The most fashionable time of paying or returning visits is between dinner and the Opera. The carriage of the visitant having driven to the foot of the great stone stairs,

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a few formal visits of family ceremony. Then comes the Corso, and after that the opera-box; her seat of empire, and throne of power.

In this disposition of time, there is no hour left for the evening rout of London, or more enjoyable *réunion* of Paris; both are unknown at Milan. The Milanese are aware, that their house, if open to such indiscriminate society as must make up a crowded assembly, would forward the views of that fearful *espionage*, which, not unknown under the Bonapartists, has now become the bugbear of Lombardy. Besides, it would not suit the rigid habits of parsimony for which the Milanese were always notable, and which still govern the elder nobility; while for the younger branches, who only assemble to make love, or talk politics, the *crocchio ristretto* of the opera-box, or the *Café*, are fully adequate to all such purposes.[1]

which invariably opens into the court, the porter replies to the simple question of "*La Signora Marchesa*, or *Contessa*?" —"*In Casa!*"—*at home*, or literally, *in house*. — At the door of the anti-room, one of the *camerieri* meets and conducts the stranger through a long suite of rooms (each dimly lighted by a single lamp), until the sitting-room of the lady is entered: *this* we generally found elegant and well lighted. The visit is necessarily short: and a servant, with a large wax flambeau, re-conducts the visitor to the carriage.

[1] After the Opera, the ladies return home; and the gentlemen adjourn to the Café, and form select groups for conversation and play. There is one house of this description, which remains open all night, and has not been once shut for twenty years. The Austrians have their own Café; and when they venture to frequent others, is rarely happens that some dispute does not take place between them and the disbanded officers of the Italian army. Duels are frequently the consequence; nor are the Austrians slow to give such provocations as ren-

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In marking the distinctions which separate the nobility of Milan, as much by difference of feeling and opinion as by years, it would be unjust to pass over one great quality incidental to all ages and classes :—political *independence!* The elder branches of the aristocracy who opposed the Revolution in Italy, from attachment to legitimate royalty, did not merely stand aloof from the various republican governments which levelled their rank, and lessened their fortune: they remained equally strangers to the splendid court of the Viceroy of the kingdom of Italy; and though devoted to the house of Austria, they have in most instances declined to accept those high places in the restored court of its Prince, which they held in the days of their favourite *Ferdinand* and *Beatrice*. They have very generally pleaded

der such an event inevitable. Of such a provocation, I was myself a witness. A very young Milanese nobleman had mounted a pair of *moustaches*, with which he was inoffensively parading the Corso, when an Austrian attacked him, and declaring he had no right to such a distinction, seized him by the offending ornament. The young man, who was notoriously timid, flew to the Archduke, who had just alighted from his carriage and was walking with his suite, and complained of the insult: the Archduke, apparently as frightened as the youth, retreated to his carriage, and left the Corso. The Count Bubna, obliged by the rank and connexions of the injured party to notice the affair, placed the officer in arrest in his own government-house, where he received visits from all the Austrian party. On getting out, he again attacked the moustaches, and a cousin of the insulted boy challenged him. On the field, the Austrian insisted on fighting with the sabre, of whose exercise his adversary was ignorant. The consequence may be anticipated: at the first blow he disabled him, and persisted in cutting and hacking the unfortunate man, so that he hardly escaped with life, and will remain disabled to the end of his existence.

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their infirmities, or their twenty years, habits of retirement and indolence; and have refused to resume honours and offices for which they could not give positive services.

Those of the Italian aristocracy who embraced the Revolution, and those of the young nobility, who were permitted by their fathers to accept of places in the late government, or who were educated in its military and scientific institutions, have sought no court favour since the Restoration, and have obtained none. There is scarcely one office under the present government filled by any Italian gentleman of rank or consideration; and the want of confidence in the ruler, is justified by the open and frankly avowed aversion of the ruled, to a government which has violated every promise, and broken every pledge. This noble adhesion to a principle, or to a prejudice, n opposition to temporary interests, is not peculiar to the Milanese. It is to be found in almost every state of Italy, and makes the glory of this long oppressed people, who under every favourable occasion justify the reputation they once enjoyed; and prove what noble native qualities have been suffered to rust under the neglect of governments, and the misrule of dulness.[1]

[1] The Italians are accused of being WILY; and so they ought to be--for cunning is the *safety* vice of an oppressed people. But whoever has lived in their society, and visited their capitals, must have remarked that they are the least servile of all the people of Europe; not excepting the English. All their exterior forms are noble and unbending. We saw the Archduke almost every night, on the Corso at Milan, walking or driving with his Austrian court—not a hat moved to him, not the slightest notice of respect was offered. The same observation is applicable to every city in Italy, except Rome.

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It is curious and painful to oppose to this disinterested loyalty, in whatever cause it embarks, the notorious veerings of that privileged class in France, for whom, and for their ignoble imitations, the term *Girouettisme* has been invented. How many of the *Ducs et Pairs*, and Marquises and Barons, who deserted their country in her exigencies, under the plea of loyalty to one dynasty, eagerly availed themselves of the *erasure* which permitted them to return, and seek the favour of another. These are they whose names echoed in the circle of Marie-Antoinette, whose persons lined the anti-rooms of Napoleon, and whose eye sued for notice from Louis *le Désiré*. These are they who, with a proud disdain of independence, born in slavery, seek to die in harness; and who, fluttering their meanness or their infirmities, through the saloons of the Tuileries, to snatch a ribbon, or urge restoration of a title, are *too* happy to be permitted to scramble to the garrets of the royal palace with any epithet of servitude, with which power may please to notify their baseness.—These are the true *weathercocks*, which, as Dante described,

"Non furon ribelli,
Ne fur fedeli a Dio, ma per se stessi."

The class which immediately succeeds the high aristocracy, under the name of *Cittadini* (once a noble distinction in Milan, for which feudal princes sued), includes the whole of the liberal professions, the small landed proprietors, and even a sort of little nobility, which, with the title of *Don* or *Donna*, prove the rank of their family to have originated with the Spanish power in Lombardy. Between this class and the aristocracy there was formerly a barrier, which none

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passed, without the penalty of *loss of cast*. The late republican government cut through it boldly; and the Emperor Napoleon treated the Italian prejudices on this score with ineffable and avowed contempt. He drew to the court of the Viceroy, all whose wealth enabled them to meet the expenses of representation, or whose respectability and talents entitled them to consideration. There was in this levelling law (it is said) an *arrière pensée* conformable to certain vulgar notions in favour of female beauty, in whatever class it was found. Some of the handsomest women in Lombardy are in that class, where beauty, both moral and physical, is best developed, by the necessary exercise of the frame and faculties in the performance of natural and indispensable duties :—and Bonaparte never inquired into the genealogy of *her*, whose eye and smile brightened the circle, and whose bloom and lustre outshone the *heir-loom* diamonds that sparkled on the dowager brow of hereditary nobility. With this large, well-educated and most respectable class, it is extremely difficult for foreigners to become acquainted. The nobility of Italy now, almost exclusively, do the honours of the nation. The *cittadini* keep back in dignified reserve, under the consciousness of the revived disqualifications, which legitimate restoration has imposed on them. They

> " Must be woo'd,
> And not unsought are won."

I trust, therefore, I may be forgiven the vaunt of having known many members of that class, who, if they could not

> " *Boast a blood*
> *That crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,*"

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united those high personal qualifications, and prepossessing graces, which are the indelible marks of nature's nobility—a nobility acknowledged even in regions where the important sounds of "*high and first transparencies*," *excellencies*, *eminences*, and *Notlazomahuiztespixcatzin* [1] are unknown.

Since the restoration of the *old order of things*, the classes and casts of feudality have fallen back into their ancient positions. The court closes its barriers against all but the first, pure and undefiled nobility, whose quarterings would of old have entitled them to the "*entrée*" of the Escurial. The excluded nobility, justly annoyed at this new frolic of self-willed sovereignty, applied to withdraw from the *Casino nobile*, of which they no longer considered themselves entitled to be members. The court, however, have interfered, and processes are actually before the tribunals to compel the directors of this establishment to receive their resignations.[2]

[1] "Notlazomahuiztespixcatzin is" says M. *Humboldt* "the title of respect given to the *Priests* of Mexico."

[2] We had the honour of being presented at the Casino, on our arrival at Milan, by one who is its most distinguished ornament. We were struck by the urbanity and indiscriminate politeness, with which strangers were received, whatever might be their country or known political principles. The Casino is supported by subscription, and particularly attended on *Fridays* (the *Sunday* of Italy), the only night when there is no opera. The ladies go *en demi-toilette*: cards, billiards, and lounging, fill up the evening. The suites of rooms are numerous, but ill-lighted and gloomy: upon the whole, however, it is a resource, where no private houses are open, and every one has the air of saying, with the English traveller, "On s'ennuie très-bien ici." A superb palace was decorating for the Casino *dei Signori*, or middle class, when we left Milan; and many of the nobles were canvassing

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The untitled lady, who marries a noble, does not now take the rank of her husband; and the noble dame, who stoops to share the fortune of the cittadino, likewise loses cast. An edict of a Spanish Viceroy, in 1630, enacted, that none but a noble should drive his carriage on the Corso: and though some few ignoble carriages do yet appear there, no lady of rank dares contaminate her dignity, by walking among the groups which have no place in Lombard heraldry.

The government, which has found the aristocracy of Milan so restive and averse to other measures of antique restoration, has met no very obstinate resistance to the revived distinctions of rank. The female *noblesse* form the pretorian guard of revived pretensions to hereditary consequence; and even while they laugh at German formalities, and Spanish etiquettes, have no objection to shelter themselves under the strict injunctions of government. Many of the beauties who shone in the late Viceroy's court, are banished, under the imputation of *bourgeoisie*, from the circle of the Imperial presence; and the Marchionesses and Countesses shake their coronetted heads, and confess that the Austrians are not *always* in the wrong, and that the possession of

"D'assez beaux yeux, pour des yeux de province."

are not the *sole requisite* qualifications for going to

for the honour of belonging to it. The Cittadini have also a musical society, from which I have been assured that a certain member of the Milan Commission, of execrable memory, was excluded by unanimous black beans. To the honour of Milan be it recorded, that from the moment the nature of his commission transpired, this person was not admitted in any house, save to those notoriously attached to the Austrian interest.

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court. In many instances, however, the male nobility, though they now affect to call the *Cittadini*, "*i signori*," *the gentlemen*, are not averse to perpetuate intimacies formed under other principles of government. *Eyes* also have been found in the second class, which have set aside by a glance *Imperial orders of council;* and hearts of thirty-six-quarterings have deserted the box of the Duchessa, to nestle in a *palco* of the third tier, where all was of an inferior class, except the beauty and wit of its occupants.

Of the ladies of Milan of both classes it is but just to say, that they are eminently distinguished by nature: their beauty is full of grace and expression, and there is an intelligent vivacity in their manner, which marks the promptitude with which their fine organization has responded to liberal and improved institutions. The *naïveté* of their Milanese idioms gives to their French [1] (which is generally) and to their Italian (which is *occasionally* spoken,) a peculiar and spirited charm, which, if it be not mistaken for wit, is always characterized by originality. Public and

[1] "Les différentes nations qui vinrent successivement s'établir en Italie, conservaient toutes quelque chose de leurs langages. De-là vient cette diversité de dialectes que l'on y remarque." Muller, v. 2, p. 220.

French is spoken with great purity by the Milanese. Their *u* is the u of the French, the great stumbling-block of the Southern Italians in French pronunciation.

Italian is only spoken when strangers from other parts of Italy are present, and Milanese is the language of familiar life with all classes. To speak with the Tuscan accent is supreme *mauvais ton*, and savours of vulgar affectation. The young lady, who, fresh from her visit to Florence, indulges in the Italian accent, is technically said to speak "*in punto di forchetta.*"—This recalls the Irish gentleman's reproach to his *Anglicised* son, "Can't you say PAYS (peas) LIKE A MAN?"

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national affairs arising out of their interests as Italians, and their feelings as wives, mothers, and mistresses, are their favourite subjects of conversation. They discuss the relations of their own country, with respect to the general position of Europe, with ardour and patriotism; sometimes with a freshness, the result of fine instincts tending invariably towards truth; and always with an energy, approaching, perhaps, almost to vehemence. This, while it marks their sincerity and enthusiasm, shews that the forms of a long-established society have not yet dictated the quietude of *bon ton*, nor pitched the voice to a conventional tone of prescribed and modulated softness. No where, indeed, does the Italian voice breathe on the expecting foreign ear, the melting melody ascribed to the

"Idioma, gentile, sonante, e puro;"

and the Italian language roared in Lombardy, squeaked in Florence, and screamed in Naples, is nowhere that music of the imagination, which falls from the delicious cadences of Petrarch and Metastasio; save when it is spoken by *Roman*, or lisped by Venetian lips.

The ladies of Milan, well acquainted with the classic poets of their own country, and with some few modern productions of fashionable popularity, or political interest, have not yet made a decided progress in literature.—Obliged, as *good Catholics*, to obtain permission from the Pope to read any thing beyond a missal, or a legend,[1] they have at once to encounter the restrictions upon intellect, imposed by the licensed

[1] A married lady of high rank in Lombardy, informed me "she had obtained leave from the Pope to read what book

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interference of the priesthood, and the apprehension of being accused of "*facendo la letterata;*" and this consciousness frequently induces those who read much, to conceal all. One good result arises from this apparent absence of literary cultivation: there is no literary pretension—of all pretensions the most insufferable and insipid. In Milan, no ductile dulness meanders in the worn track of periodical criticism; no "*slip-shod Sibyl*" of the middle class of life *todies* the sentimentality of rank with the scraps and leavings of Albums and guide-books; and no "lively *dunce*" of fashion, led by some Corypheus of blue-stocking celebrity, issues edicts of approbation or dislike, and proves

"*Qu'une sotte savante est plus sotte qu'une sotte ignorante.*"

If, however, penal codes formerly existed, and are now again rigidly enforced against the cultivation of female intellect; impulsions have been given to the taste and talent of the women of Lombardy never to

she pleased, provided she read nothing contrary to the interests of the Church or Government."

A young lady of the Cittadini class informed me she was passionately fond of reading, but had no books. I offered her a novel of Madame Cottin's: after looking over it *wistfully* for some time, she said *she had better not* take it; for her Confessor, or as she called him "*Nostro Vicario,*" was very particular as to what book she read—adding, that "an *Austrian officer* having lent her the Life of *a certain Signor Mahomet,* her vicar would not let her read it—*Perchè credeva il nostro Vicario che non era Cristiano quello*" —(because our Vicar *believed* he was not *a Christian*). This was like the wording of the Royal Censor on the Translation of the Koran, published in Paris: "We certify that this work contains nothing against the Christian religion, the government of France," etc. etc.

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be silenced; and I have myself too many proofs of their genius for epistolary composition, to doubt that those who are now prevented from *reading* books may be fully capable of writing them, and of adding to that stock of elegant and refined literature, which it peculiarly belongs to the taste, tact, and sensibility of women to enrich and to improve. But impediments are now thrown in the march of mind, with which genius of whatever sex or calling is doomed for the present to struggle. To retrograde, not to advance, is the order of the times: to *dull*, and not to *brighten*, their policy;

"And sure, *if* Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of *arbitrary* sway."

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CHAPTER IX.

LOMBARDY.

COMO.

Historic Anecdotes. — Pliny. — Paulus Jovius. — Town of Como.—Soldiers and Doganieri.—Duomo, Ancient Inscriptions.—Collegio Gallio.—Lycée.—Collections.—Trade.—Aspect of the Town from the Lake.—Barcaiuoli.—Suburbs.—Villas. —The Palace of the Garuo.—Newly constructed Road. — Espionage. — Lake Scenery. — Female Villagers.—Peasantry.—Their Music.—Church Festivities.—Feast of St. Abbondio.—"Invito sagro."—Villa Fontana.—Conclusion.

ABOVE all the Northern districts of Italy, Como, its lake, its city, and its mountains, seem pre-eminently distinguished by historical interest. The natural beauty of its scenery, its border position on the frontiers of states varying in clime, language, and soil, early rescued this Eden of Lombardy from obscurity, and rendered its magnificent solitudes the sites of many contests, and the witnesses of many crimes. The Etruscans [1] found Como, as it were, fresh from the

[1] Paulus Jovius.

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fingers of creation, and peopled its lovely shores and isles with groups worthy of its beauty. The Gauls, in one of their incursions, lighting upon its seclusion, expelled the Etruscans, and raised their huts and pitched their tents, amidst the monuments of their civilized predecessors. The Romans in their turn dislodged the Gauls, and five hundred Greeks are said, under their influence, to have migrated to the Larian lake.[1]

Como was the favourite retreat of Pliny, whose letters exhibit the warmth of his attachment to its scenes. The "*deliciæ*" of this author, it is scarcely less celebrated as the "*dolce loco*" of Paulus Jovius, who has taken singular pains in illustrating the antiquities of the home of his predilection. This union of classic interest with picturesque beauty, has rendered Como the sojourn of the elegant, and the haunt of the learned; and has procured for it a reputation, which the bolder and more romantic recollections of the middle ages would not, perhaps, have conferred. It has recently acquired another, and not less prominent source of notoriety and interest.

[1] The Larian Lake, the Latin appellation of the Lake of Como, is supposed to be derived from a bird (Larius) which frequents its shores. Mr. Eustace, I know not on what authority, observes that Como owes its importance to a *Roman* colonization, for which it was partly indebted to the father of Pompey. Strabo asserts, that they were 500 noble Greeks whom Pompey brought to Como; and Paulus Jovius (Descriptio Larii Lacûs), and Amoretti in his "Tre Laghi," adhere to his opinion. Mr. Eustace likewise talks of its "security and quiet, during the numberless disasters of Italy :" but it was the scene of perpetual warfare, and of the darkest horrors of the Inquisition. See "Como ed il Lario," and also the "Lettere Lariane" di Giambattista Giovio.

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The city of Como, at two stages distance from Milan, is one of the smallest, but most ancient capitals of Lombardy. It forms a semicircle at the head of its lake, and reposes at the foot of an abrupt height, crowned with the remains of the feudal castle of Baradello. The romantic fauxbourgs of San Agostino and Borgo Vico stretch to the right and left of the lake. Hills of every form and culture swell around, as if thrown up by a volcanic explosion; and the torrent of the *Cosia*, leaping from its mountain-head, falls into the little plain of willows, which separates the town from the mountains of St. Ferme and Lampino. But prominent in the landscape, and (whether bronzed by sun-set, or silvered by moon-beams) conspicuous in picturesque effect, rise the ruins of Baradello, once the scene of a tragic tale, which history has recorded, and tradition loves to repeat.[1] The ancient importance of Como is testified by its double walls and massy towers; and its present consequence in the eyes of its imperial masters, is well designated by its fortified barriers, manned with legions of Austrian soldiers, custom-house officers, and police; by its garrison, its military commandant, and by the shutting of its gates, and locking up its inhabitants at an early hour of the night. If *espionage* has one spot more favourable to its views, one site more propitious to its intrigues, than any other, that spot might be

[1] From the walls of this mountain-fortress, so important in the 13th century, was suspended a cage. In this cage, in the year 1277, exposed to all the inclemency of the stormy region, was imprisoned, and perished, the famous feudal chief Torriani, once lord of the domains of Como and of the Milanese, the victim of the vengeance of his rival and conqueror, Sforza.

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Como. Power has there accumulated its engines, and crowded its agents; and poverty so closely invests its craving population, that vigilance and temptation find "ample room and verge enough" to entrap the unwary, and corrupt the indigent; while its remoteness and seclusion tend equally to favour the fabrications of scandal, and to shelter the movements of conspiracy from the observation and control of the world and its censures.

Como was once the seat of the Inquisition, who burnt their annual hecatombs in its mountains. The forms and the power of that terrible tribunal have passed away; but something of its spirit still seems to cling to its ancient shade, and the race of its familiars appears not *to be quite extinct*.

In times so peaceful, in solitudes so remote, it may be asked, in the language of the Italian poet:

"Che fan quì, tante pellegrine spade?"

"Why are so many foreign swords seen here?"—and why

"The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war"—

when all is "amity and painted peace?"

The reason is, that the Emperor of Austria has a *tic douloureux*, unclassed in ordinary nosology, and called "*i contrabandieri:*" in vulgar English—the *smugglers*. While nothing is done to promote commerce within the Milanese, every thing is done to cripple it without. Enormous duties upon foreign manufactures[1] have stimulated ingenuity to evade

[1] Especially those of Great Britain; in return, perhaps, for the loans, and the subsidies, and the blood of that faithful ally of legitimate despotism.

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bad laws, which serve only to multiply sources of licentiousness and corruption; and the adventurous *contrabandieri* (the *condottieri* of the present day) find the Lake of Como, its woods, its mountains, and position,[1] a happy scene for their venturous exertions. It is in vain that innocent peasants are imprisoned, that strangers are arrested on *suspicion*, and that an armed force disturbs the tranquillity of the most romantic solitudes. Still, the fair Milanese are dressed in Swiss,[2] English, and Scotch muslins; and the liberty of the people is violated, and their morals corrupted to no purpose.

The interior of the town of Como exhibits dark, narrow, and filthy streets; churches numerous, old, and tawdry; some dreary palaces of the Comasque nobles, and dismantled dwellings of the Cittadini. The cathedral, or DUOMO, is its great feature; founded

[1] The frontier between Switzerland and this part of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, forms a sort of horse-shoe, and affords a line for the introduction of smuggled articles, which it is impossible to guard.

[2] During our delightful residence on the Lake of Como, we frequently used to walk to a frontier village of Italian Switzerland, called *Chiasso*. Although the barrier, with its placard of "*Swiss Territory*"—Territoria Svizzera—is scarcely two miles from the town of Como, the difference between the character and manners, and physiognomy of the people, is most striking. One evening we observed a large but faded tree, planted in the main street: on inquiring, we found it had been placed there to celebrate the birth-day of *William Tell*. A few days before, the Duc de Richelieu, the present minister of France, then visiting the beauties of Como, drove with the Austrian commandant to Chiasso: he was struck by the appearance of this tree, and asked what it meant. Some of the people replied, "It is the *Tree of Liberty*." The Duke took off his hat, made it a bow, and said jocosely—"*Bon jour, mon ami; heureusement tu ne fleuris plus.*"

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in 1396, and constructed with marble from the neighbouring quarries. It stands happily with respect to the Lake, but is surrounded by a small square of low and mouldering arcades and paltry little shops. Its baptistery is ascribed to Bramante, but the architecture is so mixed and semi-barbarous, that it recalls the period when the arts began to revive in all the fantastical caprice of unsettled taste. Every where the elegant gothic is mingled with the grotesque forms of ruder orders; and basso-relievos of monsters and non-descripts disfigure a façade, whose light gothic pinnacles are surmounted with golden crosses; while the fine pointed arch and clustered column contrast with staring saints and grinning griffins. Upon the walls of this most Christian church are inserted inscriptions,[1] and other monuments, to the memory and honour of the heathen *Plinies;* and the statue of the youngest of these distinguished philosophers forms a *pendant* on the principal front of the church, to a saint, who smiles with more toleration on his com-

[1] The inscriptions are cited by Boxhorn, in confutation of an *orthodox* story, that the younger Pliny was a Christian, and a martyr. Flavius Dexter is the reputed father of this marvellous tale, which appears in his Chronicle. According to another authority, it was the badness of Pliny's architect which occasioned his conversion. Pliny was building, it seems, a palace in Crete, in the name of Jupiter (the Romans always, of course, dedicating their secular edifices to some god), which, inflaming the zeal of a Christian preacher, he began to curse and swear so terribly, that the house straight fell down about the ears of the workmen, and convinced the proconsul of the beneficence and justice of the Being by whose dispensation this miracle was effected. The zealots, it appears, were, in all ages, *good hands* at cursing; but the formula used upon this occasion has not been preserved, to bind up with St. Ernulphus's compendious ritual.

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panion than saints are wont to exert towards philosophers of any school or age.

The interior of this ancient edifice has all the venerable character of the remote ages in which it rose and was completed. But its spacious nave and gothic arches, and lofty dome; its masses of dark marble, and deep-tinted frescos, are contrasted by such offerings from the piety and gratitude of the devout Comasques, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains, as would better suit the stalls of the "*Rue de la Friperie*," or the ware-rooms of *Monmouth-street*. Here, on a golden shrine, hangs a petticoat

> "All tatter'd and torn,
> That belong'd to a maiden all forlorn,
> Who was toss'd by a cow with a crumplety horn;"

and whom the Virgin Mary saved, at the expense of the aforesaid petticoat, now consecrated to her glory: there an old wig, stuck close to the sacramental tabernacle, intimates that it had (under favour of *St. Abbondio*) saved a head, which a fall from a ladder could not break; and every where, on pillars, shrines, and altars, pictures, painted by some popular sign-post limner, intimate the special interference of Providence in favour of individuals, who had the leisure and faith to invoke Saints and Virgins, while carts innoxiously rolled over them, and boats upset and houses fell in vain: meantime offerings of a more solid nature are made to the presiding ministers of the temple. Such superstitions are now deemed eminently laughable in the eyes of travelling English Protestants; but if English Protestants are not STILL offering wigs and petticoats to propitious Saints and interposing Providences, it is because their fathers

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stepped boldly forward in the cause of timely reformation, and *violated the social order of that day*, in which wigs and petticoats were deemed bribes worthy the acceptance of Heaven, and priests encouraged the belief, with the same zeal and unction that they now preach from the episcopal stall, that kings can do no wrong.[1]

The COLLEGIO GALLIO, founded by a cardinal of that name of some celebrity, though a monastic foundation, and presided by the order of the *scuole-pie*,[2] appears to be conducted upon principles of liberality, and great kindness and parental attentions, on the part of the fraternity, to their young charge.[3]

A dark and massive building, with the sign of a *bleeding heart* above its ponderous portals, gives the idea of an old hostel of the fourteenth century—it is, on the contrary, a monastic seminary for young females; and the bleeding heart (presented by a fat abbess to

[1] Long after Dante and Petrarch had attacked the corruptions of the reigning Church of *their* day, the nobles of England, like the mountaineers of Como, were ransacking their wardrobes for gifts worthy of the Divinity. In 1439, Isabella, Countess of *Warwick*, bequeathed her gown of green cloth and gold, with wide sleeves, to *our Lady of Worcester* (the Virgin Mary, who had a shrine there): to the Abbey of Tewkesbury, her wedding gown, and *all her clothes* of *gold and silk without fur*; reserving *one russet velvet* for Saint Winifrid.—See Dugdale's Warwick.

[2] These monks, like the Ignorantins of France, occupy themselves in giving the first rudiments of education to the poor; and in inoculating them with the proper respect for *constituted authorities*.

[3] The *Rettore* and *sotto-Rettore* of this college, are most accomplished and amiable gentlemen, with nothing of the monk but the habit: we found two English *piano-fortes* in the apartment of the former, who used to take great pride in making his little pupils perform before us, when we visited the college.

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a greasy monk, who looks like the clerk of the kitchen) is the insignia of the Jesuits, by which order the original nunnery was founded.

A light, elegant, and spacious building contrasts with these antiquities, and is devoted to the same purpose of education. It was raised and opened as a Lycée by the French, and contains some fine philosophical apparatus, some of which were an offering from the ingenious Canon Gattoni.

The collection of natural history, and botanical gardens of the Professors Mocchetti, Solari, and Carloni, are proofs that science has made some progress in Como, since the time when *Spallanzani* and his instruments caused such terrors among the mountaineers of that district. These silly persons, taking him for one of the *Malliardi*, or sorcerers, with whom the inquisitors formerly fed their *auto-da-fés*, had nearly made him pay the same penalty for his superior illumination, that was inflicted by the *eight vicars* of the Holy Office on all who, like him, sought to obtain truth and to dispel ignorance.[1]

[1] Francesco Muralto, a chronicler of the sixteenth century, writes, that the priests of Como had given to these sorcerers, the name of "*Eretici della mala compagnia.*" Their real crime was free thinking on what was the *orthodoxy* of that day; but they were accused of sacrificing children, of an intimacy with the devil, and of holding midnight revels, on the summits of the Como mountains, with infernal spirits. In 1514 the Church burnt three hundred of these unfortunate victims of a horrible policy—among them, doubtless, were many *Spallanzani;* for what had the Church to fear from blockheads? These dreadful human sacrifices continued to be made, from time to time, among the lovely shades of Como, until the Inquisition lost its influence and temporal power in the Milanese.

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THE principal resources of this "REGIA CITTA," are the manufacture of a little silk and cotton (carried on under every restriction that can check its success), and the adventurous enterprises of smuggling, by far the most prospering and profitable of its ways and means. The cloth manufactory of Messrs. Guaita, in the neighbourhood of the village of St. Martino, is of some consideration.

Through the historical vicissitudes of Italy, Como has shared the fate of greater capitals. Under the Spanish and Austrian governments, its petty magistrates, with the pedantic title of *Decurions*, administered the municipal concerns, under the influence of the eight representatives of the Holy Office, or any other powers that be,

"*Making their wills the scope of Justice.*"

Under the *French*, Como became the principal town of the department of the Lario, and the residence of a Prefect. It is now the seat of a provincial delegation, under the government of a *Delegato*, with a certain surveillance from an Austrian *field-officer*, beneath whose pillow the keys of the city gates are nightly deposited, and who bears the title of Commandant of the place.

But whatever are the internal defects of Como, however gloomy its streets and noxious its atmosphere, the moment that one of the little boats which crowd its tiny port is entered, and pushed from the shore, the city gradually becomes a feature of peculiar beauty in one of the loveliest scenes ever designed by nature. The *Barcaiuoli* (a race as distinguished on the lake of Como, as the *Gondolieri* on the *Lagune* of Venice), are always in waiting, stretched under the awning of

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their own boats; and as they navigate their little vessels up the lake (and the "*lago*" is to them important as the "steep Atlantic"), they display their talent for topographical narrative, with as much pride and promptitude as a professed *raconteur* of Parisian saloons begins *his* pleasant story with "*Tenez, je vais vous conter cela.*" I observed, that the "*Senti, signora,*" (listen, lady), always prefaced a tale in which

"Pure description held the place of sense."

Unfortunately their eloquence is lost upon most travellers; for the "*senti*" is the first and last word of pure talian heard in the narration; the rest being principally told in the Comasque dialect, which is ultra-Milanese, and still more difficult to follow, after even some months' exercise.

The Bay of Como is nearly encircled by the villages or suburbs of San Agostino, and Borgo Vico. The irregular buildings of the former gradually cluster up the mountain: on less accessible heights stand the grotto and shrine of San Donato; and crowning all, the ruins of the monastery and village of Brunate. This convent was once the retreat of an English Princess, who fled from some dangers, that have escaped tradition, and who, under the name of *Santa Guglielmina*, has acquired canonization, and works miracles that well deserve it.[1]

The Borgo Vico, almost steeped in the waters of the

[1] The *particular* King of England, whose sister this lady was, does not appear. Her department in thaumaturgy was formerly part of the business of Juno Lucina: namely, the bringing milk to the bosoms of lying-in ladies, in whom nature had forgotten that part of her operations.

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lake, and overshadowed by a back-ground of wooded mountains, has another aspect and interest from those of the poor but picturesque Borgo San Agostino. A few superb palaces in their vineyards and gardens skirt the lake, and conceal the narrow rustic village, which runs behind them. Every site is here consecrated to classic or literary story. The marble porticos of the Villa Odescalchi[1] now rise upon the spot where stood the Villa of Caninius Rufus; and an umbrageous lime-tree still marks the site where tradition has placed the Platanus of Pliny.[2] The Villa Gallia, once the museum of Paulus Jovius, covers a space said to have been occupied by one of Pliny's Villas, or perhaps by that of his father-in-law Calphurnius Fabatus; and the Casa Grumello was that pleasant retreat of Giambattista Giovio, so often alluded to in his Larian Letters. To the literary genius,

[1] The villa, or rather the superb palace of the *Marchese Odescalchi*, exemplifies strongly the passion for building, inherent in the Italians. The Marquis began it forty years back; and he assured us it would take twelve years to finish it: he is now seventy, and has no children. He occupies a little room in the offices, whilst this royal structure is completing; and the first day he shewed us the palace, we took him for one of the workmen.

[2] See epist. 2, book 1.—Tradition, which rarely troubles itself with dates and physical possibilities, places this lime-tree as third in descent from the original Platanus. We passed many delightful evenings under its shade, with a little congress of friends, whom chance had assembled from distant countries. I trust that they retain as gracious recollections of the hours enjoyed under the shade, or in the neighbourhood of PLINY'S LIME-TREE, as the writer of these pages. This magnificent tree stands at the edge of the lake, at the extremity of the Borgo Vico: the boats anchor at its wide-spreading roots.

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and the patriotism of the family of Jovius, the district of Como has been indebted through a series of ages; and some of that noble house are still among its most distinguished inhabitants.

The wooded promontory of Cernobio, once a residence of the rich Abbots of Clugny, now a colony of Barcaiuoli and fishermen, stretches into the lake, and terminates the bay; and again retreating into a sweep, between the heights of Pizzo and Moltrasio, shelters the gardens and cascades of the magnificent villa of GARUO. This palace was once inhabited by the most magnificent of Church princes, the Cardinal Gallio, by whom it was built. The waters of the lake almost wash the marble floor of its portico; and its open corridors, and large windows, admit views of the acclivities and rocks which shelter its rear.

Before the portico of this now deserted and silent palace, the voyager of the lake rarely fails to cast anchor; and the handsome and open vestibule, exhibiting a vista of opposite suites of apartments, usually excites a request to see the palace, which is always complied with by the willing *custode*. The range of rooms to the left, speaks some fair lady's recent residence—a little library, a boudoir, a bed-room, and a bath, opening into each other, and presenting a tasteful perspective, are decorated by the hand of the Graces, and are painted by a classic pencil (that of Vaccani). To the right, apartments more sumptuous, but not less commodious, open upon terraces and gardens. A little theatre, all white and gold, indicates that this was the residence of taste and wealth. In passing through the vestibule to the rear (and the villa is almost a lantern), a scene of a

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far different character presents itself. Rocks levelled, and blocks of granite strewed over a broad, rude, half-cleared space, springs gushing from impending heights, and taught to flow through subterranean channels, and arches turned in solid masonry, terminate a long line of spacious and beautiful road, opened along the shore of the lake, sometimes walled, sometimes vaulted, always banked in from the incursions of the waters, and secured at vast expense and labour from the falling-in of the heights impending over it. This noble work has provided, at the end of centuries, a drive for the accommodation and pleasure of the Comasques, along that part of their lake (still the only part accessible to a carriage); and though it has not yet reached its intended extent, is still a great public benefit, and is now the Corso of the little capital.[1] This truly imperial work, which, in its execution, has given the means of subsistence to numerous families in the neighbourhood, was not made by the *late*, nor the *present* government. It was planned by the same spirit that decorated the boudoir and erected the theatre of the GARUO, and is the munificent work of a foreign lady, who, having retired from persecution at home, sought in the occupations of taste, utility, and beneficence abroad, to forget the slander of enemies and the de-

[1] The Austrian government, in its dread of smuggling, has always prevented the inhabitants from opening communications between the villages which skirt the lake. A nobleman who has recently made a path from his villa to the next town assured us, that having failed in procuring leave from the Government, he at last succeeded by interesting the Church in his favour; and permission was at last granted, in order that his family might have a means of attending mass at a neighbouring church.

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sertion of friends. But the rocks of Garuo, the shades of Como, afforded no asylum to one marked as the victim of that secret tribunal organized and presided by ministers of state :—against the familiars of *this* Inquisition no place was secure : they stole upon domestic privacy, and obtruded on public recreation, unchecked by principle, and uncontrolled by opinion,

" To stop the chariot, and to board the barge ;"

to make benevolence the engine of its own destruction, and to close the hand of charity upon the suspected object of its bounty ; to convert gratitude into treason, and tempt poverty to crime :—these were probably the causes, or among the causes, which drove this lady from a spot, where she did much good and acquired great popularity. On one side of the noble road, which owes its existence to her munificence, a plain marble slab informs the passenger that this causeway was raised by a Princess of the House of D'Este, Caroline of Brunswick. But generations yet unborn, destined to inhabit the districts of Como, will learn, with gratitude, that the first road opened on the banks of their beautiful lake was executed, in the 19th century, by *a Queen of England.*

From Cernobio, and its opposite heights of Geno and Blevio, with their *Sette Città*, or seven *little hamlets*, the lake again extends into a noble but irregular sweep, and continues to expand or narrow, to break into wooded coves, and pierce into inland bays ; and continues its course of near sixty miles through regions of diversified beauty, of savage wildness, and of occasional culture, of groupings the most picturesque, and imagery the most desolate.

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The antique village and church of Torno, jutting into the lake from amidst its wooded acclivities! The *Pliniana*, with its deep gloom of black rocks, its sibyl groves and roaring cascades! (just as it was described near two thousand years back by a classic pen) —Nesso, likened by the Barcaiuoli to the infernal regions, where "summer moons, or winter suns," have never penetrated,—the cavernous cliffs of Grosgallia beetling over the profoundest depths of the waters; the broad shadowings of the steep mountains of the Valsassina—are some among many scenic views, impressed with a character of sublimity and desolation; while villas and palaces raise their marble colonades, from groves of orange and myrtle, and pavilions and casinos crown the pinnacles of rocks and promontories, and catch the felicitous perspective of shining waters and lessening Alps, till all melt alike into the haze of distance. *Here* a mill recalls the recollection of rural existence; and *there*, a manufactory speaks of the ordinary pursuits of life in tamer regions; but every where, conspicuous above all, the Church has seized upon the most elevated points, the most fertile sites, which speak the influence of the powerful hierarchy that once reigned over this romantic tract. Chapels of pilgrimage occupy the summits of the loftiest heights; churches still preserved amidst the mouldering cloisters of ruined abbeys, rise from sedgy islands; belfries peep, and bells toll from every glen; shrines glitter upon every acclivity, and altars of human skulls rise along the shore; while stations are reared to the Virgin, to receive the boatman's invocation against the treacherous *burasca;* and the very rocks are painted with flaming purgatories, to scare the eye, and gloom the imagination.

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The abbots of Clugny, and the inquisitors of Como, no longer, it is true, possess influence or territory here; but no art is left unpractised, that can cherish the superstition of the poor inhabitants of this secluded region.

The mountains, whose bosom encloses this splendid lake, are those of the Grisons and the Valteline, which descend unbroken to the water in the upper parts, and are shattered, wild, undulating hills, towards Lecco and Como. The highest points are bare and bleak. Their descent becomes gradually clothed with masses of chesnuts and oaks;[1] plantations of olives, mulberries, and vines, enrich many of their inferior acclivities; where artificial terraces are constructed with scarcely earth sufficient to cover their roots which is carried up in little panniers, on the backs of the poor industrious natives. The chamois is said to inhabit the highest regions; the eagle and the hawk are seen hovering above the woods, and the pelican, the crane, and the heron, dip into and skim along the waters beneath. The Alps, with their eternal snows, close this magnificent picture at one end; at the other, the domes, the belfries, and spires of Como, seem to rise out of the water, and add features of home scenery, to complete the romantic combinations of the whole.[2]

The defect of the Lake of Como is, that it is out-

[1] The mountains of Como have always been famous for their truffles. There is a letter extant, from St. Ambrose to another holy bishop of Como, thanking him for a present of these delicacies: "Misisti mihi tubera, et quidem miræ magnitudinis."

[2] The form and the breadth of the lake are most irregular. Its greatest width is between the shores of Menagio and Va-

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built, and that whatever is false in taste, or grotesque in selection, is to be found, choking up spots of the most exquisite natural beauty, and disfiguring buildings of the handsomest architecture. Upon the heights which overhang the Garuo, or Villa d'Este, stands the city of Saragossa (I believe), executed in cut and painted deal, and erected by a former proprietor, in honour of the triumphs of the Army of Italy, although, seen from the lake, it is readily mistaken for a baby-house. The rocks of the Villa Tanzi, naturally picturesque and wildly rural, are covered with red brick arcades, forts, and citadels, with cannons, cells for hermits, grottos for monsters, monuments to mistresses who perhaps never lived, and cenotaphs to friends who are in no haste to fill them. Even the myrtle groves of the princely Villa Sommariva, are disfigured by those grotesque little hoddy-doddy stone figures, which appear to be portraits of the dwarfs and Cretins, and which fifty years back were so much the fashion in Lombardy.

Although the Lake of Como has lately been, and still is, the chosen retreat of

"Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place,[1]"

and although human habitations crowd to disfiguration its beautiful shores, it wears a character of deso-

rena, not more than five miles. Its length from the town of Como to the shores of *Chiavenna*, is near sixty miles. Its mountains are rich in mines.

[1] The Duke de Melzi, as already noticed, passed his last days at this magnificent villa on the Lake of Como. General Pino still occupies his casino near Cernobio, and Count Someriva pays an annual visit to inspect the decorations of his house and gardens near to Cadenabia. In general, the Milanese nobility, who have villas on the lake between Como and

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lateness, silence, gloom, and sequestration, which is singularly impressive. The many black dismantled buildings which skirt its waters, through whose sashless windows the heads of Austrian sbirri pop at the splashing of every oar, or the squalid features of poor silk-manufacturers appear, add much to the dreariness of the scene. And the absence of all land-communications (there being no roads along the whole tract of the lake, except that to the Villa d'Este) deprives the country of those rural sounds and rustic imagery, without which no scenery is lovely. The scream of the water-fowl, the toll of the church bell at all the canonical hours, the measured beat of the oar, and in the evening the wild choruses of the inhabitants of the numerous *paese*,[1] that die along the lake, are, however, appropriate sounds, and well become the deep solitude and romantic character of the scene.

Cadenabia (which may be called the first stage of the voyage, and where there is a pretty little inn), pass but a day or two at a time in these retreats. Upon such occasions we had the pleasure of becoming guests of the Villa Tanzi, in the neighbourhood of the celebrated Pliniana, and of the Villa Balbianello, belonging to Count Porro. This last beautiful little villa crowns the height of a jutting promontory, which divides the lake into two basins. From the open portico under which the boats anchor, there is an enchanting view of the lake on both sides, and of "La Villa," supposed to have been Pliny's *Comedy*, as the Pliniana was fantastically termed by him his Tragedy.

[1] The word village does not well translate "*paese*," a term that suggests no idea of rurality. A long narrow dirty lane, skirted by two rows of substantially built stone houses (black with age, and unprovided with windows), and terminated by a church, with its tall, square, low-roofed tower, conveys rather the idea of a town that has suffered the horrors of war, than a rural habitation in actual occupancy.

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It is a singular fact, that a vast number of the villages which rise above the lake, are only inhabited by females; and the appearance of a few women and children carrying baskets of earth on their shoulders, to form a terrace and plant a vine or an olive-tree, are the sole marks of its shores being the haunt of humanity. The want of land to cultivate, or of a market for commodities, has from time immemorial occasioned an emigration of the male inhabitants. These poor Comasques issue forth to every country in Europe, not, like the Swiss, to offer their mercenary services to any tyrant who will pay the price of their blood, and to assist in the war against national liberties, but to carry on a petty commerce, in which ingenuity is combined with great industry and frugality: these are they who are every where seen with barometers, looking-glasses, coloured prints, and gilt frames,[1] and other works, which smack of the arts and ingenuity of their native country. When they are so fortunate as to accumulate, by incessant labour and a rigid œconomy, a bare sufficiency, they gladly return from the streets of Paris, London, and Madrid, to their native solitudes, always their land of Canaan. Sometimes they only return, after a long absence, to find the young wife and infant children blighted by years and steeped in poverty, with just enough of health and vigour themselves to reach their beloved *paese*,[2]

—"and die at home at last."

Sometimes they return with the means of comfortable

[1] The venders of plaster casts are chiefly from Lucca.

[2] These Paesi are usually designated as Spanish, English, American, etc. according to the favourite place of emigra-

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subsistence; and in a few instances with sufficient wealth to purchase the lands on which they once laboured. It is delightful to add, that one of the richest "*possidenti*" (proprietors) at present on the lake, went forth forty years ago with a few barometers and a marmot, the foundation of a fortune, now liberally employed.

During the French occupation this system of emigration greatly decreased, partly from the unsettled state of Europe, and partly because a market was then opened for industry, while the army provided occupation for a great many.

Nothing, however, could be more distasteful to the Comasque peasantry, than military service. They had been long taught that cowardice was a pious virtue. A peasant, who risked his life in the course of his rural labours by mounting a lofty tree, or other equally daring enterprise, was punished by a long penance. They were taught to tremble at the presence of a soldier; and in time lost all that spirit which had rendered them so formidable in the wars with France, when the Comasques maintained hostility against Louis XII. even after the Milanese had yielded. The boatmen, particularly, partake of this cowardice, which the treachery of the lake assists in nourishing.

tion of the inhabitants. The different Paesi live in perpetual rivalship, and they are in their turn satirized by the Barcaiuoli, who compose proverbial sentences on them. Of Cologna they say,

"Brutta la terra, ma peggio le donne."
Bad land, and worse women.

And of Nesso, in allusion to the influence of the priests,

"Gente da bene non pon essere, perchè là son Preti."
Where priests thrive, good men are not to be found.

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The Comasques are ill-featured,[1] and have an expression of sadness on their countenance, which is perhaps the reflection of minds gloomed by fearful images of death, which the priests have multiplied on every side. Death is the phrase most frequent on their lips, and constant reference is made to "*i poveri morti.*" The savings of their daily pittance go to pay for masses for the souls of "*i poveri morti;*" and in the gloomy evenings, little groups are seen pondering before the death-chapels of skulls and bones (so common in their villages,) offering up their prayers, and indulging in the meditations which such images necessarily inspire.

The Comasque peasantry scarcely know any food but their *polenta*,[2] and such fruits as the mountains afford; but though habitually temperate from necessity, they commit excesses whenever the opportunity offers. The Comasques, poor, laborious, and devout as they are, have several periods of festivity and recreation: their Sundays are always celebrated on the lake, where long after the fall of evening, and the darkening of the waters by the mountain shadows, they continue to row their little boats, or permit them to float, while they execute choruses of mountain music, frequently sung in parts with a science and counterpoint that are purely intuitive. Even the little children sing in bands their airs, with

[1] The children are charming, full of intelligence and grace; but superstition, neglect, and hard labour, dull and deform them. The old women are monsters.

[2] Polenta is a sort of porridge, made of Indian corn, or chesnut flour. It is the subject of many songs, as being the national staple, like the Irishman's potatoes, or the Welchman's toasted cheese.

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second and bass; and several of the Barcaiuoli (the poets of the lake) assured us that the poetry was equal to the music. But the great festivals are all supplied by the Church, chiefly on the anniversary of the parochial saint, when the customs of the old English wake are kept up as they were centuries ago, with certain features peculiar to the climate and manners of the people. During a summer's residence on the lake, we were present on several of these occasions; but the festa di San Abbondio, the patron of the diocese and City of Como, struck us as most singular and amusing. The interest upon this occasion arose from its accidental connexion with political events. In the summer of 1819, the Emperor had announced his "*beneficent intention*" (*la sua benefica intenzione*) of visiting his Italian dominions, of passing some weeks at Milan, and of sailing down the lake of Como, with the whole imperial court, in a splendour, to which nothing comparable had occurred, in the *fasti* of imperial journeys, since the memorable sail of Cleopatra down the Cydnus. The *Delegato* had received orders to expend some thousands on a barge, which was to surpass that of "*the Serpent of old Nile;*" an order which, in the loyalty of his heart, he considerably exceeded. The Opera-house and Cathedral were put into requisition, and every old woman in the diocese was employed in making paper lanterns to illuminate the town. The Austrian garrison was *caned* and paraded oftener than usual, and fireworks to an immense amount were prepared. Joy was commanded by imperial authority, and "*vivats*" rehearsed, till the police were as hoarse as the cranes they had frightened from their ancient stations. When, lo! just as the

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lanterns, the barge, and the fireworks were ready, the news arrived, that the Emperor and Empress, within fifty miles of Milan, had resolved to proceed no further:—the reception they had received at Venice and Padua, and that which they were taught to expect at Milan, having suddenly cooled their "*benefica intenzione*," they omitted their "*sail of greatness*" down the lake, and returned post to Vienna.

This disappointment plunged the constituted authorities of Como into despair; when it was suggested by the heads of the church to the heads of the state, that what was intended to do honour to the Emperor Francis, might serve the turn of Saint Abbondio, whose festival was approaching; and that the mundane splendours which were expected to bring such multitudes of strangers to Como, and stimulate trade and loyalty together, would still bring grist to the mill, by being converted to holy purposes. Accordingly, the following "*Avviso Sacro*" was printed and circulated through the country, and hung over the gates of the cathedral.

"HOLY ADVERTISEMENT.

"The artificial fireworks which the public (the Municipality) of Como had prepared, to evince its joy on the occasion of the desired arrival of their Royal and Imperial Majesties in this royal city, offer, this year, the means of celebrating in a singular manner, the Festival of Saint Abbondio, patron of the city and diocese of Como. To this effect will contribute the aforementioned fireworks, ceded by the municipal congregation to the pious, who propose, in concert with the authorities, to *set fire* (*in-*

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cendiare) to the *grandiosa macchina*, which represents a Temple, on the evening of the thirty-first of August, the festival of our holy protector; and thus in an extraordinary manner, and to the usual pomp of the cathedral, where with due veneration the service will be solemnized by our Lord the Bishop. Under these fortunate circumstances, all the faithful may partake of the treasure of the Papal *Benediction*, of a plenary indulgence, and at the same time profit by the spectacle of the artificial fireworks.—Como, 14th of August, 1819.

"Printed by Carlantonio Ostinelli, Episcopal Printer."

It is unnecessary to add, that the festival of Saint Abbondio, celebrated with its usual pomp, and adding to the indulgence and remission of thirty years, sins, and the Papal benediction, *the exhibition of fireworks*, was attended by unusual multitudes; and that the pious and the dissipated—those who sought amusement, and those who sought absolution—were alike ardent and punctual in their attentions. The Saint's day was ushered in by all the splendour of Italian skies; the waters were blue and brilliant as the heavens: every steeple sparkled in the sunshine; and every bell tolled, from the shores of the *Chiavenna*, to the Duomo of Como. Not a mountain, not a *paese* in the district, but had yielded up its inhabitants to the festivity of the season: some issued forth upon the lake, in their various holiday garb of bright and gaudy colours, rowing their loaded boat, which sunk deep in the water by its heavy weight; others sailed gallantly, with fluttering canvass and flaunting banners: while the inland votarists came pouring down

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the acclivities of Saint Fermo and Saint Elmo (the women distinguishable afar by their glittering bodkins), all bending their steps to that venerable dome, where glittered in large golden characters—"*Indulgenza Plenaria.*" The day began with a musical mass, at which the Bishop of Como officiated *in pontificalibus;* the whole sumptuous parade of the most sumptuous and most attractive of all religions was exhibited; and the same orchestra which performed the "*Cenerentola,*" at the Opera, the night before, and symphonized the triumphs of the Glass Slipper, now with the exact same strains (the brilliant harmonies of Rossini) accompanied the most solemn and imposing ceremonies of the most holy of mysteries. The rest of the day was filled up with sauntering and feasting, *Pulcinello* and prayers; till, at last, the *benediction-bell* announced the arrival of evening, and the commencement of the long-expected fireworks. Then the crowded boats put out again to the lake, to catch the effect in all its splendour; the shores were covered with eager multitudes, and joyous expectation sat on every face—but, suddenly, the air exhibited those meteoric phenomena portentous of the dreaded *Burasca!*—the forked lightning darted through the atmosphere—the thunder crashed among the mountains—the lake swelled—and the rain fell, as it only falls in Italy, in broad sheets of continuous water. It was in vain that the moment assigned to "*incendiare la grandiosa macchina*" was anticipated, the rain already prevailed; and a few abortive and smoky spirts of fire were all that could be obtained from the cumbrous and complicated machine: imperial crowns refused to lend their lustre to royalty; and loyal devices, like the hole and corner addressers

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of our own country, would not "let their light shine forth before men." The timid boatmen, invoking every saint in the calendar, laboured to gain any port or creek; the drenched crowds on the shore fled to shelter.[1] It was evident that the offerings were not propitiated, and that St. Abbondio did not choose to be the *pis-aller* of unappropriated loyalties. Leaving paper lanterns and fiery temples to

"Low ambition and the pride of Kings,"

the good saint required nothing more than those old legitimate rites, which had been celebrated time immemorial by his pious votarists, at the Duomo, and the wine-house.

It was in vain that the peasantry returned to their homes, blessed by the Pope, and absolved by the Church: the tempest, and the spoiled fireworks, were the sole themes of conversation. Even the saint lost much of his popularity, and received but few invocations as long as the regrets lasted, for pleasures not to be compensated by a plenary indulgence for thirty years.

We first became acquainted with the scenery of the Lake of Como, as the guests of a lady distinguished for her tasteful appreciation of the beauties of nature, and for conversational talents, which we found equally interesting in the seclusions of Como and the most *recherchés* circles of Paris. Our visit to the lake was originally limited to a few days; but, spell-bound by

[1] The storms on the lake are frequent, sudden, and sometimes fatal. These storms, so dreaded by the boatmen, are attributed to the co-operation of the winds, the Tivano and Breva: the first blows north from night-fall to sun-rise; the latter blows from mid-day till evening.

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the scene, we became the tenants of the Villa Fontana; and, we might almost say, the guests, as well as the tenants, of the amiable and excellent family to whom it belonged.

At the extremity of the Borgo Vico, in a vineyard, whose vines dip into the lake, and at a few paces from Pliny's Lime, stands the Villa Fontana. It consists of two white and simple buildings, which may recall to the English traveller, as his boat glides along the lake, an image that he may have supposed peculiar to the order, comfort, and neatness of his own country. One of these little pavilions was occasionally let to any highly recommended foreign visitant, whose admiration of the scene induced him to pause on its beauties; the other roofed all those virtues which are the true and best distinctions of humanity, in whatever class or country they are found: worth, valour, innocence, and domestic affection. To the interesting society afforded us by this family, we had the happiness of uniting that of some very acccomplished English ladies, and the occasional visits of our kind friends from Milan. The good fathers of the college of the *Scuole-pie* allowed us the use of their library, rich in local story; and the Villas Balbianino and Lambertenghi were always hospitably open to us. The mountains of Como, its glens, valleys, and lake, became as

"Daily haunts and ancient neighbourhoods:"—

and when the royal palaces we have seen, the princely saloons we have visited, shall escape from the memory, the months passed in the Villa Fontana will still hold their place, fresh and unfaded, in the white calendar of happy days.

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CHAPTER X.

LOMBARDY.

PAVIA.

Route to Pavia.—Canal.—Binasco.—The Certosa. Pavia.—*Castle, Foundery, Strada Nuova, Bridge of the Ticino.—Palaces.—Towers.*—Petrarch. Churches.—*St. Michael.—Duomo.—San-Pietro in ciel d'oro.*—St. Augustin *and* Boccacio.—Theatre. —University.—*Arrival of Napoleon at Pavia, and Visit to the University.*—Volta.—*Colleges.*—*Caccia, Borromeo, and Ghislieri.*—Society.

The distance from Milan to Pavia, the second imperial city of the Lombardo-Venitian kingdom, is reckoned at twenty miles. The broad and beautiful road cut through a fertile and delicious plain, and sheltered by lofty trees, is almost within constant view of that canal, which, with its tributary irrigations, brings commerce and fertility to the gates of Milan and of Pavia. This great work of inland navigation was first struck out, under the republican government of Milan, in 1179; and the two canals then cut, united Milan with the Ticino and the Adda, and supplied its only deficiency, want of water. To extend and improve these canals, one of the usurping Sforzas sent to Tuscany for that man, whose genius lent

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itself to every art and every science—to Leonardo da Vinci, who, as the first mechanician of his age, was employed in ameliorating their plan, and improving their construction. The painter of the "Jocunda," and of "the Last Supper," surpassed all that had been already done in the canals of the Brenta, near Padua, then deemed the chef-d'œuvre of the day. Under the domination of the Sforzas the works were continued; and it is supposed that the canal from Milan to Pavia was then completed. Many letters of the Duke Galeazzo Maria Sforza, dated 1473, are quoted, which contain orders to the captain of his park (the ranger of the forests of those times), "to continue the canal from Binasco to Pavia, and *not to spare his woods*, but cut down such trees as might be useful in the work." In 1475, he orders his castellan of Binasco "to send boats and barks to Pavia."

Such was the state of the useful arts in Italy, even in the decline of her freedom and prosperity, towards the end of the fifteenth century. As that country submitted to foreign tyranny, all its great works declined with its liberties; and the superb canal of Milan fell into neglect, became choked, and dwindled, a nuisance rather than a benefit; until, losing its pompous title of "*Naviglio grande*," it was called by the peasantry "*Navigliaccio* (the great *nasty* canal).

Under the Spanish government, a feeble attempt was made to restore the canal near Milan; but the enterprise was soon abandoned; and the site of the abortive effort to frame a lock, still bears the expressive name of "*Conca fallata*." Maria Theresa, in her search after popularity, trifled a little with this long-neglected work; but she only cleaned and repaired the canal for two or three miles beyond the gates

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of Milan, and stopped there. The French arrived. In 1805, a decree of the new Italian government directed the completion of the whole line of canal from Milan to Pavia, and thence through the Ticino to the Mediterranean. Another Sforza appeared in Bonaparte, another Leonardo started forth in *Parea*:[1] in a space of time inconceivably short, the intentions of successive ages were nobly and munificently realized; and inland navigation pursued her golden course where tyranny had monopolized the beauties of nature, and where ambition had so often stained the waters of the Ticino with the blood of its vassals.[2]

The half-way post-town between Milan and Pavia, is the ancient and historical bourg and fortress of Binasco. While horses were changing, and some repairs making to the carriage, we visited the fine old

[1] The works constructed under Parea, the chief engineer, do infinite honour to his genius. This gentleman is a native artist; and he is an instance how much great public works, such as this canal, and the route over the Simplon, with its terminating triumphal arch, exceed academies with their prizes and exhibitions, in nurturing and bringing out talent. It is calculated that the construction of this canal, by the irrigations it admits, and the facility of transport it has created, has doubled the value of the land, and has greatly enriched the farmers and landlords of the neighbourhood.—See Pavia dal Marchese Malaspina, 1819.

[2] The plain through which the Naviglio is now turned, was the Windsor Forest of the Dukes of Milan, and consecrated, for fourteen miles round, to their royal sports. "I Duchi di Milano tra Pavia e Binasco formato vi avevano un gran parco da caccia di circa quattordici miglia di giro." Malaspina.—This plain was also the field of that fierce and famous contest between the Germans and the French, when Francis the First was made prisoner to Charles the First, the 24th of February, 1525. Hence he wrote to his mother, "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

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castle, still in wonderful preservation. It retained much of its feudal character, though its fosse was nearly filled up, and its *pont-levis* was down; for it was crowded with armed men, some sentinelled at its gates, others peering from its windows. But the inscription over its entrance of "Caserna," intimating that it was a barrack for the Austrian *gens-d'armerie*, dissipated every fanciful illusion such imagery might have excited.

This castle is illustrated by the memory of the beautiful and unfortunate BEATRICE VISCONTI. Here she was imprisoned by a husband, who feigned jealousy, to get rid of a wife of whom he was weary. Hence she was led to execution, declaring her innocence (which none, not even her husband, doubted) to the last.[1]

A few miles distance from Binasco, and in the midst of that plain, so fatal to the royal Preux of France, where chivalry saw

> "Il meglio della nobiltà
> Di tutta Francia alla campagna estinto."—
> ARIOSTO, Cant. xxxiii. Oct. 52.

stands one of the most interesting and most magnificent of Italian churches and monasteries, the "CERTOSA," or chartreuse of Pavia. This temple, this toy, so vast in extent, so minute in detail, so ponderous and so brilliant, stands apart from the road, and at the extremity of a venerable avenue, deeply secluded within the once sacred precincts of its own ancient walls.

The crimes of those military chiefs, who, at a cer-

[1] Beatrice Lascaris, wife of Philip Maria Visconti. When put to the torture, she was ready to avow any crime imputed to her; but when brought to the scaffold in the public place of Milan, she solemnly declared her innocence, and died avowing it.

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tain period of Italian story, became so formidable to Italian liberty, were frequently accompanied by talents, that almost produced the effect of virtues. The same energy that distinguished them above their fellow-citizens, and gave them a temporary supremacy in moments of exigency, was expended, in times of peace, on public works, whose plan and execution assisted them in getting rid of their superabundant vitality.

The Visconti, the usurping dukes of Milan in the fourteenth century, were eminently distinguished among the "*Signoretti Tirannelli*" of Italy, by the enormity of their private vices, and the splendour of their public endowments. The edifices, however, which they erected, less beneficial than those of their adventurous peasant successors, the Sforzas, were chiefly applicable to the church and state system of the times in which they flourished, and were confined to objects of military and ecclesiastical architecture.

Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Signor of Pavia, by an act of singular treachery, got possession of his uncle's estates in the Milanese; whom he was supposed to have murdered, with two of his sons, in the prison to which he had condemned them. Shortly after this, he was forced upon the Milanese as their Sovereign, by the Imperial power; having obtained from WENCESLAS, King of the Romans, the Dukedom of that lately free Republic.[1] He began to celebrate his usurped reign by public works; and his conscience and his fears suggested citadels and churches. Then rose the fortress of Pavia, and the Duomo of Milan;

[1] 1395.

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and the far-famed Certosa of Pavia, an abbey for Carthusian Monks, was built and endowed for the express purpose of expiating the death of his uncle, or, as the Italian chronicle has it, "*ad espiazione delle sue colpe, e redenzione dell' anima.*" Galeazzo was one of the most *pious* sovereigns of his day. He made pilgrimages to the shrine of the Virgin,[1] at the head of two thousand armed men (his ordinary guard, says the historian); and though such acts of piety were always followed by some terrible crime, yet he was the special favourite of all the Bishops of Lombardy; and when he laid the first stone of the Certosa in 1396, he issued forth from his castle of Pavia, attended by the Bishops of Pavia, of Novara, of Feltre, and of Vicenza, with a body of the principal ecclesiastics of his dominions.

The church and monastery rose with incredible speed, and in unrivalled splendour; and in three years it was sufficiently advanced to receive the prior and twenty-four monks of the order of the *Chartreuse*. The immense estates granted by its founder rendered it one of the richest convents in Italy; and

[1] It was on the occasion of one of these pilgrimages that his uncle Barnabo, coming out to meet him, was seized by his nephew, and dispossessed of his estates. Upon the whole, however, the parties were quits; for Barnabo had previously laid plans to ruin his nephew. The eldest son of John Galeazzo was the Nero of his day: but, having given some of his Milanese subjects to be eaten by the dogs, he was deposed, and put to death. The usurpation of Sforza quickly followed. The daughter of John Galeas married Louis Duke of Orleans, who was, in her right, to succeed to the Dukedom of Milan, in failure of heirs male. Thus arose the pretensions of the House of Valois, and the contests which rendered Italy the grave of the French army.

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a codicil to his will, intimating that the monks should lay by a sum annually for its decoration and improvement, added to its beauty and richness. Successive donations still further increased the wealth of the house; the genius and talent of successive ages contributed to its ultimate perfection, and the cloisters of the Certosa became the *studio* of LUINO, GIACOMO DELLA PORTA, PROCACCINI, SACCHI, GUERCINO, and others of equal note and ability. Although commenced in the fourteenth century, the artists of Italy were still working at it in the eighteenth; yet the labour of four hundred years scarcely accounts for the immensity of its details, its sculptures, its carvings, its statuary, its works in gold, bronze, ivory and ebony, its accumulations of precious stones, of mosaics, of pictures, of frescos, and all the wonders of wealth and art, which go to the perfecting its chapels, its choirs, and its sacristies, its altars, monuments, and mausoleums. Even the LAVATOJO, the washing-room of the monks, is incrusted with basso-relievo, with busts and gems of the most exquisite workmanship; and its magnificent window of stained glass employed for years the genius of Christoforo Matteis, who finished it in 1477.

High in the midst of its silent, solitary, and overpowering magnificence, rises the *mausoleum* of its murderous founder, *Giovan-Galeazzo Visconti*. This superb monument was raised by the monks to the memory of their benefactor, a century after his death; to give a hint, perhaps, to his successors, the Sforzas, to go and do likewise! It was begun by PELLEGRINI in 1490, and was finished by GIACOMO DELLA PORTA in 1562; its arabesque foliage and delicate ornaments were by CHRISTOFORO ROMANO; and the

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whole is of the most precious Parian marble. When, however, all was finished, when the ceremony of removing the mortal remains of the *mighty Visconti* was expected, and when the superb urn, supported by FAME and VICTORY (to image his conquests and immortality), was opened to receive his bones, no one living could tell where those bones rested. His tomb was forgotten; so almost was his existence. His feats were preserved in chronicles, which no one then read; and his memory had no place throughout his vast domains, but in the gratitude of the monks of the Certosa. Yet this Visconti was "*the great captain* of *his* day! Dante! Petrarch! Tasso! Ariosto! how well identified are the resting-places of *your bones!* Looked down upon, as ye might have been, by your military patrons,[1] *how* many foreign steps have tracked the path of pilgrimage to your shrines! and so it will be through ages yet unborn, when the SCALIGERI, the VISCONTI,[2] and the D'ESTI, shall have no place in

[1] When the SCALIGERI of VERONA began to be weary of their illustrious protégé, Dante, whom they had lured to their petty court, one of these Princes asked him tauntingly, in the midst of his circle, "why an amusing buffoon was preferred by persons of rank to such men as himself;" Dante replied, "*Sympathy and similitude beget friendship and preference.*" It is needless to add, he was soon after driven from the court of the *Scaligers*.—See PETRARCH'S RERUM MEMORABILIUM.

[2] *Giovan Visconti*, the founder of the fortunes of that family, voted himself the patron of Petrarch, who for a time lodged in his house. This Visconti was a "great Captain," in the fullest sense of the word. He was *Archbishop of Milan;* and when he affected a temporal power over his fellow-citizens, the Pope Clement VI., frightened by his increasing influence, sent his Nuncio to declare to him, that he must take his choice between the two powers, temporal and spiritual. The Bishop,

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human memory, but such as your works and your stories shall accord them.

From the dazzling splendour of the temple, and all its concomitant buildings, it is gracious to turn to the cloisters of the Certosa, where all is simple, solemn, and stamped with monastic gravity and sequestration. Behind a noble fabric, once occupied by the prior, and reserved for the reception of strangers and pilgrims of rank, are the cloisters, incrusted with tracery and relievos in terra-cotta, and serving as a portico to twenty-four isolated houses. These were the cells of the monks; each cell has two rooms, a little garden, with a fountain and marble seat. A wheel, on the outside, turned to receive their food; for there was no communication between the brethren, except in the church. In one of these cells we remained for near an hour. It was precisely as its last inhabitant had left it, thirty years before. There was something melancholy in the pains he had bestowed in his little garden, of about 30 or 40 feet in circumference: he had painted or otherwise ornamented every stone in the high wall; he had decorated his little fountain till it resembled a child's toy. The walk was a mosaic; and the profusion of flowers, now wild and degenerated, which sprang up amidst the high grass and matted weeds, evinced how much he was thrown upon this sad and circumscribed recess

having most pontifically celebrated the mass before the Nuncio, beckoned him to him, and taking the crucifix in one hand, and a sword in the other, said "Here is my spiritual!—and *here* my temporal power!—Go, and tell the Holy Father, that with one—I shall take care to defend the other."—He was in fact a fierce and valiant warrior—and a most orthodox divine.

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for occupation. There was a fine fig-tree in fruit, in one corner, which he had probably left a *slip*.

The prior's apartments are spacious and princely; and a vast room in the attic, which we found filled with grain, was said to have been the temporary prison of Francis the First, after the memorable battle of Pavia.

One of the first acts of the reforming system of *Joseph the Second*, was the suppression of the *Certosa* of PAVIA. The prior and monks were pensioned off, and obliged to return to that society which they had vowed to abandon for ever. Four priests were appointed to officiate in the church on Sundays and holidays; a sacristan was named to watch over and keep it in order. Except a few pictures removed by the Emperor to Vienna, and a few by the French,[1] the church and convent remain rich and picturesque as in the days of their greatest prosperity.

It was on a mild and beautiful morning in autumn that we visited the Certosa; and when we passed the ponderous and magnificent portals that lead to its vast court, the scene was most impressive. The noble façade of the church, embroidered with tracery and sculpture, the gothic architecture of the buildings, the grass starting between the stones of the pavement,

[1] The *Sagrestia Nuova* contained the best collection of pictures. The French carried off three of great value. In 1798, on the dissolution of the convent, the Prior's library, and all the treasures of his apartments, which were immense, were removed. The French are accused of having stripped off the lead in many parts of the cloisters, etc. etc.; but how, in the heat of conquest, they abstained as they did, is wonderful. The *palio* of any one of the numberless altars, all composed of precious stones, and many inlaid with gems, would constitute the treasure even of a splendid collection.

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the echo of our steps, the solitude, the silence, the air of mingled splendour and desolation, combined to affect deeply the senses and the imagination. Amidst the fragments of a broken shrine stood a rustic cart, half unladen of some new-made hay. A young woman was seated on its shaft suckling a lovely infant: her spindle lay at her feet. Her husband (the *custode*) was at hand, occupied in getting in his little harvest. What a group for the cloisters of the *Certosa!*[1]

The impressions with which we left this fabric were singular, for they included almost a hope, that nothing more interesting might present itself among the objects which remained to be visited. To be more pleased, would have been to be pained!

At the distance of four Italian miles from the Certosa, at the extremity of a noble avenue of trees, and in a plain, called for its fertility "*il giardino Milanese*" (the Milanese garden), rises the imperial city of PAVIA. At the entrance of this "*città di cento torri*" (city of a hundred towers) stands the ancient Castle of the Visconti, magnificent in ruin. One, among its well-preserved, stone-belted windows, was pointed out to us as belonging to Petrarch's chamber. It was covered with wild plants, which hung in flaunting festoons for many feet down. While we gazed on it, a soldier's wife (for all that is habitable in this vener-

[1] A gentleman, still living at Milan, told me, he perfectly remembered the PROCURATORE of the convent driving into Milan on business in a splendid coach and four. These wealthy professors of poverty had estates throughout all Lombardy. Their tenants and farmers used to come by hundreds to settle accounts at the convent; and the brotherhood were the most enlightened agriculturists of Italy, at the period of their dissolution.

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able fabric is an Austrian barrack) hung a shirt to dry over the foliage. The windows of the gallery, where Petrarch undertook to arrange those precious MSS.[1] which the clever despot had collected, were covered with leather belts, and other articles of the mi-

[1] The arrangement of these MSS. which consisted of all that wealth, power, or research could obtain, was a source of great delight to Petrarch, and probably the principal tie between him and Visconti, to whose patronage (be it observed) he sat very loose.

When the army of Francis the First sacked Pavia, the palace of the Visconti, the noblest and the oldest in Italy, was injured beyond repair. Lautrec, the commander-in-chief, had for his share, the gallery and MSS.; every article of which he carried off to France, after having pillaged the city and put the inhabitants to the sword. The French *preux* and legitimate kings were in no degree inferior to the *parvenus* generals and usurpers, in the military art of spoliation. The fact is, that sieges and sackings have, in all ages, been alike bloody and merciless. Let those who were present at the horrors of the peninsular sieges, not perpetrated by enemies but by friends, tell their tale of Badajos and of St. Sebastian. This Field-marshal Lautrec had too much concern in the fate of Italy during the sixteenth century, not to deserve a word *en passant*. He was the principal means of urging his master into those fatal errors, where the only talents *he* possessed, animal courage and military skill, could be available; for, dull and illiterate, in peace he was nothing. Bred in arms from his infancy, his early successes in Italy won him the government of the Milanese. His sole instruments of rule were fear and violence. Haughty, impetuous, cold, and forbidding, he was hated as a man, and detested as a minister. His pride and his impetuosity led him to commit faults extremely injurious to the interests of his King. It was owing to his bad counsels, that Francis the First was driven out of Milan, Pavia, Lodi, Parma, and Piacenza, by an Italian soldier, PROSPERO COLONNA; as Austria afterwards was expelled from the same towns by another military Italian. After the unfortunate affair of the Bicoque, Lautrec never recovered his reputation; and though

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litary toilet, from which the sun was drawing exhalations of pipe-clay.

Opposite to this exquisite specimen of the domestic architecture of the middle ages, stands a modern building of nearly equal extent and importance. This edifice was raised by the French, for the purposes of a foundery for cannon, and for an arsenal. Here immense machines were erected, and most ingenious water-works constructed. Here were schools for the artillery officers and engineers. The number of hands employed in the fabrication of fire-arms and cannon diffused industry and subsistence among the poorer part of the population.[1] This building now lies waste, and the workmen, of course, are thrown upon mendicity, or other sources of existence. The cannon necessary for the defence of Austrian Italy, are now sent ready-made from the military magazines of Vienna; a measure which was, however, a source of some inconvenience; for on their arrival they were *found too small to receive the balls* which were cast by the French, *whose* cannon were of another *calibre* from that of the artillery made under the inspection of the *Aulic Council.*

he continued the prime favourite of his sovereign, whose mistress, the Comtesse Chateaubriand, was this preux's sister, yet he died unpitied and dishonoured, and was buried by the charity of a Spanish nobleman, after the lapse of twenty years from his death.

[1] According to the Marquis Malaspina, the *Fonderia,* with its schools, etc. etc. brought a million of Italian livres to the exchequer of Pavia. "La maggior parte della cui somma (says the Marquis) ridondava a beneficio della città." Near to this arsenal, the late government laid out a beautiful public walk, or corso, for the inhabitants, on the spot formerly covered with the ruins of the citadel. It is planted with four rows of trees, and a quantity of fine shrubs.

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The main street of Pavia, the *Strada Nuova*, is entered by a superb gate of Grecian architecture, raised by the late Italian government, under the Prince Eugene Beauharnais, and called *Porta San Vito*. This street is terminated by the Porta del Ponte Ticino. Neither of these gates were finished in 1819. But though the inhabitants owe them to the ex-government, the *municipal* courtiers of this always very German city, have made them a *present* to the[1] "Nostro Augusto Sovrano" of the day!

In the Strada Nuova, are the principal palaces of the Pavian nobility, who were described to us, by one of the cleverest members of that ancient body, as being "*Spagnuolosissimi*"—the term employed in this part of Italy, for expressing *ultra-ism*, or intimating a party full of the old Spanish prejudices, and devoted to the descendants and representatives of *Charles the Fifth*. In Naples, on the contrary, to be *Spagnuolosissimi* at the *present moment* would have another and a very different meaning.

The palaces in this street are mouldering and dismantled; and are mingled with shops, churches, colleges, cafés, theatres, and hospitals. In the morning, this long but not spacious avenue (though the centre of the city, and indeed the city itself, for the lateral streets are few and inferior), is still lifeless; and exhibits but little of the bustle of trade, which, we were assured, was ruined under the late changes. In the evening, the Strada Nuova is the Corso, not

[1] There are no less than four inscriptions on the gate leading to Milan, each contending with the other for the palm of servility and falsehood. They now stand open on the page before me: but I will not give currency to unmerited eulogy, equally disgraceful to the master and the slave.

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only for the few old carriages with the few old nobles who occupy them, but the lounge of all the young students of the University, whom we at first took for military *à demi-solde*. Nothing, indeed, can be more military than their air and step, set off by spruce large cocked hats; for the University of Pavia has not yet resumed the monkish frock, and the youths have still the air of the élèves of the polytechnic schools of Paris. Mixed with the carriages of the nobles, are the pedestrians of all classes and ages, all coming forth "*per pigliar il fresco*," as they call swallowing dust, and perspiring between rows of heated walls, which render the street an oven. Meantime the Austrian officers lounge on benches under the extended awnings of the cafés, smoke their cigars in the faces of the passengers, and talk German.

The Strada Nuova terminates the length of the city at the gate and bridge of the Ticino. This bridge is one of the most curious objects in Italy, and one of the most striking monuments of the energy and activity of the Italians of the middle age, in all works of public utility. It was raised in 1351, when Giovanni di Mandello was *Podesta* of Pavia. It is three hundred feet long, by twelve wide; and is covered by a curious roof, supported by a hundred columns of granite. When we saw the *Ponte del Ticino*, it was crowded with little oratories and temporary chapels, mostly consecrated to the Virgin, but raised equally for exciting piety and extorting charity; as each shrine was guarded by a very noisy solicitor, in a pilgrim's habit, demanding "*carità*" in the name of the Madonna, and of all the saints who had, since the Restoration, taken the bridge under their special protection. A curious circumstance was,

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that, while one end of the Ponte del Ticino was guarded by Austrian soldiers, doganieri, police, etc. etc. etc., the other was protected by the forces of his Sardinian Majesty; the Ticino being the actual limit between the legitimate possessions of these respective autocrats. How long it will please Heaven to preserve this partition of its "*divine grace*," seems at present very doubtful. For though Genoa was despoiled of its independence, to round off the territories of the gaoler of the Alps, and enable him to make head against the possible French jacobins of a future epoch; yet we are told, that his Imperial Majesty has a *penchant* for Alessandria and the adjoining country up to the Bocchetta, which probably may not long remain unsatisfied.

From the main street of Pavia, others of greater antiquity branch off at right angles, where all is sad, desolate, and silent; some terminate in *piazze* or squares, opening before vast and cumbrous palaces, with windows half sashed, doors hanging from their hinges, balconies mouldering over beautiful but falling porticos, and the grass shooting up every where between the pavement. In one of these by-streets are shewn the sites of the Imperial palace, when Pavia was a royal capital. This was a palace of *Theodoric*, often cited in the story of various barbarous invasions. It was standing in all its gothic grandeur in the eleventh century, when a popular insurrection against the tyranny of the Emperor *Henry the Second* levelled it to the ground.

Of the extraordinary edifices, which gave to Pavia the name of "*città delle cento torri*," the number now is considerably diminished. Of those that still remain, one is most fearfully attached to the *Casa*

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Belcrede, and has an elevation of fifty-six metres; another belongs to the Casa Maino—and both are considered as marks of great distinction and nobility. The original intention of these turrets was internal defence, before gunpowder or artillery were known. But this primitive design soon degenerated into a spirit of rivalry and ambition, and a tower adjoining to a nobleman's house became a necessary appendage to his grandeur—a distinctive proof of his rank and consequence;—in a word, they became the landmarks of the most puerile vanity. In one of these towers (now no more), in the time of Theodoric King of the Goths, the celebrated *Boethius* was shut up, and there he composed his treatise "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ.*" The tower, as long as it existed, bore his name. On the site where it stood, now stands the *Casa Malaspina*, whose very enlightened lord has placed at the entrance to his palace a marble monument and bust of the illustrious philosopher, with an appropriate inscription, by the Abbé Morcelli. It is well known that the Roman Consul only left this tower to be executed on the space near the church of *St. Peter in ciel d'oro.*

Another of these towers, now fortunately laid low, was called "*Torre del Pizzo in Giù*," from its being a reversed pyramid. It is only worth mentioning, as a proof of the perversion of taste in the age in which it was erected. This tower stood on its *apex*, near the Casa Olivano. *Difficulty*, not *beauty*, was then the reigning *gusto* in Pavian architecture.

There was in the neighbourhood of the Casa Malaspina, another edifice of another age and interest: the house of a private citizen—Francesco da Brossano, the son-in-law of Petrarch, the husband of his fair

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and much-loved daughter. Here Petrarch resided with them, in his visits to Pavia, more frequently than at the Ducal Castle of the Visconti. Here he was wont to fondle his little grandson, whose death cost him so many tears, and whose epitaph he composed, with a simplicity which proved how little the Muses were called in to assist at the composition.[1] Petrarch, as a domestic character, a father and a grandfather, comes forth in a new phasis, and excites other feelings than as the lover of Laura, and the crowned laureate of the Capitol! But *in all* his relations he seems to have been perfect.[2]

To commemorate his residence on this spot, the Marchese Malaspina has raised a monument and an inscription, opposite to that dedicated to Boethius. This monument is erected precisely before the spot where the house of Francesco di Brossano stood.[3]

What renders the architecture of Pavia interesting to the common and historical observer, is precisely

[1] "*Franciscus de Brossano, Mediolanensis,*
Infans pulcher et innocens, jacet hic."

This "*innocent and lovely child,*" as his immortal grandfather terms him, was buried in the little parish church of San Zeno, which long since was reduced to ruins; but the inscription, with some other sepulchral monuments, was found strewn among less precious fragments. The inscription is in gothic characters.

[2] In none more than in his ardent, lasting friendship for *Boccaccio*. There is something extremely tender in his remembrance of him in his will, where he bequeaths a sum of fifty golden florins, to buy him "*a warm winter gown, to pursue his nightly lucubrations in;*" well knowing Boccaccio's carelessness, and thus providing with posthumous vigilance for his comforts. It is delightful to render to genius all the *virtues* of which dulness would deprive it.

[3] Brossano was agent to the Malaspina family.

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what must make it faulty in the eyes of fastidious *virtù*—namely, that it is chiefly in that semi-barbarous style, called by the Italians Longobardesco. This style is indeed barbarous, and often grotesque; but it illustrates the precise point to which civilization had reached in those "*bold, bad days*," and shews the progress of the arts through all the difficulties which retarded their perfection.

Of the forty-six wealthy convents, which existed in Pavia, in the middle of the last century, not one was in being under the *French-Italian* government. Joseph the Second suppressed many; and the government of the kingdom of Italy put down the few that remained. The churches; however, though half shut up and unfit for service, were seldom absolutely destroyed.—Near the site of the palace of the Lombard Kings, stands the ancient Basilicum of Saint Michael. History asserts it to be contemporary with the grim King, GRIMOALDI, of the sixth century. This edifice is then (as a Pavian gentleman said to us), "LONGOBARDESCHISSIMO." Contrary, however, to the Lombard *manner*, it is not built in *pietra-cotta*, but in marble. Its curious and ponderous façade is covered with basreliefs that are of infinite value, for the manners they record. In one compartment, the angel Gabriel, a most dolorous figure, with a face as long as if he belonged to the house of Austria, is playing the fiddle (a curious fact for musical antiquarians). In another there is a representation of the Annunciation, which savours of the Arianism at that time predominant among the Lombards. The angelic messenger is seen presenting a large full-grown *bambino* to the *Virgin Mary*, who smiles most terribly upon him. Every where monsters the most strangely deformed (the

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probable remnants of Odin's mythology, then on *demi-solde*), obtrude themselves among Christian Seraphim and Cherubim; and the divinities of various theologies m ingle with a toleration that savours of the unfixedness of opinions in that age. With this barbarous architecture are combined some fine arches of pure Gothic, introduced at a later period into Italy, and called by the Italians, when thus employed, "*stilo misto*."

The dark, dank entrance, or portico, of this very ancient building, is painted in fresco, in forms so terrible, as greatly to add to its awful gloom. Here are the large grinning, staring figures of Doctors, Saints, and Madonnas, which were well fitted to be the idols of the dark unsettled faith of times, in which not one ray of the light of Christianity seems to have penetrated, though every crime was sacrilegiously committed in its hallowed name. The idols of the South Sea Islanders are *Greek deities*, when compared for beauty to these *Gogs* and *Magogs*, these Molochs of the Church! The frescos of St. Michael are by Andrino D'Edesia, a contemporary of Giotto's; though one might well suppose them coeval with the church's foundation. The interior of this temple is equally gloomy, and almost as barbarous, as the exterior. There is one spot curiously paved with ancient mosaic, where, it is said, the Lombard Kings were crowned, when Pavia, the grave of two dynasties, was the capital and royal city of the Kingdom of Italy.

The Cathedral of Pavia is a vast and ugly edifice, begun under the episcopal sway of Cardinal Visconti, brother to the then reigning Duke of Milan, Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, in the fifteenth century. I have

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nothing to recall it to my recollection except that we visited it on the feast of the Rosary ;—and that, as I knelt down to read an inscription near the *high altar*, an old lady, jumping off her knees, approached, and seizing me by the arms, carried me off to another shrine, where, forcing me down on my knees, she exclaimed, " *Ecco, l'altare del Rosario*," intimating that there was but *one* altar in the church on that day, where prayers could be offered with efficacy.

The Church of San Pietro in ciel d'oro, though suppressed by the Emperor Joseph the Second, contained the tomb of Boethius, and the body of the beatific doctor, Saint Augustin, the greatest sinner and greatest saint (*comme de raison*) of his age :—at least history asserts that King Luitprand had his precious remains conveyed there from Africa ; but Mr. Eustace chills the piety and reverence with which it would naturally be approached, by his fears, that, " instead of the dust of the *Christian Plato*, the tribute we wish to offer to virtue and wisdom should be erroneously paid to the putrid dust of some Northern invader, or half-savage Lombard." This would be a mistake ! !—but the sentiment would be the same, and, no doubt, equally acceptable to the saint. With this conviction, I approached the spot where the tomb of alabaster raised to St. Augustin (as Mr. Eustace informs the reader) stood. But he must have seen the church of San Pietro, as he did the *Certosa*, " in the dusk of the evening," or he would have perceived that it is a mass of ruins, and that no such tomb is there to be found. This monument, a most curious specimen of the sculpture of the fourteenth century, and containing three hundred figures, was, on the suppression of the church, removed, with its contents,

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to the cathedral, where, however, it has not yet been erected.[1]

But San Pietro in Ciel d'oro has another interest to lead the traveller to its ruined aisles, besides the *arco* of St. Augustin. It is the scene of one of the pleasant adventures of Boccaccio's Pavese hero, "Messer Torrello d'Istria di Pavia;" and the lovers of Boccaccio in Pavia, numerous there as throughout Italy, point out the spot where they suppose that humorous and most philosophical genius to have placed the sumptuous bed of Torello, where he was found by the Monks, the victim or rather the *protégé* of necromancy.[2]

[1] There is but one sure mode of getting at the truth of topographical history in Italy; and that is by reading Italian statistics by native writers, the most pains-taking and accurate of collectors. One of the sources of Mr. Eustace's error seems to have been resorting too exclusively to French travellers, such as Lalande, Monsieur Richard, etc. etc. The former he has nearly literally translated for all that respects the middle ages, and he has also made use of much of his classical quotation. The Italians very generally decry the French travellers, who, they assert, never know, or at least never *speak* their language; and against poor Lalande they are very inveterate. They say (and a lady of the Casa Litta at Milan, where Lalande was best received, assured me of the fact) that he was so credulous, that his *valet de place* made him believe what he pleased; and they quote with triumph his florid description of the beautiful aloe growing in the garden of the Ambrosiana. This we saw just as blooming as when Lalande saw it forty years ago; for it had recently got a new coat of paint;—being made of tin. After the first edition, Lalande cancelled this description, on a hint from a friend.

[2] Boccaccio, of all the "*trecentisti*," is the most read in Italy. The edition in circulation for youth and for female readers, is purified from all which the manners of the pre-

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THE Church in Italy is naturally succeeded in the mind by the Theatre:—as they are both equally political levers, by which despotism has long worked its wheels, so they equally engross the time and attention of the people; and they usually go together, among the sight-seeing duties imposed upon the curious stranger. Our residence at Pavia was necessarily so short, and there was so much to see in the ancient *Insubrian* capital, that we had not any intention of going to the play; and we should have missed seeing one of the most curious, if not one of the finest theatres in Europe, but for the kind attention of Professor R—, who seduced us by the offer of his box, and his society, the night before our departure. In the morning we had been struck by the light, gaudy, brilliant church of *Saint Francis*, which might well pass for a court theatre: in the evening we were still more surprised by the appearance of a theatre, which had so much the air of a church, that until the rising of the curtain we could scarcely believe we had not come to a vesper service, instead of a comedy. The whole of the interior of this theatre is of dark marble;

sent day consider offensive. One of the causes of this popularity is the boldness of Boccaccio's attacks on the Church, when he wrote at the height of its corruption and power. The Italians consider him as a patriot and a philosopher, and his impurities are regarded with the same indulgence which Englishmen bestow on the similar faults of Chaucer and Shakspeare. Such faults are alone unpardonable in the polished writers of an age like that of Charles the Second. In earlier epochs they were symptoms merely of rudeness; but in refined and civilized times, they are decisive proofs of corruption,—evidences of a state of morals and of taste alike vitiated and depraved. The descriptions of Boccaccio are supposed to have been of facts: those of Charles's favourites were the offspring of impure imaginations.

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the designs and ornaments are all architectural. Immense marble columns support ponderous arches. The boxes are pews, the avenues are aisles, the pit is the nave, and the stage the choir. But never did walls so gloomy echo to merriment so broad, as that which we witnessed in the melancholy marble theatre of Pavia. The play was one of FEDERICI's sentimental comedies—"*L'orfanello;*" and the orphan was played by a little girl, who, like all Italian children, before time and bad education have spoiled them, was graceful, intelligent, vivacious, and a charming pantomimist. But it was the *farce*—which, had it even been played among the gothic tombs of St. Michael, might have

"*Waked wild laughter in the throat of death*"—

It was the farce, that was the object of the evening's attraction. The bill announced it as "*Le Trenta e tre disgrazie di Menichino*," "*The thirty-three disasters of Menichino.*" MENICHINO—the abbreviation of *Dominichino*, is the original of the *French Jocris*. From Molière down to the writers of the *Port*[1] *St.*

[1] Whatever *Molière* borrowed of Italian farce and imbroglio, he paid back in sterling wit and sound philosophy—the philosophy of living nature. But it must be remembered, that before, *long before* Molière's day, the "CALANDRIA," the "MANDRAGORA," the comedies of Ariosto, Lasca, Bentivoglio, etc. etc. were written. Then came English comedy, rich above all in genuine wit and humour—the Falstaff of Shakspeare, and the Bobadil of Ben Jonson. France was the *last* to contribute to the gay impulsion; and the French (beyond all doubt the *gravest* people of Europe) might have still continued to borrow from the *Commedia dell' Arte*, and to have laughed, as they had long done, at the expense of the *Pantalone*, *Brighella*, and *Il Dottore*, of Italy, had not a genius like MOLIERE arisen, to give them a comic drama of their own.

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Martin, much of the broad comedy in France is borrowed from the ancient Italian comedy, or *Commedia dell' Arte;* and many a laugh is still enjoyed at the theatres of Paris, due to the eminently farcical humour of Italian comedy.

The "Blunders of *Menichino*" have been played traditionally in Italy, under various titles, for a century back; and yet the great variety of humorous acting, thrown in by the actor *de son chef*, renders the jokes always new, and the mistakes of the hero always risible. The *Menichino* who performed at *Pavia*, was the BRUNET of *Lombardy;* which suffi-

The voluminous "*Theatre Italien de Gherardi,*" (plays written partly in French, partly in Italian, and performed for more than a century, both in the city and the court,) proves the fact. The French *literati*, however, and above all the *academicians*, could never forgive the weight of obligation due to the original genius of the Italians; and from the middle of the 17th century, when the Italian language (so deeply studied by the *Regniers*, the *Desmarais*, and the *Menage*), began to decline in France, Italian literature was pursued with a virulence, only equal to the ignorance by which it was accompanied. The most violent criticisms against the poets of Italy, have proceeded from the pens of Boileau, Marmontel, Chamfort, and La Harpe; but it is notorious, that with the exception of a smattering of Italian possessed by Boileau, not one of these writers understood or could read the language. La Harpe is accused of having judged the *Mandragora* of *Machiavelli*, from a translation in J. B. Rousseau's works; and one of the profoundest Italian scholars of this age * (not a native Italian) has declared the judgments of all to be "*false* and *absurd.*" The fact is, Marmontel copied the old Abbé d'Aubignac; Chamfort ** copied Marmontel; and they all criticised Ariosto, Tasso, and Machiavel, as they did Shakspeare, from translations, and at second-hand.

* Ginguené.

** In his Eloge de Molière.

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ciently makes his eulogium, whatever may be his comic merit. During the representation there was no time for applause; not a hand was raised; the reiterated shouts of laughing left no pause for any other exhibition of approval. I blush to say, that after the reproofs which French *ultra-criticism* has heaped on my plebeian judgment, for preferring the "*Vaudeville*" to the "*Français*," and Molière to Racine, that I continued still but *too* true to my vulgar vocation, and that the laughter from our box was so unrestrained, as to attract the notice of a *crocchio* of the high and mighty nobility of Pavia in the *next pew*, who could not have laughed at MENICHINO, on pain of *Leze Noblesse*, and who accounted to themselves for the quietude of the aristocratic *tier* being thus disturbed, by a shrug and an observation that "*ci sono forestieri*," (they are foreigners).

This *monastic* theatre was built in 1773, by four patrician families of Pavia, on a mercantile speculation (a thing to which the Italian patricians are rarely averse), as an inscription on the façade intimates. It is but poorly supported, and with the exception of *Menichino*, and the charming little actress of ten years old, the company was miserable; while poverty herself seemed to have provided the wardrobe, which was literally made up of "*shreds and patches.*"

THE UNIVERSITY OF PAVIA is one of the oldest and most celebrated of Europe. To its ancient splendour and reputation, the city it ennobles owes its title of the *Insubrian Athens.* Its antiquity and importance have the testimony of the formal and imperial diploma of Charles the Fourth, 1361, which the city, justly vain of its academic superiority, demanded in the time of Galeazzo Visconti the Second, then Vicar-

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general of Italy. To Pavia, through the long course of the middle ages, all the learned of Europe came occasionally, to *break a lance* in the lists of controversy. Here came wrestlers in metaphysics, and gladiators in polemics, from all parts of France and Italy; and the *Alciati* and *Baldus's* drew disciples to their schools, from the most opposite quarters of the world. At one period, in the time of the learned *Giasone Maino*, Pavia contained *three thousand students;* but it declined in numbers and reputation, like every thing else in Italy, under the Spanish and Austrian influence; until, towards the end of the eighteenth century (not forty years back), it was so fallen, that even its former reputation was almost forgotten; and this splendid establishment, so noted even in the fourteenth century, was without a library, a museum, collections, or any means of affording assistance to science, or public education. The wise and excellent *Count Firmian*, Minister Plenipotentiary in Lombardy, was the first, after a lapse of time, to give some attention to an institution, once the glory of northern Italy; and with the assistance of such illustrious foreigners, and natives, as *Boscovich*, *Spallanzani*, *Tissot*, *Frank*, *Volta*, *Scarpa*, etc. etc. he restored to the University much of its ancient consequence, and laid the foundation of a new and brilliant reputation. But much was left to be done; and *this much* was splendidly effected under the revolutionary changes of Italy, by native professors, and a native government.

When Bonaparte became Emperor, he visited Pavia (1805) on his way to his coronation at Milan. The pomp of this journey, and the manner of his reception in the capital of Lombard Kings, left far behind

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the recorded visitations of Charlemagne and Charles the Fifth, the one, like Napoleon, a usurper, the other, as he was, a conqueror. The loyal city of Pavia rent the air with "*Vivats*" of congratulation; and people of *all* ranks came to meet this Cæsar of the day, as his imperial barge was wafted by jacobin winds, down the classic waves of the Po. "Yesterday," says the COURIER, or *Morning Post* of those times, "(Pavia, 7th May, 1805) arrived at *Mezzana corti*, by the Po, their Royal and Imperial Majesties. An elegant *Buccentoro* transported them, with their suite, to our shores. A crowd of Pavese, Milanese, etc. etc. covered those shores. Every eye was directed to the bark which contained the new monarch and his august consort (Josephine). Scarcely had the Emperor and King placed his foot ('*pose il piede*') on the Italian soil, by him twice conquered, redeemed, and raised to higher destinies, when the cannons fired a salute, to which the 'Vivats' of the spectators replied. The *august* name of Napoleon ran from lip to lip, and every heart pledged him its fidelity and submission."[1] —Then came prefects, and corporate bodies, from all the departments, to do homage to this sovereign (as to any other Heaven might send them; for corporate bodies are every where the same, from the Po to the Thames[2]); and lastly, *Pavia* was brilliantly illuminated

[1] I copy this from the Journals of the day, which, with other curious documents of the same temporary and local interest, were collected for us during our most pleasant residence in Lombardy.

[2] "*Corporate bodies have no soul*," says Lord Coke. This is lucky; for it is clear they have *no conscience*; and their ready services to *God* or *Mammon* are consequently without penalty, though not without reward.

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to receive her new Theodoric; and she appointed for his body guard, the *élite* of her population.

The first visit of Napoleon was to the University. The rector, at the head of its members, received and harangued him at the gates, terminating his oration with the following words: "Da Carlo il Grande ebbe questo celebre Archiginnasio li suoi primi principj; da Napoleone il Grande abbia la perfetta sua gloria ed eterna stabilità!!!"—"Charles the Great (Charlemagne) laid the first foundations of this University; may Napoleon the Great give it the completion of its glory, and an eternal stability!!!"

But though Napoleon was as fond of *ordering* addresses *to be got up*, as if he were a legitimate, he rarely had the patience to hear them out without some evident symptom of *ennui*, which the *bienséance* of true royalty never exhibits; and he is said to have scarcely permitted the eloquent *Rettore* to conclude his oratorical *éloge*, when, rushing by the learned corps, he left the *farcical representation* of "*Emperor* and *King*" at the gates of the college, and, with his natural vivacity, petulance, and curiosity, ran from class-room to class-room, while his splendid military suite "*toiled after him in vain.*" Even the attendant professors found his celerity of movement and inquiry too much; and could scarcely find time, or *breath*, to follow and answer him. "*Che scuola è questa?*"—he asked of the first *school* he entered. It was the class of metaphysics, of his detested *ideology!* He sneered and took snuff; then turning to one of the boys, he asked *Qual è la differenza fra* LA SOMIGLIA *e la morte?*" meaning thereby, "What is the difference between *sleep* and death?" This naturalization of the French word "*sommeil*" was too

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much for the boy; and he turned for assistance to his learned master, who was as much at a loss as his pupil to comprehend the mystery of these royal metaphysics. The case, however, was urgent: for a professor to confess ignorance would never do; but not to understand the Emperor was worse still; so down he plunged into a mortal disquisition on death, till Napoleon, perceiving he was not understood, and that the metaphysician was talking *nonsense* on a nonsensical subject, turned from him petulantly, uttering the word "*Bêtise!*" too well pronounced to be misunderstood by any present!—He then hurried to another class-room, with his usual question of "Che Scuola!" etc. etc. It was the class of his favourite *mathematics*, and his eyes sparkled at the intelligence! He looked round him for a moment with great satisfaction, then snatching a book from one of the young students' hands, he gave him a problem to work. When the boy had finished the task assigned him by the Imperial mathematician, his Majesty looked it over, and said, "*Non è così.*" "You are wrong." The boy boldly persisted that it was "*così*," and that he was right.[1] Napoleon snatched the book and pencil out of his hand; and the master coming in to the Emperor's assistance, endeavoured to convince him his pupil was not mistaken; to the infinite (*and not concealed*) satisfaction of the rest of the class. The Emperor then took the slate; and, while Marshal Jourdain and others stood yawning behind him, he began to work the problem himself; till, self-convinced of his error, he returned the slate, with a "*Sì sì è bene;*" but with

[1] This "*boy*" is now one of the noblest patriots in Italy. I had the anecdote confirmed from his own lips.

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the sulky air of a school-boy, who had lost his place at the head of his class. He then proceeded to another school:—it was the school of *Volta*, the *Newton* of *Electricity!* Napoleon ran up to him with open arms, and begged his class might be drawn out. To every proof of their extraordinary progress, the Emperor clapped the venerable professor familiarly on the shoulder, exclaiming, "*Bravo, Volta! bravo! vous êtes digne d'élever la jeunesse!*" "You are worthy to bring up youth." It was in this class, that the Emperor perceiving a little boy gazing on him with all the fearless curiosity of childhood, took him by the hand, and asked his name. The animated countenance and ready answers of the boy pleased him; he wrote down his name in his tablets. Shortly after he sent for the lad to Milan; and until his own fortunes fell, he never lost sight of him. This youth became one of the most distinguished officers in the Italian service. The University of Pavia was an object of munificent protection to the new government of the Kingdom of Italy, and the imperial visit of "*Napoleon il grande*" was not among the least causes of its aggrandizement.[1]

As a building, the exterior of the University is remarkable for its elegant simplicity: its courts and colonnades are antiquated, and have a cloistral air that suits well with the whole. Its porticos are spacious; and are incrusted with monuments, raised to the honour of the most illustrious of its deceased members. While we stood under their shade, talking to some of the present professors, there was a

[1] The professorship confers nobility. The professors all take the title of Don, and have several privileges.

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sudden rush forth of the students, on the breaking up of their classes. As they passed along, some were pointed out to us as belonging to far distant regions! There were several young *Greeks*, who had come to study medicine; one *Brasilian*, and two young *Irishmen*. One of the professors pointed them out in the words of Tasso,—"*Dell' ultima Irlanda.*" They bounded on in all that spirit and spring of youth, the blessed attributes of that season of life in all regions. They were immediately followed by *one* who excited a far different interest—by one who, probably, like them, had often sprung along these venerable cloisters, ere the animal vivacity inseparable from genius, had exhausted its force in nocturnal studies, or spent its activity in the heated atmosphere of a laboratory. It was VOLTA! the young men stood bare-headed as he passed slowly on, and returned his cordial salute with profound bows. He approached our group; and we had the honour of being presented to him by the Professor Confiliacchi, without waiting for the form of delivering our letters of introduction. VOLTA, notwithstanding his great age, has retained not only many of his highest faculties unimpaired, but, in the brightness of his eye, and vivacity of his manner, evinces by what struggles time and infirmity succeed in quenching the fires of a superior nature. In Volta, they will probably expire with life alone.[1]

THE MUSEUMS, or Cabinets of the University of

[1] The Professor Volta is the oldest member, save *one*, of the University; and that is the venerable and celebrated Abate Tamburini, who is now approaching his ninetieth year. Having not long since given a new edition of a work supposed to savour of Jansenism, he has been excommunicated by the Pope, as well as his printer *Farrari*; but papal thunderbolts now fall innoxious!

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Pavia, are numerous and rich. The cabinet of Natural History is magnificent.[1] The gallery of animals is near two hundred feet long, and the subjects are raised in successive tiers or stages along the walls; an elephant, and some other of the larger races, occupy the centre of the room. The library was founded in the last years of *Maria Theresa's* reign, under Count Firmian; but it owes its principal wealth to *Joseph the Second*, and to the additions made to it by the Italian government. To the activity and liberality of this government, the University is also indebted for its fine botanical garden, the hot-houses, and a collection of exotics from New Holland—all novelties to the Italian botanists! This garden has already enlisted the Muse of Lombardy in its favour; and the "*Invito a Lesbia Cidonia*," a poetical description of the *Orti Botanici*, has been published by the late *Abate Mascherone*, the *Darwin of Pavia!!!*

Of the many colleges which were formerly attached to the University of Pavia, three only, I believe, now remain; namely, the Collegio Caccia, Borromeo, and Ghislieri. The former, founded by a noble family of Novara, receives onlythe youth of that city; the second, endowed and supported by the family Borromeo, educates and provides for thirty-two students; and both are proofs of the liberal and patriotic feelings, and public spirit, of the old mercantile nobility of Lombardy. The third was a papal foundation, and is due to the munificence of *Pope Pius the Fifth*, of the family of Ghislieri of Pavia. The patronage

[1] See Appendix, on Italian Medicine and Universities.

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of this college passed to the Austrian government under *Maria Theresa.* The *French-Italian* government converted it into a military college, with schools for drawing, tactics, mathematics, etc. etc.; but on the return of the Austrians, these schools were dissolved.[1]

When we visited this building, the gentleman who accompanied us, took particular pains to shew us the vast and noble wing which the French had built, and which was now shut up. The drawing-desks, and other accommodations for the pupils, still remain. The edifice was dreary and silent, and the paved square, in the centre of which rises a colossal bronze statue of Pius the Fifth, was moss-grown and untrodden.

The Collegio Borromeo is a stately and venerable edifice, stamped with a character of ponderous and antique magnificence, that belonged to the public spirit of the day in which it was raised; when all that was done for the public was so noble, and all that belonged to the citizen was so simple. This edifice is approached by a steep flight of steps, leading to vast and heavy portals, which open into a spacious court. The court is surrounded by a colonnade, or portico, supported by double rows of marble columns. Another colonnade rises above the first, and is called *le logge;* behind this range are the rooms of the students. There was a sombre sumptuousness in this gothic pile, extremely impressive. It looked like a royal monastery!—a retreat for monkish emperors, who, like Charles the Fifth,

[1] The inscription on the front of Ghislieri is,

"God (Pope Pius) began it;
Cæsar (the present Emperor) finished it."

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exchange the sceptre for the cowl, and carry much of their imperial pomp to the seclusion of the cloister.

While we stood looking on the whole imposing mass, from the Logge, we were joined by the RETTORE or Provost, to whom we were presented by one of the Professors of the University. As this scholastic chief approached, stately in step, lofty in figure, dignified in mien, with the slanting light brightening his uncovered head, and his full black robe flaunting on the air, it was impossible to conceive a more picturesque representation of collegiate dignity. Such might have been the first *Rettore*, appointed by the founder; and every word and motion was consistent with his high vocation. A voice deep and loud—a manner decided and dictatorial—intimated one accustomed to rule and to instruct. He was a monk of the *Oblati*, an order particularly fashionable at present with the old nobles of Lombardy, though not formally restored. But he was also a gentleman of high birth; and blended with the dignity of the *Rettore*, all the courtesy of a man of the world. He insisted on shewing us the whole vast establishment himself, from his own apartments to the rooms [1] of the students; and the details and anecdotes

[1] These were spacious, exceedingly clean and fresh. The open casements were filled with geraniums, roses, and myrtles, but all contained a book-case (the books were religious or scientific), a small white bed, with a *prie-Dieu*, crucifix, and a vase of holy water. At the head of the bed generally hung the picture of the patron saint.--We intruded upon the Sub-Rettore, a venerable looking man, seated at an old table covered with ponderous volumes. The depth of lights and shadows, his figure, countenance, and studious air, were in *Rembrandt's finest style*. The finest pictures in Italy are its living groups.

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into which he entered, relative to the institution, were quite as interesting as the objects which gave rise to them.

The most remarkable apartment in the Borromeo is the *Gran Sala*, where the degrees are conferred. Its distinction is its splendid, its beautiful frescos, representing (as the Rettore told us) "*la vita e le geste di San Carlo fondatore*" ("the life and feats of St. Charles the founder"). These are principally by *Federico Zucchiro*, an artist as interesting by his life, as admirable for his genius. *Zucchiro* ranks high among the "*Pittori frescanti;*" and the walls of the Borromeo gallery are covered with his *chefs-d'œuvre* in this art.

One of the first representations is the *infant saint*, in the arms of his handsome nurse, surrounded by his family—all portraits! Among the most striking of the figures which fill up this group is Zucchiro himself (for it was then a prevailing fashion for eminent painters to bequeath themselves in this manner to posterity): the date of this fresco is 1604.—St. Charles in the desert follows. This desert was evidently a copy of the delicious woods of Como, and such was the vivid freshness of foliage, that it deceived the imagination, and seemed to cool the room, which, though spacious and empty, was insupportably hot.

The Pope conferring the Cardinal's hat on *Charles Borromeo*, represented images which I afterwards so often witnessed at Rome—particularly the Swiss guards, dressed now as they then were, and doing the same duty.—The frescos continue to follow St. Charles from the *cradle* to the *tomb*. The last is his death-bed scene, finely and affectingly executed. Of these superb pictures not a line is effaced, not a tint faded.

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The variegated richness of the arabesques, the deep blue of the ultramarine, all are still vigorous and brilliant, as was the genius to which they owe their splendid combinations. A part of them were by *Cesare Nebbia*. The architect of the *Collegio Borromeo* was the arduous *Pellegrino Pellegrini*, who has so largely contributed to the monastic and ecclesiastical architecture of Lombardy.

THERE is no private society in Pavia; the corso, the opera, the church, include all the occupation and amusement of its inhabitants. Its great attraction is its University; and the youth who compose it, like the students of Turin and Bologna, all belong to *Europe* and the age, in spite of the numerous inscriptions lately fixed up on the walls of their colleges, to recall them to the fealty and faith which bound their ancestors in the leaden chains of Austria.

Since Pavia ceased to be a royal and imperial capital, it has gradually sunk into subordination to the city of Milan, and is to that city what Padua is to Venice, and Pisa to Florence—the *reverse of the medal!* Like all the lesser towns of Italy (*Bologna* excepted), it is the refuge of such ancient prejudice as still survives; and, to a certain extent, it is devoted *to the high existing* powers of the day; partly from an old affection for that *imperial* sway which once gave Pavia such importance, partly in opposition to its great neighbouring rival, whose domineering superiority is not, perhaps, *always* exercised with a due regard to the self-love of its neighbour. The present government foments these municipal differences, with a Machiavelian policy; well aware that the unity of the Italian cities would be the grave of German despotism in Italy.

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CHAPTER XI.

GENOA.

Route to Genoa.— VOGHERA.— TORTONA.— NOVI.— *The Apennines.*—VOLTAGIO.— *Bocchetta.*— GENOA.—*Suburbs.—Galley Slaves.—Bay.*—PALACES *by moonlight.—Palazzo Durazzo, Spinola, Serra, etc. etc.—Palazzo Doria.— Palace of Oliver Cromwell.—Ducal Palace.— Doges.*—CHURCHES. —*San Stefano.—San Lorenzo.* (*The Sagro Catino.*) —*Annunciata.—Franciscans.— University.— Botanic Garden.—Jesuits.*—CITY.— *Street-Population.— Oratories and Shrines.—Facchini.—Villa of St. Anna.*

IN the new divisions of Italy, as carved by the Holy Alliance, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Sardinia are perpetually crossing and intersecting each other; and the traveller, subjected at one moment to the inquisitorial inspection of the agents of the aulic Council, is in the next, delayed and cross-examined by the officials of the Piedmontese police. On quitting Pavia, and crossing the Ticino, we again entered into the dominions of his Sardinian Majesty. But while masters are thus changed, the land is always the same, teeming with fruitfulness—a perpetual

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series of rich plains, watered by many streams, and chiefly cultivated with Indian corn, and with rows of mulberries, and other fruit-trees.

VOGHERA is the first Piedmontese town on the confines of the Pavese and Placentian territories. When seen from a distance, it looks picturesque and pretty, from the peculiar beauty of its position. But when entered, it is dreary, thinly populated, and contains nothing, either modern or ancient, to interest or strike. The road continues through a fertile level, with increasing clusters of mulberries, which aliment the principal branch of trade pursued in these districts.

AT two posts distance from Voghera rise the towers and spires of TORTONA—Tortona, so conspicuous in the history of the Republics of Italy, the faithful ally of Milan, and the victim of Imperial vengeance. Tortona, the wealthy, the noble, the independent of other times, now moulders a sepulchral monument of its former greatness. Gloomy and ruinous, its desolate and silent vastness is scarcely peopled by 8000 inhabitants. Many of the "*case nobili*," shattered and neglected, still remain, and rise in pompous ruin among meaner habitations; some of which were without sashes. Its churches are numerous, but decayed. Its fortress, once so celebrated, strews its almost levelled ruins upon an height above the SCRIVIA. They had long become useless, like other mural defences in the present state of military science, and were demolished by the French; though now perhaps lamented by the fortress-loving King, who has lately become the master of a territory they no longer protect.

Notwithstanding the richness of the soil, the peasan-

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try, though not ill-looking, had a meagre, and worn appearance. The women's heads were ornamented by a quantity of silver bodkins, forming a sort of coronet or star at the back, and confining a profusion of plaited tresses. Many of the elder women wore square linen veils, embroidered, or trimmed with a coarse lace; and the worst-habited among them might have passed for a princess in *grand costume* among that race, whose misery has no parallel in the lowest degradation of other countries—the peasantry of Ireland.

The Apennines, as Tortona is quitted, begin to assume importance in the far-spreading landscape; at first floating like distant vapours, then undulating above the surface in lines more defined; swelling slowly into hilly chains, and gradually rising into mighty mountains, the lesser Alps of the regions they dominate. ALESSANDRIA! and MARENGO! (places of such importance in ancient and modern story, where the fate of Italy was decided in ages so distant, and Imperial Austria was twice beaten from her plains)—Alessandria and Marengo are left behind to the right; and NOVI, at the foot of the Apennines, the first city of the modern Liguria (entered by this route) presents itself under great novelty of aspect. This little city was of considerable importance under the Genoese Republic. Here the Genoese merchant had the magazines and stores, for such merchandize as his argosies brought from the *Levant*, and which here passed over the Apennines in their way to Lombardy and Germany. On the heights which stretch above the town stand their country-houses, where the heats of autumn were refreshed by Alpine breezes, and mercantile concerns were thriftily pursued, while

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rural recreation was innocently enjoyed. But Novi was then the inland emporium of a free government, and a prosperous commerce! It is now the property of a new and foreign master; the ancient Republic is no more; and its warehouses, deprived of the commerce which filled them, are shut up: the casinos, deserted by their impoverished masters, moulder, uninhabited, picturesque ruins, which attract the eye, and beguile the fatigue of the traveller, as he ascends the steeps of the adjoining Apennines. Still there is in the inhabitants of Novi and its environs an air of opulence, which national prosperity is sure to leave long behind it. The *heirloom* costumes of the *Novarese* peasantry are of less brittle materials than governments and political combinations; and many a silken vest and quilted bodice, many a chain of gold, and of coral, purchased in the days of Genoa's prosperous fortunes, have witnessed the fall of Dynasties, and the overthrow of Empires; yet still remain to deceive the eye of the uninquiring stranger with shews of rural and of commercial wealth. It was a holiday when we entered this ancient city—all the finery and spirits of the inhabitants were abroad; the stone benches before the houses, and the church porticos, were crowded with loungers. The shops were shut, and paper lanterns every where suspended. Madonnas with new tin crowns, and saints with laurel wreaths, indicated the intended pious festivities of the evening. The old women were in rich silken damask petticoats of many breadths; the young women had pretty silk and satin bodices: all had a profusion of coral and silver filigree ornaments, and none were without a long veil of printed linen or muslin, thrown gracefully back from the head—the true Genoese

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costume, which, changing little in form, as we advanced, only increased in finery.

The Apennines seemed to ascend from the last narrow street of Novi; and so abruptly, and by so wretched a road, that no consciousness of its being the daily effort of the posting horses to overcome such difficulties, can give confidence during the first few miles of the painful ascent. As the first acclivities are gained, the mountain-scenery opens amidst a succession of amphitheatric altitudes, which, seen as we beheld them, bathed in the mellow lustre of an autumnal evening's lights, bear no description, and are beyond all parallel of scenic beauty. Here and there were spots of peculiar loveliness, which serve as landmarks, amidst the indistinct recollections of a crowded memory. The view from the *Molinario* was among the number: woods of oak and chesnut darkened to the left, or opened paths of sylvan vistas that let in a long stream of yellow light. The heads of mountains, now all purple and violet in the evening haze, were crowned with the white spire of a church, or the turret of a castle. The road was cut along the edge of a wood of chesnuts, in which a defile was opened, guarded by a high pole, on which swung the painted representation of high armorial bearings, a coronet, and inscription. It looked like the arms of some feudal chief, to whose castle the woodpath led; or recalled the "*Trève de Dieu*," placarded on certain days in the middle ages, to give bloodshed and feudal strife a pause. But this Gothic image was soon explained, by the little hut which peeped from its vines on the other side of the road, with the flaunting sign of the Piedmontese arms, and the inscription of "CABARETIERE REALE"—"Royal pot-house."

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Some Piedmontese officers were drinking at the door; their uniforms were thrown carelessly on the bushes beside them; they pledged us gaily as we passed, and seemed sufficiently to enjoy their sequestered quarters, where the mountaineer forces of the ancient Counts of Maurienne, and Dukes of Savoy, had once as little chance, as their descendants have now a right, to domineer.

The valley, rock, and fortress of GAVI, the ancient defence of the mountain-path, succeeded; and a sterile and savage chain of mountains, rich only to the eye of the geologist, is again ascended. Its rocky defiles (which we passed by moonlight), sometimes skirting a precipice, sometimes joined by a wooden bridge over a roaring torrent, lead to the wretched village and unaccommodated post-house of *Voltagio*, the sleeping-stage between Pavia and Genoa.

Here the stranger first feels that he is about to take leave of the improved civilization of the Kingdom of Italy; but, all wretched as the place appeared, we hailed with great satisfaction the light of the paper lantern, which vibrated in the blast, above the door of its dismantled inn. A young half Spanish, half Italian *valet de place* (in appearance and address a perfect *Figaro!*) insisted on our receiving him into our service; being sent, he assured us, by friends of ours, who expected us at Genoa, to conduct us over the *Bocchetta*. He had forgotten their names and ours; but "*Questo*," he said, "*non fa niente*," ("That's no matter")—he would accompany us to England with great pleasure, as travelling was his object; and he had heard we were such "*buona gente*," ("such good folk,") that he was sure he would be as much pleased with us, as we could not fail of being de-

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lighted with him. The fact was, that in spite of his impudence he was so amusing, so intelligent, and so importunate, that we felt some difficulty in resisting his offer.

The Bocchetta is one of the highest, rudest, and least accessible acclivities in this part of the Apennines. For ages, however, it presented the only road from Genoa to Lombardy, and was among the many inland obstructions which rendered Genoa so difficult of access, except by sea. One of the first acts of the government, organized after the revolutionary changes in Italy, was to improve and multiply roads between the different States; and to facilitate communication between cities which had so many hereditary causes of estrangement. The French, during their occupation of Genoa (to avoid the dangers and difficulties of the *Bocchetta*, and other mountain-passes), struck out three noble roads: the first penetrated into Lombardy, and was cut through the bed of the torrent "*del Rero*," and it united to safety and commodiousness, the most beautiful prospects of the country. The *second*, was to open along the sea-coast, and facilitate a communication between France and Italy. The *third*—the finest design of all—was the great road laid down to open a direct land-passage to Rome, by the name of the "*Strada Romana.*" It was to be carried over the hills of ALBARO and NERVI, and was to penetrate through the bosom of a mountain, whose acclivities could not be levelled: a gallery, like those that make the wonders of the *Simplon*, was to be scooped through the rocks, and to open a subterranean posting-road. These great works were considerably advanced, and one was nearly finished, at the period of the Restoration. When we arrived in the Genoese,

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in 1819, they were still as they had been left in 1814, and, in common with other travellers, we were obliged to encounter the almost perpendicular ascents, and broken rutted roads and precipices of the Bocchetta. Risk and apprehension, however, are nearly repaid, by the magnificent views its altitudes command; and the first burst of *Genoa* and the *Mediterranean*, from one of its declivities, leaves no room for regret.

The descent from the Bocchetta is romantically beautiful. It falls gradually into the valley of the *Poncevera*, and continues to wind along the banks of that deep-channelled torrent,[1] amidst a succession of little villages, the most considerable of which marks the last stage to Genoa, and takes its name of Campo-Marone from the wood of chesnuts by which it is sheltered.

We descended the heights of the Bocchetta in one of those golden showers of sunshine so peculiar to the autumnal mid-day of Italy. "Genoa the Superb," surrounding the semicircular sweep of its beautiful port, appeared in full relief; palaces rising in amphitheatres against those abrupt dark cliffs, which seem to spring from the shore, and are crowned on their extreme summits by forts and towers, mingled with

[1] On the occasion of the siege of Genoa, a large body of Austrians encamped in the dry bed of this torrent; and a sudden fall of rain taking place, many hundred soldiers were drowned by the waters descending from the mountains with a rapidity that precluded escape. This piece of military tactics reminded us forcibly of that Austrian manœuvre criticised in King John; and when we recollect the purposes for which the strength of the empire are now employed, it is scarcely possible to forbear regretting that their foresight has ever been more awakened, or their military skill more respectable.

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high-poised casinos and pending villas. In the front of these home features of ports and palaces, spreads, blue and boundless, the Mediterranean, seen at first with a startling sensation of pleasure, and for ever seen with the interest which belongs to its associations.

The environs of a maritime city, though always animated and living, are usually coarse and loathsome. But we found in the suburbs, which open along the shore to the gates of GENOA, a feature, which, if not peculiarly its own, was at least, when seen for the first time, a heart-striking and deplorable exhibition. This was a band of galley-slaves, yoked to a heavy waggon, and dragging some marble slabs from a quarry, along that burning shore, whose heated sands, impressed with the sun of that ardent clime and season, seemed to emit particles of fire. These wretched men had no dress but canvass trowsers and vest; their feet, legs, arms, and (in spite of the darting sun-rays) heads, were bare! their bronzed skins were crimsoned up to their dripping brows; every sinew was starting, every nerve was strained, every vein swelled; their arms were folded on their stooped and panting breasts; they were chained in couples; and on the iron ring which clasped their worn ancles, was engraved the word "LIBERTAS." This was a terrible sight! it was the more terrible, because it is notable, that, for centuries back, any intrigue of the powerful, any court or church influence, could condemn the most virtuous, the most noble, to this fearful and degrading punishment for life. In ruder times, conscious power veiled not its crimes in secrecy, and hypocrisy was not *then* the vice of church and state omnipotence. None now are condemned

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in Italy to the galleys, but the guilty or the poor. But who that has seen the frightful fortresses, and state-prisons of Italian sovereigns—who that has seen the dungeons still preserved, even in the palaces of princes, would not prefer the whip and chain, worn and inflicted in the broad light of day, in the pure air of heaven, with all the exhilaration of exercise, labour, and human communion,—to the *solitary confinement*, by which the *decency* of Continental despotism now conceals the misery it inflicts on the victims of its suspicion? To the incarcerated tenant of the loathsome dungeon, breathing pestilence in perpetual silence, maddened by the preying of life upon itself (and hundreds such exist in Italy, and more especially in France), the galley-slave is an object of envy. It is indeed remarkable that the air of these slaves is more cheerful than desponding; and there seems to be a good-natured intelligence between them and their guards (Piedmontese soldiers), which must soften the hardship of their fate, if it does not abate the severity of their punishment.

This suburb terminates at the walls of the ancient Emporium of the Ligurian shores, which is entered by the Porta della Lanterna. The town is under the special protection of the Madonna, who strides above the archway of the gate. Never was *warden*, however, less wary than the celestial *custode* of Genoa; and, in spite of the inscription to her honour and glory that shines on the frieze, she was seen to admit the *anti-papal* French with as little reluctance as she afterwards received the new *legitimate* Duke of this old republic. All around this gate, even the half-demolished fountain at its side, is ruinously fine; and the noble, the silent, the desolate palace of

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Andrea Doria to its right, the curious old hanging gardens and pavilion to the left, and the archway which unites all above the passenger's head, complete one of the finest architectural pictures of the entrance into an *ancient and ruined city*, that can well be imagined.

In passing from the gate of the *Lanterna* to the hotels which are ranged along the Bay, the carriage with difficulty proceeds through the only line of lanes in Genoa large enough to admit such a vehicle. The walls of the port rise so high on one side, as to preclude all view; on the other, furnaces and forges under sheds, with great depths of shadow, and glowing with the intense heat of the atmosphere and their own fires, produce a sort of *Pandemonium;* all is noise and flame, heat and suffocation, until one of the many little alleys, which open occasionally to the left, receives the stifled stranger (from whose enjoyments all that was bright and fresh has been banished), and some hotel, already recommended, is gladly entered. These hotels are situated in a row of houses rising high above the sheds and stalls and forges which line the street, and their lower apartments are on a level with the summits of the opposite walls. From their windows, the Bay bursts in all its beauty; but its fervid breezes bring no coolness, and the intolerable noise of an Italian port ceases only with the firing of the evening gun.

An accidental event gave us the first view of the far-boasted Palaces of Genoa by moonlight. Some Milanese gentlemen (for the sake of whose society we had at this particular season visited Genoa, contrary to our intention), had got the start of us by a few hours; and we just arrived in time to join them

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at dinner, and to accompany them after coffee, on a boating party in the Bay. The Captain of the port (whose barge we were in) presented us an invitation to visit an *English man-of-war*, then lying at anchor in the Bay; and the novelty and grandeur of the scene, and the polite attention of the officers of the GLASGOW, induced us to remain on board till the evening was advanced. The fatigues of the Bocchetta were forgotten, the languor occasioned by the insupportable heats of the day was chased by the freshening breeze which curled the waves, and we continued on the water till light after light disappeared from the vessels in the harbour, and the red lustre of the *Lanterna*, the light-house of the port, shone in solitary pre-eminence. The moon rose, and, leaving the lower part of the city in deep shadows, concentrated its bright effulgence upon the acclivity, crowned with those noble palaces, which have given to Genoa the title of "the superb."

On landing, therefore, we proceeded at once by the painful ascent of the dark, narrow, steep lanes, of which the city is composed, to the only street deserving of the name, which, extending in an irregular line, takes the various appellations of STRADA NUOVA, STRADA NUOVISSIMA, and STRADA BALBO. The perspective of this double line of architectural splendour was eminently picturesque. The palaces of the ancient and once-wealthy aristocracy, buried in deep shade, or glowing in the warm moonlight of an Italian autumn, became alternately imposing by their mass, and attractive by their rich and varied forms; while the strongly marked shadows of porticos and colonnades, cast upon the pavement amidst a flood of surrounding light, added extent and majesty to the

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buildings from which they were projected. These porticos, here and there dimly lighted by an ill-fed lamp, suspended from their marble roof, frequently discovered the interior court, with flights of steps, hanging terraces, statues, orange-trees, and fountains, whose curving spray caught and reflected the moon-beam, and fell back into the sculptured basins from which they rose.

These were the palaces raised by mercantile wealth and republican munificence ; palaces which prove that monarchy is neither the sole, nor the best, patron of the arts. These are the palaces which had RUBENS[1] for their historian—the DORIA, the DURAZZI, the FIESCHI of old, for their masters—and Emperors and Kings for their guests. They were silent and desolate now, as the ruined monuments of an excavated city : and at that hour when all in this patrician avenue was *once* so splendid and so bustling—the *moonlight midnight* hour of Italian enjoyment, when the festive "*quaranta*" were wont to assemble in the fairy halls of the *Brignole*, the *Serra*, or the *Spinola*—the silence and the sadness of Pompeii or Palmyra universally prevailed. Not a light glimmered from those beautiful windows designed by the Alessi and the Fontanas—not a foot-ball disturbed the stillness of their porticos, or faded along the painted vaults of their open corridors. In the midst of such uninhabited desolation, the stupendous pro-

[1] The work of Rubens here alluded to, shews how deeply that great painter was struck with the architecture of Genoa. It is extremely rare, and is only found in the old Continental libraries. Petrarch also, in his Itinerario, speaks of the marble palaces of his day, the predecessors and prototypes of those which now subsist.

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portions of the buildings seemed to grow upon the eye and the imagination; as all their contemporary splendour vanished, and left *these mighty skeletons* of former grandeur, to tell their tale of national ruin.—These palaces *do not belong* to the DUKERY *of Genoa*,[1] presented on the breaking up of the Congress of Kings, as a *bouquet d'adieu*, from England to her beloved ally, the King of Jerusalem and of—the anchovies!

On the following morning, deeply impressed with this first nocturnal view of Genoa, we went to visit the palaces in all the due form of *sight-seeing*, accompanied by some Genoese gentlemen, who more than honoured the recommendation which committed us to their notice. It was mortifying to observe, that the palaces, all noble as they really were, lost something of their fairy beauty, when seen amidst the glare and bustle of day, lining a street comparatively narrow, and chiefly peopled with monks, friars, soldiers, chained galley-slaves, and begging nuns; the true population of the capital of an Italian provincial despotism. Many of the façades of these palaces are painted in fresco, presenting a sort

[1] Whatever may have been the faults of the aristocratic government, or of the great families in which it vested, it was still productive of a vigour and activity in society of which the Sardinian despotism is wholly subversive. Neither was it necessary at the Restoration, as an alternative, in leaving the Genoese masters of themselves, to have imposed that government upon the people. It is, therefore, a pretext as futile as it is false, to justify the treacherous surrender of the republic to Piedmont, by the misrule of the ancient system. Yet we are perpetually told, that Genoa is a gainer by the change! This much, however, is perfectly clear, that the Allies dared not trust the matter to the free choice of the parties.

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of street picture-gallery; and these frescos retain all their vivacity of colour and original freshness, though exposed for a century to the action of the air and season's changes. This is among the wonders of that splendid clime, which spares every thing but man. These paintings are by no means the works of inferior artists: the frescos on the outside of the Palazzo Spinola, are by *Calvi*, the pupil of *Pierrino del Vaga*, and have passed the ordeal of criticism, as if they were cabinet-pictures. When the arts were thus prodigally called for in Italy, the mystery of the *genius* for painting in the middle ages is at once explained: the produce is always proportioned to the market; but institutes for the arts, however presided by nobles and endowed by kings, cannot create an artificial demand—*public taste* is the only effectual stimulus, and the only *serviceable patron*.

The Palazzo Durazzo, belonging to *Signore Marcello Durazzo*, is one of the finest in Genoa. In the language of the new *legitimate* "*guidas*" of Italian towns, it is said *to be* "*fit for* a King"—and in fact it was for some time the residence of an Emperor.[1] The superb portico is ornamented with columns of white marble of the Doric order—its vast court is rich in architecture, fountains, and hanging terraces, and four flights of broad marble steps lead to its immense anti-chamber, the first apartment of that attic suite, called in Genoa, the *Mezzari Nobili Superiori;* for the household œconomy of Genoa, as in many other cities of Italy, is the reverse of what it is in England. The narrow street and high dark opposite walls make

[1] Joseph the Second, who had never before been lodged like a gentleman. The Imperial palaces of Vienna were *hovels* to the palaces of the Genoese merchants.

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the lower floors exceedingly disagreeable and gloomy; and the garret contains the rooms of state and ceremony, the cabinets of the relics of former grandeur; while the impoverished or degenerated lords are niched into an Entresol, or MEZZANINI, half-way between the first floor and the last.

The porticos, or entrances of the Genoese palaces, resemble in nothing the hall of a noble English residence, or the court of a French hotel. There is no sturdy porter to be roused from his "*leathern convenience*," to give or deny admission, with a growl and a frown: no bluff *Swiss*, nor *maniérée demoiselle*, to pop their head over the half door of the lodge, and receive commands and answer inquiries. The sole occupant of these magnificent structures (where there is any) is a *cobbler*, or a *stocking-grafter*, who pays for being permitted[1] to ply his profession amidst the sculptures of MICHAEL-ANGELO and the frescos of CARLONI, by keeping out dogs, or preventing the idle and the filthy from sleeping on the stairs, or corridors,—all open to public intrusion. It was to one of these JOBSONS we were frequently indebted (when we went alone) for information of how we were to proceed, or which flight of stairs we were to ascend, or where we had a chance of finding the *custode*, or person retained for shewing the palace: but their

[1] In one of the porticos of these beautiful palaces we found a mattress-cleaner very busy at his filthy work; and in the nobler apartments of another, the anti-room was occupied by a laundress. Several of the lower and lesser rooms were hired out to poor tradesmen; and many of the superior apartments were occupied by the ministers of the *corps diplomatique*. Some, however, were inhabited by the noble families to whom they belonged; but in the autumn almost all the Genoese aristocracy are at their villas.

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Genoese jargon occasionally prevented our deriving any benefit from their information:—though all the lower orders *understand* Italian, few speak it.

As we ascended the magnificent stairs of the Durazzo, we met a half-starved dog chasing down a hen; and, after repeatedly ringing at the folding doors of the anti-room of the *Mezzari nobili superiori*, they were at last thrown open by a man with a boot on one hand and a brush in the other—who, at once understanding the object of our visit, drew on a fine old livery coat, which hung upon a marble bust by Filippo Parodi, and led the way through that long and interminable suite of apartments, whose walls were enriched with chefs-d'œuvre of the arts, whose floors were of marble, and whose roofs were of gold. Galleries, cabinets, terraces, rooms variously named and variously decorated, appeared in endless succession—all covered with dust, touched by decay, and abandoned to solitude. Still there is something very fine in the Genoese nobility, under the weight of their ruined fortunes and depressed spirits, retaining these noble mansions, preserving the least of their countless objects of art, and consecrating these images of their ancient wealth and influence to the memory of their nation's past prosperity, and to the admiration of foreign curiosity. They can indeed no longer spread the splendid board, nor fill the gilded hall; but their palaces are still open to gratify the stranger's research, and to improve his taste. They are not even closed against the visitors of that nation who imposed the chain, while they accepted the rites of hospitality; and who, under the semblance of liberty and friendship, betrayed the confidence, and broke the trust, reposed in them by their generous hosts.

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The architectural defects of the *Palazzo Durazzo* appear to be the breaking up of its vastness into a number of small rooms; each indeed interesting, as bearing the name of the great master whose works cover its walls; but defective, as forming a part of the great whole. Even the famous gallery is but a long narrow strip, infinitely too small for its splendid and curious collection of statues and sculptures, ancient and modern; the ornaments and roof of this apartment, all of the richest carving, gilding, and painting, are by Parodi. The frescos represent the *destruction* of the *four great Empires;* a good republican subject, and curiously treated. Each empire is represented by some of its well-known historical tyrants, as *Darius*, *Sardanapalus*, *Ptolemy*, and *Augustulus*, surrounded by *Syrens*—the *Montespan*, *Pompadours*, *Nell Gwins*, etc. of antiquity. Besides the historical paintings of the great masters, the family portraits of the Durazzo, as in all the other palaces, by such painters as *Titian*, *Vandyke*, and *Tintoretto*, are of great interest. Here, in their habits of ceremony, as doges and ambassadors, range the ancient Durazzi, with all their insignia of wealth and splendour. Here too, with large, languid, dark eyes, and primitive airs, still bloom the Madonna Francescas, Caterinas, and other beauties of this distinguished house. Some of them are encircled (as the mothers of free states should be) by their children; and all of them, clothed in the stand-on-end velvet of the Genoese looms, exhibit great richness of ornament, and are covered with Venetian chains and foreign gems, the produce of their husbands' commerce in the Levant. Among these domestic portraits, we found a picture of our own *unfortunate Anne Boleyn*,

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by *Holbein*. It is extremely curious for its costume; but, in the meagre red-haired lady here represented, there is nothing to excuse the adulterous passion of Henry VIII., though something to account for his cutting off a head, which had not one charm to plead for it. *Holbein*, though a bold, was a most unlovely painter.

Opposite to *Anne Boleyn* hangs a delicious picture of the holiest and fairest of royal saints, *Queen Catherine of Sweden*, by that painter whose type of beauty was all divine, yet all melancholy, the true delineator of a crucified Deity—CARLO DOLCE! The *Sala Paolo*, so called from its *chef-d'œuvre*, by *Paul Veronese*, is the most interesting of the suite, merely because it does contain this picture, so well known, so often and so accurately copied, so delightful to gaze on, so dangerous to describe. The subject is Mary Magdalen at the feet of Christ in the house of the Pharisee. Never was a sacred subject so humanly conceived, more divinely executed.

The PALACE of PHILIP DURAZZO, is only just less spacious and magnificent than that of his noble kinsman, which however has nothing finer than its peristile and twenty-four Doric columns, and its gallery of paintings. The Palaces of the Durazzi were once so numerous, that it passed into a Genoese proverb to say, if you see a palace it must belong to a Durazzo.

The PALAZZO SPINOLA is remarkable for its painted façade of the twelve Cæsars, full-length and colossal figures. A curious sign for the house of a republican citizen!

This fine fabric is rich in pictures, and delightfully so in portraits by *Vandyke*, *Guido*, *Tintoretto*, etc. etc. Here also is one of TITIAN's Venuses, a painter

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who seems to have had a patent for the mould; but this might be any body's Venus!

The PALAZZO SERRA is a monument of the wealth and splendour of Genoa in the middle of the sixteenth century, the period of its decline, and of the decline of all the free States of Italy. It was in that epoch that the alliance between Genoa and Spain opened a new vein of commercial wealth, which served but to increase that passion for luxury and extravagance, which was then creeping into Genoa, with all the other vices which followed up the loss of liberty, and rendered its aristocracy the tyrants of the people.

The PALACE SERRA is principally notable for its gallery, certainly one of the richest, if not one of the largest, in Europe. Its singular splendour has procured it a place in the French Encyclopedia, and obtained for it from the florid pen of *M. Dupaty* the epithet of the "*Palace of the Sun.*" It is all gold, mirrors, marble, arabesque, and caryatides. This palace was built in 1552; but the gallery is of more modern date, and was executed by the French architect, WAILLY: it is indeed *all over French;* and recalls equally the state-rooms of the *Tuileries* and the *Café des Mille Colonnes* at the Palais-Royal; for its great effect is produced by the repetition of its Corinthian columns in the reflecting pannels.

The palaces Brignole, Pallavicini, Balbi, etc. etc., follow in succession; all characterized, like those described, by the generic feature of Genoese sumptuosity; all filled with pictures, gilding, arabesques, frescos, dust, moths, and cobwebs; always unenjoyable, because raised in a narrow street, and for the most part against the shelving rocks on which the city is built. Ancient splendour, and present desolation,

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are the images universally stamped upon these patrician abodes; which the wealth of Europe once assisted to raise, when the merchants of Genoa were the creditors of nearly all its potentates.

Next to the miracles of art, which enrich the palaces of Italy, the object which most attracts a housewife's observation is the furniture; and in spite of the beauties of the *Guidos* and *Vandykes*, I was ever and anon

> "Casting mine eye the chamber all about,
> To see how duly eche thynge in order was."—SKELTON.

And, indeed, "*eche thynge in order was*," as it had been left a century and half back, which seemed to be the general date of the furniture. Some immovable, shallow-seated, high-backed, perpendicular chairs, clothed in faded damask and in Genoese velvet, were ranged regimentally against the wall, headed by an untenable sofa, that looked like the drum-major of the company; gilt brackets, marble slabs, and girandoles tied up in bags (the nestling-places of the musquitoes of many generations), usually made up the whole set-out of these magnificent rooms, where every thing was to be found but cleanliness, comfort, and accommodation. There is, however, one palace in Genoa, that has an interest apart from every other; and though it may be said to be rather the tomb than the cradle of Genoese greatness—to commemorate its last respirations of freedom and glory, than its prime of prosperity—it will still attract the notice of the foreign traveller, so long as a fragment of its marble columns shall remain, or the name of *Andrea Doria* shall live in the records of Genoese patriotism. This fine, old, desolate edifice (raised by him who rescued

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Genoa from the chain which the foreign and domestic foes of Italian independence had imposed upon nearly the whole of the Peninsula), rises on the sea-shore at the entrance of the city—an appropriate site for the dwelling of the patriot admiral !—and its porticos and colonades command a view of that port, where the young Columbus first launched his fairy bark, and commenced those venturous voyages, which were afterwards to open a new world to the enterprises and cupidity of man. In the court of this vast fabric, stands a statue of Andrea Doria, under the figure of a colossal Neptune. But the statue is much defaced, the symbols of the Deity are broken and scattered, porticos fall, fountains are dried up, the grey lichen creeps upon the sculptured trophy, and the sea urges its impetuous tides over the proud domains of him who once rode triumphantly on its waves ! We had long ranged the dreary and silent apartments of this immense palace, reposed under its colonades, and examined its frescos, without catching a sound but the blast that whistled through its porticos, or the flutter of the sea-birds nestling in its sculptured friezes; and we should have supposed it wholly uninhabited, but for the apparition of a ragged little girl in that hall where kings had been guests, and emperors feasted,[1] who told us she was the "*guardian of these ruined towers.*" There was,

[1] The Emperor Charles the Fifth was most magnificently entertained in this palace by old *Andrea Doria*, who gallantly flung the golden vessels in which the Emperor was served, into the sea, that no less distinguished guest might ever profane them : it is notable, however, that, with the true old Ligurian cunning, he had previously placed *divers* to watch the vessels as they fell, and fish them up from the bottom !

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indeed, no necessity for a *cicerone* in the palace of the Doria. The presence of such a person would have profaned the place; for, except the stately edifice itself falling to ruin, there was nothing to see but some of the fading frescos of PIERINO DEL VAGA. His most celebrated work in the Doria, the *Shipwreck of Æneas*, has vanished; and his *Jupiter aiming thunderbolts at the Giants*, was covered with the mildew tints of time and negligence.

This palace still belongs to the Princes Doria Pamfili, who reside in Rome, and suffer this monument of their great ancestor, this patrimonial mansion, to fall to decay and ruin; but the vigour and talent which distinguished the family in its origin, has long faded away! They have been crushed and annihilated under papal diadems and cardinals' hats; and to judge of this degenerated race from the Conclave specimens we saw preserved at Rome, it is physically and morally dwindled, and wholly unworthy of the name it bears.

Andrea Doria was a brave and gallant adventurer, a sort of maritime *condottiere*, who long fought for pay and fame in the cause of warring sovereigns, caring little whether his [1] barge mounted the *fleur-de-lis*, or imperial *eagle*, at its helm: for in his day, Genoa had passed the solstice of whatever greatness she boasted, and resembled in nothing the Genoa of the fifteenth century, which struggled so nobly for her independence against the usurping Dukes of Milan; when the cry of the word LIBERTY in the public place was sufficient to rouse the people; that word, now only found on the chain of her galley-slaves! [2]

[1] In the inscription on the palace, his services done for the Emperor and King of France are alluded to.

[2] "Non parve a *Francesco Spinola* da differire, ed uscì

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The last epoch of Doria's life was the most glorious; and in the *saviour of his country*, the admiral of Charles the Fifth, and of Francis the First, is forgotten!

We were one evening visiting the elegant villa,[1] and enjoying the view from the singular gardens, of Signore Carlo di Negro, when a gentleman pointed out to us a yellow palace, built, he said, by *Oliver Cromwell* of England! A fact so startling, so contrary to all historical probability, is thus cleared up and established. Sir Horatio Pallavicini was collector of the Pope's taxes in England, in the reign of Queen Mary. On the death of that bigot Princess, and on

della casa armato insieme con quelli, che della sua deliberazione erano consapevoli; e come fu sopra la piazza, posta davanti alle sue case, gridò il nome della "LIBERTA!" Fu cosa mirabile a vedere, con quanta prestezza quel popolo e quelli cittadini a questo nome concorressero!!!—*Historia di Genova.*

"It appeared to Francis Spinola that not a moment ought to be lost; and he issued from the house armed, with those who were of his councils; and when he stood on the place before his own house he raised the cry of 'LIBERTY.' It was admirable to behold, with what eagerness the people and the citizens assembled at the cry of *this word.*"

[1] *La Viletta*, near the gate dell' Acquasola. Signore di Negro is a gentleman of considerable literary acquirement, and an elegant *improvisatore*. He is at present occupied in composing sermons in *Terze-rime*, taken from the scriptures, and the fathers, and he thus runs no risk of sharing the fate of St. Jerome, who was flogged by the devil, for his vanity in affecting the *prose* style of the heathen Cicero. M. di Negro, notwithstanding his known piety, has, however, undergone a persecution nearly as severe as St. Jerome; for at one time he fell into the gripe of the Inquisition, from which he very narrowly escaped. We stood deeply indebted to this accomplished gentleman, for the pleasure we derived from his conversation and society during our short residence at Genoa.

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the changes in the religion of the country, Pallavicini *forgot* to go back to *Rome;* remained in England; married a noble lady, and built a superb[1] Italian palace on English ground, with the money intended to raise palaces for Papal nephews in Rome. In 1601 the lady *Anne Pallavicini*, his widow, married a *Mr. Oliver Cromwell*, who accompanied her to Genoa, to arrange the affairs of her late husband. There they continued to reside, and he is supposed to have built that yellow palace, which is still called the "*Palace of Oliver Cromwell.*"

The Ducal Palace is more heavy and venerable than belongs to its date; for it was almost entirely rebuilt in 1777, when the old palace was nearly destroyed by fire. The façade is broken up, and encumbered with cornices and balustrades and columns; and its principal apartment, the *hall of the senate*, only recalls the memory of its purpose by a few historical pictures, which now rise in idle mockery on its walls. In this noble room the doges were elected; —it is now the seat of the royal senate of Sardinia,

"Very worthy and approved good masters"

of the betrayed and unfortunate Genoese.

The Ducal Palace was the state residence and state prison of the doges for the time being; for when once elected, they were not permitted to leave it; and even to go to church, a covered way was erected from the palace, that they might not issue beyond its precincts. The doge or chief of the Genoese Republic was, in fact, a mere representing manikin, a passive organ, and point of re-union. "He was elected

[1] See Walpole's History of Painting.

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(says Machiavel) as a head or chief, to propose that upon which the council had to deliberate."[1] "Pasta di Dogia" had become a proverb, as applied to men whose characters were composed of all the "*milder elements*," and most malleable qualities. Latterly the doges were elected merely for their wealth; and the last of these magistrates which Genoa ever saw, united in his circumstances and character, all that was deemed necessary to qualify for the office—riches and feebleness.[2]

THE CHURCHES of Genoa are most numerous, distinguished by a gaudy splendour, a tasteless archi-

[1] "Nella Città di Genova, quando la *vive nella sua libertà*, si crea per liberi suffragi *un capo*, il quale chiamano Doge, non perchè sia assoluto principe, nè perchè egli solo deliberi, ma come capo proponga quello che dai magistrati e consigli loro si debba deliberare."—MACHIAVELLI, Lib. 5.

It is curious to observe in this passage, that Machiavel speaks of *the liberty* of Genoa being *extinct in his day*.

[2] Jerome Durazzo, Mr. Eustace's "venerable doge," whose patriotism and horror of the French was (as that writer declares) *so great*, that in addressing this reverend traveller, he spoke French *unwillingly*, as became an *Italian*, and with *the Italian accent*." In speaking of this *venerable doge*, and quoting this passage to some of our Genoese acquaintance, they laughed heartily, and exclaimed "Per causa, il povero Durazzo," ("for a good reason, poor Durazzo"). He had never spoken three words of French in his life before the arrival of the French army; and from that moment, he did his best to acquire the language and the countenance of those who speak it; and when he laid down his rod of office, he, with his patrician friend *Michael-Angelo Cambiaso*, accepted offices under the French government, and both sat as *senators* at the *Luxembourg*. A very clever Genoese thus described this last of the doges and head of the Durazzi to me.—"Uom da bene, debole, e *Francesissimo*." ("A good sort of man, feeble, and most Frenchified.")

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tecture, and a superabundance of meretricious ornaments.

To this sweeping observation, the churches of the ANNUNCIATA, of ST. AMBROSIA, the CATHEDRAL, and the very ancient Temple of SAN STEFANO, are exceptions.

The last of these edifices bears every symptom of its extreme antiquity, and is so low, so damp, so rude, that it looks like an excavated crypt. Its great point of attraction is the, celebrated altar-piece "*The Stoning of* ST. STEPHEN." This picture is divided into two compartments, representing different scenes and subjects (a prevalent fashion in those days of eminent genius and bad taste); the under part, or *human action*, is by *Raphael*. It is the massacre of the saint. A number of athletic ruffians, exhibiting the utmost muscular exertions, are raising ponderous stones, and flinging them on the sinking victim, whose holy resignation and calm look of willing martyrdom are finely contrasted with the savage countenances of his persecutors. So much for the human (or *inhuman*) part of this epic. The *theological machinery*, in the upper part, is less ably managed, and is divided from the lower, by a range of blue hills, church steeples, stone walls, and frontier towers: one almost expects to see the DOGANIERI with their outstretched hands, and St. Peter, the *custode* of celestial regions, under the guise of a *chef de police!* The materialism of the religion of the middle ages sets all spiritual conceptions at defiance.

Above these territorial boundaries, heaven opens upon the dazzled gaze; and the Godhead, with his divine Son, are represented looking down with complacency on the sufferings of their saint and soldier. There is in the countenance of the Saviour a look of

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divine humanity (if the expression be admissible) softening the effulgence of the Deity; and an actual stretching forth of that hand always so prompt to aid and save, as if he would have rescued the innocent sufferer, who thus dies for his sake; but it is *too late*, the last stone is thrown. This is by *Julio Romano*, the disciple, friend, and heir of Raphael; and they both executed this double picture by order of that clever choleric old gentleman, *Pope Julio the Second*, for a front to an organ. One would like to know with what feelings these two dear friends and eminent geniuses worked at the picture!

The Church of the ANNUNCIATA is all marble, precious stones, gilding, and decoration. Founded by the *Umilianti*, in the 13th century, enriched by the Lomelini family (kings of Tabarca, a little Mediterranean dynasty, which flourished until the year 1741), it was afterwards given to the Franciscans, who enjoyed it till the Revolution. To that order (revived by his Sardinian Majesty, Duke of Genoa,) it is again restored; and the sturdy monks crowd its superb aisles, serve at its altars, and benefit by the contributions largely made at the most fashionable church in Genoa. It contains several fine pictures: one of these, painted by Carloni, is too terrible to look upon: it is a man broken alive on the wheel; and the painter probably copied from nature.[1]

[1] The wheel was a punishment prevalent in Europe to a very recent period. In France it was inflicted up to the year 1780. In Prussia, it was said to be employed in 1818; and as the suppression of such punishments belongs to the notions which characterize the new order of things, it is not impossible that they may be revived, as a part of the ancient system of legitimate and paternal government.

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The Metropolitan Church of St. Lorenzo was raised in the eleventh century, and bears great evidence of its antiquity. The architecture is Gothic, and the building is cased with black and white marble, which gives it the look of a chess-board. The ignoble martyrdom of St. Lorenzo is depicted on the façade, in basso-relievo. The immense gridiron is evidently a patent one, and looks like the sign of a cook's-shop. The heart sickens over these frequent images of culinary martyrdom—every where boiling, broiling, frying saints, the products of legends as foolish as they are false. The worshippers of Apollo and Minerva were not persecutors. The internal evidence in the nature of man is all against such fables; for where power and policy, the interests of church and state, do not interfere to inflame zeal, or to kindle persecution, such horrors have never been committed. Contemporary historians are all silent upon these histories, which are rendered still more improbable by their palpable contradictions of the known usages of antiquity. The first well-authenticated martyrdoms [1] occurred only after the establishment of a *paid* hierarchy, fired by interests which are not those of society at large. Then it was that intolerance stalked forth in all her virulence, that the faggot was kindled and the axe raised; and that the Cranmers who burned their victims under one interest to-day, were burned in their turn to-morrow under another. The passion

[1] The punishment of fanatical inroads upon the established religious worship of the country, or of tumultuary outrages against the public peace, have been falsely coloured as persecutions, by the writers on this subject; and these form nearly the whole of the well-authenticated cases of Pagan violence.

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for representing martyrdom, under all the magic influence of the arts, did great injury to society. The eye and heart were thus habituated to bloodshed, and rendered callous to suffering; while the most gloomy notions of Providence deadened moral sympathy, and perverted the sense of moral truth. It likewise injured the purity of religion itself; for, the greater sacrifice being made, the rest was supererogation. If more were necessary, the Saviour died in vain.

The Church of St. Lorenzo is further celebrated for containing a most sacred relic, the "SAGRO CATINO," a dish of one entire and perfect emerald, said to be that on which our Saviour ate his last supper. Such a dish in the house of a Jewish publican, was a miracle in itself. Mr. Eustace says, he looked for this dish, but found that the French, "whose delight is brutal violence, as it is that of the lion or the tiger," had carried it away. And so indeed they did.—But that was nothing. The carrying off relics—the robbing of Peter to pay Paul, and spoliating one church to enrich another—was an old trick of legitimate conquerors in all ages; for this very "*dish*" had been carried away by the royal crusaders, when they took *Cesarea* in Palestine, under *Guillaume Embriaco*, in the twelfth century. In the division of spoils, this *emerald* fell to the share of the *Genoese crusaders*, into whose holy vocation something of their old trading propensities evidently entered: and they deemed the vulgar value, the profane price, of this treasure so high, that on an emergency they pledged it for 9,500 livres. Redeemed and replaced, it was guarded by *Knights of Honour*, called *cavalieri;* and only exposed once a year! Millions knelt before it; and the penalty on the bold but zealous hand that touched it with a dia-

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mond, was a thousand golden ducats. The French seized this relic, as the crusaders had done in the twelfth century; but instead of conveying it from the Church of San Lorenzo to the Abbey of St. Denis (*selon les règles*), they most sacrilegiously sent it to a *laboratory*. Instead of submitting it, with its traditional story, to a *Council of Trent*, they handed it over to the *Institute of Paris;* and chemists, geologists, and philosophers were called on to decide the fate of that relic, which Bishops, Priests, and Deacons had pronounced to be too sacred for human investigation, or even for human touch. The result of the scientific inquisition was, that the *emerald* dish was a *piece of green glass*.

This little anecdote is valuable, as containing much of the history of the past and present state of the human mind. With such simple agents as a glass dish, or an iron nail, craft worked upon credulity; and power with its baubles and its glitter, imposed upon the imagination by dazzling it. To this end was the ignorance of mankind zealously guarded, as the best engine of its degradation and oppression. While Church and State kept within their own grasp the mysteries of knowledge, the rack and the faggot were ever ready to punish the bold intruder who dared to doubt, or sought to inquire: but intellect forced itself forward, beyond the power of human restriction. The rock of error burst, and the springs of truth flowed pure and free; and all that thirsted drank—but drank not unreproved. The Church and State all over the world, alike under the domes of St. Sophia, St. Peter, and St. Paul, still hold their Inquisition, and pay well its familiars. The force of opinion, indeed, has compelled them to change their

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ground, and to abandon positions no longer tenable; but still they menace as they retreat, and strengthen as they concentrate. The engines too are changed—fine and imprisonment are the substitutes for the rack and the *auto-da-fé;* but the system is still the same, and state religions continue *afraid* to subject their doctrines to the scrutiny of an unimpeded inquiry. Fortunately, however, it is in the nature of this unholy alliance between the throne and the altar, that their too close embrace should have the effect of mutual suffocation; and that each should suffer, in public opinion, for the sins of the other. Wherever the restored governments have been slow to reinstate the monks, they have gained full credit from the people for their forbearance; while "bigot" is among the bitterest and most abusive epithets the Italians bestow on their tyrants.

But to return to the dish. When England made the King of Sardinia a present of the Dukedom of one of the oldest Republics in Europe, and restitutions were making "*de part et d'autre*," *Victor Emmanuel* insisted upon having his emerald dish; not for the purpose of putting it in a cabinet of curiosities, as they had done at Paris, to serve as a curious monument of the remote epoch in which the art of making coloured glass was known—(of its great antiquity there is no doubt)—but of restoring it to its shrine at St. Lorenzo—to its guards of knights servitors—to the homage, offerings, and bigotry of the people! with a re-published assurance, that this is the invaluable *emerald dish*, the "*Sagro Catino*," which *Queen Sheba* offered, with other gems, to King Solomon (who deposited it, where all gems should be deposited, in his Church), and which afterwards was

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reserved for a higher destiny than even that assigned to it in the gorgeous temple of Jerusalem. The story of the analysis by the Institute of Paris is hushed up, and those who would revive it, would be branded with the odium of blasphemy and sedition; none now remember such things, but those who are the determined enemies of social order, or as the *Genoese Royal Journal*, printed at the *Royal* Printing-office, would call them, "*i Radicali del Secolo*"—"the *Radicals of the Age*." It is curious to observe, that in Italy the term "*Radicali*" has now superseded the old revolutionary epithet of "*i Giacobini*."

The UNIVERSITY of Genoa, with its vast library and shelves groaning with polemics, resembles all other edifices of the same sort, in its general phasis. It has various halls for various classes and faculties, a Church, a grand saloon for elections, and a botanical garden—but, such a botanical garden!!! An old lady's flower-knot is a wilderness to it! We traversed it, or rather scrambled over it, in about five minutes; for it is scraped out of the shelvings of an acclivity. But above the ledge of ground it occupies, is a spacious platform or park, rich in soil, commanding in prospect, and which seems so inseparably to belong to the great public institution raised beneath it, that we could not help inquiring why the university had not converted it to the purposes of botanical science. The professor, of whom we demanded the question, replied that what we saw was the convent and grounds of the Jesuits, restored to that revived order by his Majesty, the new Duke of Genoa; that great offers had been made to the *fathers* for a part of this ground; but that they were too wealthy to be tempted by money. They were also perhaps too much above

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all worldly concerns to feel any interest in sciences that merely tended to ameliorate the fate of man in this world, by a study of Nature's laws; for *man was made to suffer*—and the Church had nothing to do with Nature. This little spot of overstocked earth, belonging to the magnificent *University of Genoa*, recalled the spacious, the beautifully laid out botanical garden [1] of Geneva. How often, by the influence of associations arising out of contrariety, did the recollections of that tiny state, its society, its morals, its illumination, its free-breathings of liberality, its philosophical views, and excellent institutions, recur to us, during our residence in Italy! With what regret it was left for the states of the kingdom of Sardinia—with what delight it was returned to from the despotism of the Austrians in Italy—it would be here most gracious, though most misplaced, to record!—But it is difficult to check the flow of feeling, as it rushes warm from the heart, under some remote but powerful impulse; and to submit to the despotism of *authorical* arrangement, those sudden bursts of cherished recollections, which it is not easy to believe can ever be gratuitously introduced, or obtrusively recorded!

To the Patrician street of *Genoa*, to its churches, its palaces, private or public, the city itself *en masse*

[1] This noble garden, now starting into existence under the superintendence of Professor Decandole (whom it is sufficient to name), promises to become one of the most important in Europe. Being independent of royal or academic patronage, it is neither subject to be checked by caprice, nor retarded by indolence. All the inhabitants of this most enlightened town are interested in the success of the undertaking; and neither zeal nor expense will be spared to give to the collection the greatest possible extent.

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forms a striking and mortifying contrast: it is an assemblage of narrow lanes, so narrow as not to admit the passage of any vehicle whatever; the houses are higher than the palaces, overstocked with a crowded population, and admirably constructed for propagating either pestilence or fire, with a terrible rapidity. In many places the inhabitants may, if they please, shake hands across the streets; they, indeed, in many respects, live *en famille*, for their houses seem kept rather to sleep, than to live in. They are all at their doors, in their shops, or ranged along the narrow path-way in their little stalls or bulks; or sometimes, without either, presiding over their baskets of fruit, flowers, vegetables, and macaroni, or spinning, knitting, sewing, singing, or gossipping: here too they dine, or sup, for few, except the first and most respectable tradesmen, resort to their dark rooms behind the shops, to any regular meal; they are seen supping their "*Minestra*," eating their raw sausage, or ham and cheese, and consuming all sorts of vegetables, etc. like people so unsophisticated as to believe that the mere purposes of eating are to satisfy the cravings of appetite.

The street occupied exclusively by the *goldsmiths* is extremely amusing. Its glittering and rich shops are, contrary to all established rule, not for the great, but for the little; and the profusion of gold and silver filigree-work, clasps, rings, ear-rings, chains, combs, pearl, coral, and even of more costly gems, are all for the peasantry. The nobility were in the latter times of the Republic prohibited from wearing such sumptuous ornaments; and the lower classes are still, as formerly, the sole purchasers of the old-fashioned jewellery of the Genoese gold-

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smiths.[1] The women are covered, even on working days, with gold and silver ornaments; on holidays they add a profusion of pearl and coral to their ordinary decorations;—and we were assured by an eminent goldsmith in Genoa, that even *now*, a female peasant making up her marriage *trousseau*, thinks seven or eight hundred franks a very moderate price for a necklace or chain.

The few *Piazze*, or squares, of Genoa, open round the principal churches, while every *viccolo*, or narrow passage, abounds with shrines, oratories, and stations, of which an Amazonian *Madonna* is always the sign: votive candles, hourly renewed, burn before these public altars, and the street piety of Genoa is only exceeded by that of Naples, which in this respect it resembles. Every where offerings are making, processions are moving, hymns are selling, and monks and nuns are invoking or begging. In all this, however, there is neither gloom nor austerity. The monks are jolly—the nuns are gay—and the votarists, more zealous than meditative, are bustling, elbowing, laughing, praying, whispering, and chanting. In every stall psalms and legends are hung up, like rows of ballads in the less devout streets of other cities. The stories of sinners become Saints are set forth in strains that belong rather to the frailty, than contrition of the penitent. The Magdalen here tells her story in phrases adapted to the passionate melodies of PAESIELLO; and *Saint Thérèse* leaves the

[1] The fullest dress allowed to the ladies by the sumptuary laws, was of black velvet, trimmed with coloured ribbons and point lace. This did not, however, prevent the nobles from accumulating vast quantities of jewels, which they were fond of displaying, in their visits to foreign courts.

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enamoured "*Didone*" of the Opera far behind in the expression of pathetic ardour. The warm-souled Italians see nothing in all this contrary to the sacred sobriety of religion, and sing Saint Theresa's invocation of

"*Dammi morte, o dammi amore;*" etc. [1]

with the same faith and unction as they would chant the seven penitential Psalms, or the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

As a capital, the great defect of *Genoa* is the deficiency of outlets or suburbs. Venice only has fewer facilities than Genoa, for the citizens to partake of the benefits of air and exercise. Built against rocky acclivities on the edge of the bay; shut in by mountains, and almost inaccessible by land, it appears to strangers a sort of prison. Even many of its neighbouring villas, perched on the summits of the cliffs, are so difficult of access, so unattainable either by riding, driving, or walking, that they afford a particular branch of trade to the *Facchini*,[2] who, with the

[1] One of the verses in Saint Theresa's "*Invocation to her Celestial Spouse,*" one of the most popular hymns in Italy, runs thus—

"Dammi morte, o dammi amore,
O infinita Carità!
Alma mia, questo cuore
Senza amor, viver non sa."

Give me death, or give me love,
Lord of Grace that rul'st above!
Oh, my soul, this tender heart
Without love from life must part.

[2] The *Facchini* are a singular and self-incorporated body, whose existence in Genoa dates from the 13th century. They have for ages appropriated to themselves, exclusively,

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name of *Portantini*, carry the visitants in sedan chairs up steep and slippery ascents, which seem untenable to any foot less steady.

How safe and sure-footed these laborious *Portantini* are, we had almost daily experience during our residence in Genoa—in our visits to the villa of *Santa Anna*, [1] one of the finest and most elevated of

all the porterage of the city; and the waiter at the inn dares not touch an article of baggage to remove it from the carriage to the house. They are governed by their own laws, which are most rigorous. Now and then an individual, proved guilty by his own judges, disappears; and no notice is taken of the event. The Facchini are natives of Bergamo, and no others are permitted to ply. On this account the women are obliged to return to Bergamo to lie in, in order to qualify their children to succeed their fathers at Genoa.

[1] The villa *Santa Anna* is the favourite summer-residence of the *Marchesa Theresa Pallavicini*. We were present there at one of the most picturesque fêtes that can well be imagined, and in which Religion accidentally mingled her rites, with a very singular effect. It was the *feast* of Saint Anne—the saint-day of the younger Marchioness (daughter-in-law to *Madame Pallavicini*), in honour of whom the entertainment was given. As we were carried up the steep and dark acclivities, on the summit of which the villa and its gardens, brilliantly illuminated, blazed like meteors, we observed several little shrines, erected by the *votarists* of the Saint, lighted with wax tapers and decorated with flowers. Bands of children and young women sang choruses, and suffered them to fade away in dying cadences, which were taken up by other groups, and echoed back.

The entertainment at the villa was a concert, ball, and supper—the two latter under an awning, and in the open air, delicious from the softness of evening and the profusion of flowers. About midnight the moon rose,—and the Bay, with its shipping—the Apennines—a light-house—a fortress—the town beneath, all touched with silver rays, or partially hid in deep shadows, completed the scene. Almost every guest brought a bouquet, many brought sonnets, as offerings to the

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those that command the beautiful Bay-scenery of Genoa.

Lady of the Evening. The officers of the *Glasgow* were present, and their figures and uniforms were not among the least ornamental part of the spectacle. There were upwards of a hundred persons, and almost every guest, male and female, was carried up by the *Portantini*:—to those carried it was a painful penalty; to the carriers it was a rich harvest in which they rejoiced,—and indeed they look upon the *Lady of Saint Anne's* as the most propitious Saint in the Calendar to their order.

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CHAPTER XII.

GENOESE SOCIETY.

National Prejudices against the Genoese.—Early Splendour—Decline—Revolutionary Changes.—Aggregation to France.—AGOSTINO PARETO.—*Surrender of Genoa to the King of Sardinia.—Restoration of ancient Abuses.—Anecdote of the* BATTISTINE.—*Religious Processions.*—CASACCIA.—*Genoese Character.—Social Intercourse.*—LA VEGLIA DI QUARANTA.—*Hospitality.—Improvement in Morals.—Dress.—Fall of Commerce.—State of the Press.*

THE Republic of Genoa has struggled as hard for an illustrious origin, as any monarchical state, for whom historiographers have lied, or chroniclers invented. She has seized on JANUS for her founder, ABRAHAM for the contemporary of her highest prosperity, and Rome as a foil to her glory. But these claims have not rescued her from much obloquy; and from *Virgil* to *Chevrier*, with *Dante*[1] included, more has been

[1] "Ahi! Genovesi, uomini diversi
D'ogni costume, e pien d'ogni magagna,
Perchè non siete voi dal mondo spersi?" DANTE.

Dante had become, in his latter days, so soured by misfortune, and so embittered by party, that his philippics against the various Italian States must be taken with great reserve.

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said against her, than either truth could justify, or partiality rebut. But the slander aimed at a Nation is always invidious, if not absolutely false. It is the work of a disappointed rival, or a resisted foe; and its dissemination is the never-failing secret of narrow cabinet policy. For as long as nations are severed by prejudice and contempt, rulers oppress unquestioned; and mankind, more enfeebled by animosities than by geographical separation, are rendered incapable of resistance. It is probable that Genoa had not been reproached with her "*patrias artes*" by the *Romans*, had not her fierce and brave mountaineers presented more obstacles to Roman violence and ambition, than the overweening pride of the conquerors of the world could brook. The Roman poets flattered none but tyrants and their slaves; for though freedom personifies well in poetic imagery, free men are rarely the heroes of poetic legends. Who has not sung the Cæsars and the Louises, the Charlemagnes and the Napoleons? But Brutus and Washington, Wallace and William Tell, have had few epics raised to their fame.

Of Genoa, it is certain, that in the best days of Italian freedom, she was one of the three glorious Republics which advanced the cause of liberty and commerce, resisted the united influence of the Emperor and the Pope, and upheld their own national independence. Her successes on the ocean, both in arms and trade, extended her influence abroad, and accumulated wealth at home, to a degree fatal alike to her virtue and her freedom. Her true prosperity fell a victim to the personal ambition and overweening pride of her aristocracy; whose affluence exceeded the bounds of republican moderation, and widened

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the breach between the wealthy patrician and the indigent people, until the separation became alike injurious to both. Still, however, in all the vicissitudes of her forms of government, whether ruled by consuls, by Abbots, by Doges, or by Aristocratic Factions, she long endeavoured to preserve her political independence, and gloried in the name of Republic; a term that belonged to the most free and perfect form of government that could exist, in times when the rude but strong instinct of liberty operated forcibly, but imperfectly, without the light of knowledge, without the benefit of experience, and without the agency of the printing-press.

To a representative government, in which all the community co-operate in the election of their deputies, and in which those deputies are carefully restrained within the just limits of their mission, neither Genoa nor Venice had ever the slightest pretence. No such institution then existed in the known world; and even the theory of such a constitution, in its highest developement, was not attained, till circumstances had called into action the illumination of the eighteenth century. Compared to the government by a free, equal, and pure representation, the boasted republics of Greece and Rome were but factious democracies, or tyrannical aristocracies; and the republics of Italy, but tumultuous impulsions towards liberty, overruled by priestcraft, and counteracted by superstition.[1]

[1] She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend and fiends infernal rise;
With heaven's own thunder shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on the foe.

POPE.

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Genoa, like Venice, fell by the vices of her wealthiest and highest classes; who, splitting into two factions, of old and new nobility, upon pretences equally idle and unfounded, sometimes filled the capital with their tumults, but always united to divide amongst themselves the honours and emoluments of the government. The large mass of the people went for nothing, and were only used as the blind agents of aristocratic feuds. He who rose in their defence was branded as a traitor to the state; his life was forfeited, and his memory blasted by inscriptions in bronze and marble, which still disgrace the walls of *Genoa*, to falsify fact and calumniate patriotism. The conspiracies of the Balbi, the Rezzi, the Fieschi (all tending to ameliorate the fate of the long-suffering many, and lessen the influence of the oppressive few), served only to lead their originators to the double martyrdom of a cruel death and a slandered reputation. They were condemned by laws made by their enemies, and administered by the officers of that INQUISITION, which was then in Genoa *omnipotent*, and extended its influence over every department of the state.[1]

The dependence of Genoa upon Spain, under the influence of the monster Philip the Second, while it turned a rapid tide of wealth into her port, stifled the last breathings of freedom, and substituted a personal ambition for national independence; and cor-

[1] Bonfaldeo was sent for from Bergamo to write the history of Genoa: he refused at first, not wishing to mention the conspiracy of *Fiesco*, whose family was then powerful. The Grand Inquisitor FORCED him to write all the details of that affair, and two years afterwards he was hanged for this *libel* against a noble family.

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ruption had reached its maximum, when commerce was at its height. The oldest families of the republic had the meanness to seek favour in the Spanish court, to enter into the Spanish service, and to return to the republic of Genoa as *grandees* of Spain, as generals of its armies, and admirals of its fleets. From that period, the government took a more settled form, though the glory of the state declined.

But the lights of the eighteenth century had not shone in vain, even for Genoa:—knowledge was slowly gaining ground; ideas more enlarged, and principles more liberal, were diffused among all classes; and remembrances of ancient independence were revived, associated with the theories of a better order of things, than had yet been enjoyed—when the French invasion opened the gates and ports of this ancient city to enemies, whom its citizens are accused of having too long and too partially considered as friends and models. The changes effected in Genoa by the French were similar to those generally produced in Italy: exactions and contributions fell heavily on the highest and wealthiest classes, and military service was, as usual, the lot of the people. The despotic nobles lost all their power; the Church, as established by the Spanish Inquisition, lost all its terrible influence; and the government, in those days of doubtful experiment, submitted to many successive changes, according to the exigency of the moment. The old aristocratic government ceasing, in 1797, was succeeded by a democracy, composed of a legislative corps, divided into a "Council of *Elders*" and another of "*Youngers*." In 1800, Genoa stood one of the most memorable sieges in the annals of the Italian wars, while occupied by the French under

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MASSENA, and blockaded by the Austrians. In 1805, it was united to the empire of France, and divided into departments. This political violence severed the Genoese, in principle and feeling, for ever from France; and the political tie which chained them together was no longer a voluntary bond, but an insupportable yoke.

While, however, the citizens exclaimed against this act of impolitic injustice, there were found among the nobility persons to forward the views of *Napoleon;* and the "*Venerable Doge*" Durazzo took a memorial to the head of the government of Milan, voting the unnatural amalgamation, and signed by five thousand names. Of these names, almost all were obscure or unknown; and the whole instrument was one of those "*hole and corner*" things, which sovereigns can always command, and men such as the *Durazzo* are always found willing to forward. To these five thousand names, however, one was added, which opposed itself to power in its most formidable aspect: it was signed to a protest at the bottom of the memorial, declaring the *union of Genoa with the French empire* to be *unjust and infamous!* —That name was AGOSTINO PARETO! I know not if it has its place in history, but it surely belongs to posterity!—and Genoa will preserve it, when the name of the *Durazzo* shall have become a by-word for political feebleness and aristocratic corruption. It was supposed that this protest would be the fiat of PARETO's ruin; and many watched the stern eye of the Imperial Chief, as it rested on a name, which opposed itself singly to his omnipotence. The first act of the Emperor and King, with respect to this audacious republican, was, to offer him the mayoralty of that

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city, whose independence he had so well defended: one signal proof of esteem still succeeded another; and he who had perpetrated an act of crying injustice against a confiding and betrayed people, sought every opportunity of marking his respect for the man, by whom he had alone been vigorously and virtuously opposed.[1]

In 1814, Genoa, like the rest of Italy, believed that the Allies were serious in their promises of liberation; and that the legitimate crusaders against *illegitimate despotism* meant nothing more than to restore that liberty, whose loss they so affectingly deplored. England personally stood pledged to Genoa! —*She* had voluntarily interposed in its behalf—she had sent the flower of her nobles and her gentry, as friends and guests to hear the tale of domestic griefs, and to steal the confidence of the citizens by a shew of sympathy and a pledge of protection. These gentlemen were received into the palaces of the aristocracy, into the houses of the people; and doors, that so rarely open to the stranger's knock in Genoa, flew off their hinges to welcome the British guest. When the British officers rode into their gates, bearing the white flag consecrated by the holy word of "*independence*," the people, always true to strong emotion, by whatever cause it is promoted, "*kissed their garments*," and rent the air with *vivats* to their honour.

[1] In 1814, this patriot citizen was sent by the people of Genoa to Paris, as their envoyé, to treat with Lord Castlereagh, relative to that "independence" promised them in Lord W. Bentinck's Manifesto. Lord Castlereagh refused to receive Pareto as the minister of an *independent state*; as he lately refused to receive the Neapolitan ambassador in the same character.

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Every heart was open; every tongue was loud; opinions long hidden were revealed; hopes long nourished were confessed; all, of every class, gave themselves up with frankness to their English liberators. When there was nothing more to extort, the English, in their turn, gave up the Genoese to their ancient foe, their inveterate rival, and long-detested neighbour—the King of Sardinia and of Jerusalem.

During the brief hour of their delusion, the Genoese, assisted by British councils, had formed a provisional government, which was composed of the most respectable citizens of the restored republic; and the most enlightened, the most liberal of its aristocracy, *Jerome Serra*,[1] was elected its president. To the last moment, the English continued to feast in the houses, and to swarm in the streets of *Genoa*. They parted at night from the palaces of the Strada Nuova and Balbi, leaving their hosts to dream over their recovered independence. In the morning they delivered them up, bound hand and foot, to the enemy. Lord William Bentinck's flag of "*Independenza!*" was taken down from the steeples and high places at sun-rise,—before noon, the arms of Sardinia blazoned in their stead;—and yet the Genoese did not rise *en*

[1] The Count Jerome Serra, and his friend Pareto, instantly retired from public life and from society, on the surrender of Genoa to the King of Sardinia.

We had the honour of being known to this illustrious citizen and accomplished gentleman, who endeavours to forget those national wrongs he cannot redress, in literary pursuits and scientific research. We found him extremely conversant with English literature, and a passionate admirer of many living English authors. Like others of the most distinguished Genoese, he is superior to unavailing complaint, and studiously avoids all political discussions.

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masse and massacre the English—the violators of a trust so sacred! To the glory of the Genoese be it recorded, that even in their bitterest moments of disappointment and suffering, they did not accuse the British military of misconduct or treachery: they saw that they were, like themselves, the dupes of the masters they served—the blind agents of a dark and infamous policy. How just they were in this conviction, time has since shewn, and time will still further prove. Many a brave English soldier now tells the tale of Genoese ruin, and of the part he was induced to play, with the crimson hues of shame burning on that brow where shame never sat before: many a grateful English heart has voluntarily returned to that Genoese roof, under which he first entered an unconscious agent of treason against the rites of hospitality; and sought and found there that forgiveness it could not grant to itself. If, even in this imperfect sketch of wrongs, whose story belongs to far ampler and far nobler pages, some trait of bitterness has escaped from irrepressible indignation, its source has been found in the details of English officers, who themselves related the errors of which they had been made the organs, with feelings of such deep-seated and generous contrition, as might almost have absolved the crime, had it been voluntarily committed. But never again (be it hoped) may a British army become the dupe of such a system as it has fought under for the last thirty years—never again may be so deceived and so dishonoured. The army of England is an aggregate of Englishmen: the sons, the brothers, and the fathers of Englishmen, must sympathise in all the distresses and all the feelings of their fellow-subjects. The first Parliamentary army

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of the Commonwealth, and that other army, which assisted in abating the despotism of the Stuarts, and in consigning, in trust, to the house of Brunswick, the national sovereignty, were true to the sacred cause of liberty; and so must every army in the end become, which is taken from the body of a free people. In such a country as Great Britain, the army cannot take the lead in popular sentiment; but it can never be compelled, or seduced, to remain very far behind it.

On the surrender of Genoa to the King of Sardinia, it was deemed at least decent to hint to him something about a constitution for his new and desponding subjects; but this, though deferentially thrown out by an accredited English minister, was heard by the King with *scornful impatience;* and when a Genoese noble had the audacity to suggest the policy of such a step, the King is said to have turned shortly on him, and to have observed, "The first that speaks of a *constitution*—I'll have him shot." None, after this candid exposition of the royal sentiments, ever thought of contradicting them; and the Genoese are now governed *without a constitution*, without any form of government, but such as the arbitrary will of their new sovereign imposes.

All that the French had done was destroyed by a stroke of a pen. The church was placed upon her ancient footing—the Jesuits were restored to all their possessions, which returned annually forty millions of livres. The *Mendicant Friars*, pensioned off by the French, have again become a burden upon the people, while the royal treasury is relieved from their annuities: their houses have been given back to them, and their former services in the noblest of the churches revived. The effect of this restoration was

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as prompt as it was pernicious; the refuse of the whole Genoese population, the idle and the worthless from all parts, poured into the streets of the capital; and those who had been prevented from presenting the *lay-scrip*, and appearing as beggars, by severe penalties imposed on that profession by the late government, now, under the protection of *church* and *state*, took up the cross, and boldly shew themselves at the door of honest industry, commanding the alms, which it has become dangerous and suspicious to refuse. Comfortably provided with a habit and a home, they are seen every where, their filthy and grotesque figures alike disgusting the senses and revolting the mind.

Previous to the revolution, there was a society of Capuchin nuns, called the "*Battestini*," which, from the circumstance of the sisterhood being chiefly the daughters of noble families, was held in high respect. When these nuns were pensioned, and their order abolished by the French, their vast monastic palace was given for a cotton manufactory. The director of this new establishment was a man of singular ability, and Genoa benefited largely by his exertions; which tended to the creation of a manufacture that would have compensated for the looms of her ancient and happiest condition. At the instigation of the Queen of Sardinia, the nuns have been restored; and three hundred manufacturers were turned adrift with their families, to make way for them. The chief of the establishment, with his best workmen, migrated into Tuscany, where the government had the good sense to draw them by an appropriate protection. The less lucky manufacturers, who remain at home, are either starving, or have become

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a burden to that state, to whose prosperity they had before so obviously contributed. Four old nuns, all that remained of the ancient batch, were reinstated in the wilderness of their convent, to form the nucleus of another community. Whoever visited Genoa in the year 1819, must have been familiar with the curious figures of these ancient dames, who were perpetually to be seen in their cloistral habits, hunting in couples, with sacks on their shoulders, which rarely returned without ample provision for the convent :— for who would refuse ambulating saints, begging under the protection of Royal patronage? [1]

The Genoese, beyond all the people of Italy, were devoted to processions and religious ceremonies. Such recreations, however holy in their origin, had become, by their frequency and abuse, the source of much evil to the people : they induced expense, idleness, and dissipation; and were the cause of perpetual feuds and broils, which endangered the safety of less zealous and less riotous citizens.

They had all been abolished by the recent government, and almost forgotten by the people, when the devotion of the king, and personal example of his family,[2] restored them; and the most famous, and

[1] Her Majesty is so hostile to every thing that looks like innovation upon that *social order*, established by the house of *Hapsburg*, that even Vaccination has not (it is said) escaped her royal censure. On hearing that the Governor's balls, at Genoa, were over at two in the morning, she expressed her surprise at hours so revolutionary early; and observed, that it was the effect of Vaccination, which left the young people feeble, and unable to bear fatigue.

[2] On the first visit of the King and Queen of Sardinia to their Dukedom of Genoa, as they were driving through the great street of the city, they met one of these restored processions. Their Majesties instantly left their carriage, and fol-

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most fatal of the processions of the Genoese Church, revived by the government, was promptly resorted to by the people, who rarely resist an excuse for amusement and dissipation: this was the procession of the CASACCIA.[1]

In the middle ages, a poor Genoese tradesman, of the name of Merigliano, acquired singular celebrity by his rude sculptures in wood, by employing a profusion of gilding, and by inventing a species of machinery, which added to the established solemnities of the old Church ceremonies, all the glare of theatric show, and all the amusement of pantomimic delusion. To the talents of Merigliano the increasing passion for religious ceremonies was generally ascribed. The procession of the "*Sagra Macchina*," or "*Casaccia*," became of great note; and though its object was simply to parade a crucifix or a Madonna through the streets, the splendour of the dresses, and the ingenuity of the machinery, brought crowds from all the neighbouring states to be present at the ceremony. The machine required forty men to move it. Upon it sat enshrined the dingy Madonna, blazing with diamonds and flaunting in flowers, surrounded by orthodox cherubim and heterodox cu-

lowed for a few paces through the mud, in the train of the Monks.

[1] The Casaccia is literally "*the old house*," and the procession of the sacred machine was so called from its being under the especial care of the Flagellants, who held their mysterious meetings in an old building. This order, though its members no longer whip themselves from Bologna to Rome, by way of a party of pleasure, was flourishing at Rome in 1820. For a description of their discipline, see HOBHOUSE'S ILLUSTRATIONS, one of the very few books on Italy distinguished by truth and originality.

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pids, angels chanting, devils roaring, saints suffering, and martyrs squalling. Meantime some devotee, who paid dearly for the privilege, tottered under the burden of an immense black Christ, larger than life; while another pious athlete bore a white Christ, of equal dimension. Each colour had its followers: each party rent the air with "*Viva Cristo bianco*," "*Viva Cristo moro;*" contention followed, scuffles ensued, and a day begun in prayer, invariably ended in riot. What is most curious in all this is, that this ceremony, now revived by the most Christian King of Sardinia, for the benefit and honour of the church, is but a sorry remnant of the heathen rites of the *Pastophori* of antiquity.[1]

Lalande, the most indulgent and least prejudiced of modern travellers, observes, that the Genoese are only ferocious under oppression; and adds, that with respect to their differing from other Italians—"*Il me paraît seulement qu'on y fait moins d'accueil aux étrangers, qu'on y est moins instruit et plus fier que dans les autres grandes villes d'Italie.*"—This, indeed, is but meagre praise; but Lalande speaks of the Genoese as they were in the most degraded period of their political and moral existence; when the old principles of independence had worn out, and the new lights of philosophy and knowledge had

[1] We arrived in Genoa just in time to lose the Casaccia. The streets were still crowded and tumultuous, though the procession was over. A man not having sufficient money to purchase the honour of carrying the crucifix, had torn his wife's gold ear-rings out of her ears, on her refusing to sell them, to raise the money. She was seen flying through the streets, with her face covered with blood, and followed by friends, who openly avowed their intended vengeance upon the perpetrator of this barbarous act.

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not yet penetrated through the dense atmosphere of ignorance and superstition which environed them. They were then no longer republican merchants, and independent citizens; they had none of the brilliant qualities of chivalry; they had learnt to blush at the honest calling of their fathers, and to sue, *without blushing*, at the feet of foreign thrones, for such empty titles, or gaudy honours, as their wealth could purchase from sordid sovereigns. Naples and Spain were their principal markets; and there are few titles which now dignify the old commercial names of Genoa, that have not been purchased at one or the other of these courts. The influence of the *Inquisition* had been a principal cause of degrading the Genoese people, by circumscribing the limits of education, and intimidating the spirit of the youth; and during the last century, fewer eminent persons in arts, literature, and science, were produced in Genoa, than in any other Italian state whatever.

Despotism, ignorance, and superstition, are formidable foes to social intercourse and enjoyment. Still the Genoese, previous to the Revolution, *had* a society, stamped with those prescriptive characteristics of *bon ton*, which distinguish the aggregation of the higher classes in other capitals. This circle was confined to forty of the noblest families, and was called "*La veglia di quaranta*," (the vigils of *the forty*.) These *conversazioni* lasted during forty weeks of the year, and were held in turn, at the palaces of the respective forty families, once in each week. These were almost the sole resources of a class, excluded by their rank from general intercourse, and inhabiting one of the few cities of Italy, where the opera has little attraction, and is but little attended to, except

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by the lower orders. The Revolution, by its equalizing principles, terminated a society from which all were excluded but a few of the very first rank;[1] and the changes, the agitations, the vicissitudes, the new views, and new resources, which distinguished that momentous and inevitable event, were little calculated to replace this old aristocratic circle with one of equal stability and weight. Foreign titles lost their influence: *mind* was forced into notice, without reference to *name;* public commotion prevailed, and private society wholly ceased.

The first display of hospitable rites and a tendency to social re-union, was exhibited in Genoa in favour of the English military, who being considered as protectors were received as *guests*. The warm glow of confidence which then existed, has since been frozen in its genial current. Fortunes lessened — hopes blasted — spirits depressed — and indignation (deep-seated, and superior to complaint), working its sullen course in every mind, have closed every avenue to social intercourse. If, in the winter season, one or two palaces are occasionally opened for a *conversazione*, the new subjects of the *Duke of Genoa* meet only to lament over the fallen splendour of the *Veglia di quaranta* of that ancient Republic, which, with all its faults, was still an independent state, and owned no foreign master.

When we visited Genoa, in the beginning of the autumn of 1819, many families of the upper classes

[1] It is curious to see the leaven of hereditary prejudice, mingling with more liberal, but less influential principles, newly acquired. A very enlightened Genoese noble, one day, pointed out to us the corner of the street where the superior nobles of the "*Portico vecchio*" used to sit, and which the

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had retired for their *villeggiatura;* and though we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of some distinguished individuals, we found but *one house* open to society—that of the Marchesa Pallavicini. We owe to the literary dinners and assemblies of this lady,[1] our most favourable impressions, not only of Genoese society, but of the improvements which have taken place in the moral and domestic habits of the people once so universally accused of having none. A family of three generations, a young and lovely mother, occupied with the care and education of her children, a youthful, *an attached* husband, and an anxious and amiable grandmother presiding over all, were new images in the saloons of a Genoese palace. No cecisbeo, no *patito*,[2] no meddling confessor! Such were the effects of that recent *disturbance* of *social order*, which introduced vaccination, and sent young people to bed before day-light.

Gallantry, in the old acceptation of the word in the good old times, is in Genoa, as throughout Italy, on the decline; and passion perhaps gains, as much

nobles of the "*Portico nuovo*" could not approach: he laughed at this ridiculous distinction, but added, "and yet, I confess, I should not like a daughter of mine to marry with one of the *Portico nuovo*."

[1] At these dinners we always found some of the most eminent of the professors, and whatever literary or scientific persons Genoa could boast. It is a curious fact, that by marriages the rival names of Fiesco and Doria are both merged in the family of Pallavicini. The elder marchioness has enjoyed much celebrity, both for wit and beauty, in the higher circles of France and Italy, but she now seems to lay her triumphs at the feet of her infant grandchildren.

[2] The *Patito*, or "sufferer of Genoa," is the cavaliere servente of Milan, the cecisbeo of Florence and Rome; but more serviceable and enslaved than either.

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as morals, by the destruction of that unlicensed libertinism, which, by knowing no bounds, could have had but few enjoyments. Still, however, among the old aristocracy, some monumental traces of the genuine Genoese *patito*, or *amatory martyr*, may be found, in the remains of the *beaux garçons* of the *Veglia di quaranta;* still carrying the prayer-book, or presenting the bouquet of their liege lady, and accompanying her to the promenade of Strada Nuova in the evening, or to the church of the *Annunciata* in the morning. But the *education* presided by Jesuits and Inquisitors, which left the youth of Genoa ignorant and feeble, and threw them on gallantry and gambling for their sole occupation and resource, has long ceased to exist, and has not *yet* been revived.

It was a most despotic, but not an impolitic measure in Bonaparte, to carry off the flower of the Genoese youth from the circumscribed circles, and pernicious systems of their own degraded capital, and to oblige their parents to place them in the universities of Milan and Pavia, or in the public military schools of France. The bodily and mental exercise to which they were habituated in the classes of the Polytechnic schools, or of St. Cyr,—the military campaigns, or the diplomatic occupations which followed,—but ill fitted the rising generation for supporting the languid slavery of the Patito—for tying flowers upon wire stems, matching the foliage of geraniums with the blossoms of the myrtle, and carefully folding embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs in the illuminated leaves of family missals: and now that they have returned from their European vocation to the silence of their fallen capital, and are shut out from every means of occupation, or source of

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employment, and condemned, by the revival of old institutions, to ignorance and obscurity, they congregate in clubs at the Café, or give up to the agitating vicissitudes of a gaming-table, that overplus of animal spirits and youthful energy, which might be so much more beneficially employed for themselves, and for society.

Much of the prejudices and propensities of the old regime are said to still find shelter among the females of the highest class; but to prove or disprove this assertion, a more extensive experience than I can boast would be necessary. It would be presumptuous to decide on points that require time to investigate, on a view both brief and cursory: but all that the exterior of society can exhibit to the stranger's rapid glance, struck me to be fair and attractive. The Genoese ladies, as I saw them in the streets (and of necessity the Genoese walk much [1]), in the church, or the circle, appear graceful, *piquantes*, and particularly handsome. They dress richly,[2] exhibit their finely formed arms and necks, even in the morning, to great advantage; and seem neither unconscious, nor yet ostentatious, of their attractions. But on this point I appeal from my own imperfect views to

[1] Carriages can pass only through a very few of the streets of Genoa, and the sedan chair is less frequently used now than formerly, when every lady of rank was obliged to have her chair preceded by four lacqueys and two running footmen.

[2] The sumptuary laws have not been revived; because the last Revolution was not a Restoration, and because such laws are not a part of the monarchical system. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, sumptuary laws were enacted in England; but they were directed against the extravagance of the middle classes, the nobility alone being allowed to wear gold, silver, and satin.

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those British hearts, which are said to have received wounds during their peaceful occupation of Genoa, less curable than those inflicted at Waterloo.

There is now no vestige of the superb merchant of the olden time of the Republic. There are still men of business; but that class which once engrossed the trade of the Mediterranean, and opened markets in Alexandria, has long passed away; and a sordid accumulation, the result of mean and penurious thrift, has been substituted for the bold and enterprising speculations of an enlightened industry. Those who formerly earned, now save money; and wealth, once thrown into profitable circulation, is now hoarded in iron coffers, unused and unenjoyed. Even usury has been taught to distrust, by fatal experience; having been the dupe of every king in Europe, it now flags in spirit, and is chary of lending, save perhaps to the British merchant, who, like the British seaman, in despite of powerful circumstances, still maintains the ancient reputation of his country, and renders England respectable in foreign estimation.

The first blow given to the trade of Genoa was the opening of the Cape of Good Hope:—the last (and it has vibrated throughout all Italy) was the restrictive system inflicted upon commerce by the Emperor of Austria,[1] and of necessity copied by all the petty chiefs of smaller states. Commerce is in a state of stagnation; and a traffic for salvation, re-opened by the priesthood, is the only trade favoured by the government, and freely open to the people.

The press of Genoa is reduced to a Court Gazette,

[1] The trade between Genoa and Lombardy is absolutely ruined.

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which registers nothing but (what the people desire not to know) the extent of their own slavery. Its freedom was not however thus stifled without an effort of resistance on the part of the Genoese, who applied to the Sardinian government for permission to publish a Journal that should be something more than a mere Court Calendar, and organ of an oppressive administration. After many months' deliberation in the Royal Councils of TURIN, the request was answered by a—question, "*Who were to be the Editors?*" Three of the first names, backed by the largest fortunes in Genoa, were sent in; and the permission for a new Journal was then granted; with the slight proviso, that the said Journal should not *even remotely* touch upon politics, morals, or religion; and that it should be subjected to the inspection and revision of *three royal Piedmontese Censors extraordinary*. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the project was given up; and Genoa still continues to depend, for all her *European information*, on the Court Gazette of the King of Sardinia, issued from his royal printing-press.

The fate of Genoa requires no comment: it is the *Parga of Italy;* and it owes its misfortunes to the same councils, and the same system, which, in a shameless conspiracy against the rights and feelings of humanity, are plotting the total extinction of liberty in Europe. The part which England has played in the surrender of this ancient republic, has earned for her the double obloquy of crime and of dupery; and the indignation which yet murmurs upon the lips of the whole Italian population, is largely mingled with contempt for a nation, whose indifference to the liberties of foreign countries they take as the

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certain sign and forerunner of the loss of its own. Despotism holds it, they say, "like an ape, in the corner of its jaw—first mouthed, to be last swallowed." [1]

[1] Shakspeare.

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CHAPTER XIII.

PIACENZA. PARMA. MODENA.

Route from Genoa to Piacenza.—Frontiers and Custom-house Officers. —The Trebia.—Piacenza.—Historic Recollections.—Benvenuto Cellini.—*Ducal Palace.—Public Square.—Prisons.—Governor's Palace.—Equestrian Statues.—Duomo.—Italian Mode of reckoning Time.—Cupola of Guercino. —Street Population.—Literature.*—Giordani.—*Route to Parma.—The Via Flaminia.—Aspect of the Country.*—Castel Guelpho.—*Italian Branch of the Douglases.—Val di Taro.*—Parma.—*Streets.—Coffee-houses.—Piety of the Population.—Ex-Duchess.*—Duomo.—*Cupola by Correggio.—Portraits of Correggio and of Girolamo Mazzuolo.—Baptistery.—St. Giovanni Evangelista.—Theatres.—Palace.—Garde meuble of Marie Louise.—Revolutionary History.—Printing Press of Bodoni.—Gallery.—Literature and Science.*—Tommasini—Velo, *etc.*—*Academies.—Route to Modena.*—Reggio—(Ariosto.)—Rubiera—(Correggio.)—Modena.—*Palace.—Library.—University.—Duke of Modena's Government.—Literature.*—Muratori, Tassoni, etc.

In returning from Genoa, on the route to Florence by *Bologna*, the same road is repassed as far as *Vo-*

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ghera. There the Piedmontese sbirri are once more taken leave of, and, after a tedious detention, and much form and annoyance,[1] the traveller is permitted to proceed a *few miles* further. Then again new insignia of power and dominion meet the eye; and the frontier barrier of *Castel-San-Giovanni*, the arms of the Duchy of Parma, imperial crowns, and a crowd of police and custom-house officers, give due information of a change of sovereigns. The name and titles of HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE QUEEN MARIA LOUISA, DUCHESS OF PARMA AND PIACENZA, glare on every side, and mark the new subdivision of Italy, by the grand carver, *Austria*. Over this fertile little tract reigns, nominally, the Ex-Empress of France!!!

Piacenza, or *Placentia*, is approached by the desert shores of the TREBIA, the site of many an ancient, many a modern fight. The bed of this vast mountain-torrent was nearly dried up as we crossed it. One deep stream alone poured through its rough channel; and the fine ruin of a massive arch, marked by classic travellers as the remains of that bridge crossed by Hannibal, had a singular effect in the

[1] Most English travellers, and indeed all persons of rank, escape a great part of these annoyances, by travelling with a courier, who, constantly in advance of the carriages, removes all difficulty by force of authority or of gold. We, however, purposely avoided the retaining this useful domestic; partly from œconomy, and partly from a general desire of coming as closely as possible in contact with a population of whom we should have such frequent occasion to speak. We encountered, accordingly, our full share of the inconveniences of Italian travelling; and we speak as we felt, and as the mass of the people must feel, who necessarily travel without couriers.

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midst of the broad, stony, and undulating strand, that looked as if it covered the surface of a buried city. The plain beyond is dreary and formless: in its centre rose the dark red city of Piacenza. Its burnished gloom, as it reflected the burning rays of a mid-day sun, was that of some bronzed city of Egyptian deserts; where sky, earth, and habitation, are all bathed in the same swarthy tints. Its shattered walls, and mouldering gates, were guarded by troops of Austrian soldiers (the supposed armed force of Parma; and legions of the eternal *Doganieri* were ready to pounce on the passport, examine the imperial, and shew their power to detain and to harass those who are not inclined to *purchase* a speedy escape from their clutches. From wall to wall, and gate to gate, we were thus stopped four times; and no where did Austria, with her system of restrictions, her spies, her fears, and distrust, appear more formidable or more odious, than at the frontiers of the Parmesan territory, over which she affects to hold no direct jurisdiction. We were at last permitted to enter the city of *pleasantness*, which looks like the city of the plague. To judge by its silent empty streets and dismantled edifices, it seemed to have been lately [1] swept by pestilence, or depopulated by famine. *Piacenza and Parma* were erected into a Dukedom by Pope Paul the Third, for his ferocious son, Pier-

[1] This desolate appearance is partly owing to the œconomy of the palaces. The lower windows, without glass, are filled with massive iron bars, and look like prisons. The shutters of the windows of the second floor are usually closed. The third story is too high to catch the attention. This is the general aspect of the great houses, as the south is approached, particularly in the smaller cities.

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Luigi Farnese ("for in those days," says Muratori, "there was no scandal attached to such doings in the house of God"); and the former city became the ducal residence and seat of a court, whose splendour is attested by that vast and still unfinished edifice, which might well have served for the residence of more powerful sovereigns. The crimes and vices of the Farnese leave no historical recollections of interest behind them, to hail the traveller's arrival with agreeable associations; and the pleasantest which the middle-aged story conjures up, is the arrival of Benvenuto Cellini, on his sorry horse, at the gates of Piacenza, after having capriciously parted with the sumptuous cavalcade of the Signore Hippolito Gonzago, Lord of Mirandola, and resolved to pursue his journey alone "*in a dog trot.*"[1] ("*Il mio proposito assoluto di venire a* TRIBOLARE a Firenze.") His accidentally meeting with the Duke Pier-Luigi, the newly-installed sovereign, and his inveterate persecutor, his reception at court, and his believing that the assassination of the Farnese, which so immediately followed, was an interference of Providence to avenge his own wrongs, are all told in Cellini's life, in his best style. The Duke sending him his dinner to the inn, is a curious trait of the manners of the times.

The ducal palace of the Farnese is a singular fabric, and worthy of observation. Like the greater part of the city, it is built of dusky red brick, and as we saw it in the setting sun, it had a sort of *burnt* crustiness about it, which gave it the air of a building baked in a furnace. It is vast and desolate; partly unfinished,

[1] Such is the sense given by Cellini's commentator to the word "tribolare."

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partly in ruin. It was once the scene of much barbaric pomp and gay carousals; for the Farnese were noted for their sumptuosity and love of dissipation. They were also patrons of the arts, which had then become more indispensable to the vanity than the taste of Italian princes, and the walls of the now damp mouldering gallery were once covered with the works of Raphael, Correggio, and Parmigiano. When the last of the Dukes of Parma, *Don Carlos*, changed his brick palace of *Piacenza* for the throne of Naples, he carried away from its cabinets and saloons all they contained that was most rare and precious.

La Piazza, or the public square, is surrounded by old and mean buildings, to which the town-house and governor's palace are exceptions. The former is of great antiquity, and though built of brick, its Gothic tracery and minute architectural details are extremely fine. In the centre is a small square court, so filthy as to be scarcely approached, but surrounded by a portico well worth seeing. There, too, are the dungeons of this strong place. A little grated window admitted all the light and noxious atmosphere this court afforded: a few pale haggard faces were pressed against the iron bars within, and one of the wretched prisoners was conversing with some weeping friend, who stood without, and for his sake encountered all that was noxious and offensive in the place.

Maria Louisa is said frequently to visit her good city of Piacenza, to preside at public fêtes, given by the *police*. She has also made some splendid offerings to the church: it were well if she looked to the dungeons of her prisons. The prisons of Italy are indeed dreadful; and the facility with which they

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are filled by power, unquestioned and unrestricted, is still more terrible. In this they recall the prisons of England, during the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act:* like these, they are tenanted by men for whom no law exists, and who are, perhaps, the dupes, as well as the victims, of that fearful policy which has incarcerated them.

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE is of the same date with the town-house, which it faces. It has been newly and splendidly repaired by the French; and from its elegance and freshness is a perfect solecism among the ruins that environ it. An inscription cut in the stone-work of its façade, intimates that it owes its renovation to "NAPOLEONE IMPERATORE." This inscription may sometimes bring to the remembrance of Maria Louisa, as she passes along, one who raised her to the summit of greatness, and added to the splendour of pomp and power what woman can prize more than either, affection and tenderness. In recalling the father, it may also fix her attention upon the son; and in thus reviving the memory of ties the dearest and the sweetest, it must either kindle the blush of indignation or of shame, according as her conscience speaks of the abandonment of duty, as an act of forced obedience, or of unnatural indifference.

After the grated windows of the dungeon, and the faces we saw peering through them, there was nothing to arrest our steps in the piazza; not even the green, grim, equestrian statues of Alexander and Ranuccio Farnese, so long disputed by the polemics of *virtù;* and which are at last taken from John di Bologna, and given to Mocchi, a very inferior artist. These two Farnese were not the sons of that *Pier-Luigi*, who was flung out of the window of his

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palace[1] at Piacenza; nor the persons whom their grandfather, Pope Paul the Third, made Cardinals in their sixteenth year; heaping benefices on them, as English prelates now concentrate livings on the clerical youth of their own families.

This Alexander and this Ranuccio were the grandchildren of *Pier-Luigi*, by his daughter-in-law, an imperial illegitimate, whose father, Charles the Fifth, secured the Dukedom of Piacenza and Parma to her posterity, until Elizabeth Farnese, becoming the wife of Philip the Fifth of Spain, as heiress of Parma transmitted the oft-bartered Dukedom to her second son. In 1735, Charles the Sixth, Emperor of Germany, handy-capped the two Sicilies against this Italian Principality, which thus again fell into the power of Austria, with whom it remained till the French invasion. But it is wearisome and disgusting to follow these choppings and changings of nations—to behold human society, like the live stock of a farm, set up to auction, and to see the fortunes, interests, and happiness of millions, sacrificed to the whim, the ambition, or the injustice of some half-mad or half-foolish Potentate! That great register of human turpitude, History, abounds with these *barters* of States, which would seem events of impossible performance, but that the mystery is solved—by a standing army.

[1] *Pier-Luigi* did not suffer for his private crimes, which were of the darkest dye, but for his resistance to the Austrian power in Lombardy. The conspiracy which deprived him of life was effected by the emissaries of Charles the Fifth, who laid claim to the Dukedom of Parma and Piacenza (or, as it was then called, *Piacenza* and *Parma;* Piacenza being the most considerable city of the two in those times, as its public buildings still evince).

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The Cathedral is among the rudest, and, I believe, the most ancient in Italy: its old clock is worth noting, as one of the land-marks which indicate the shading of civilization and modern improvements in Italy, which have not travelled far southward. On its antique dial all the hours are marked, from one to *twenty-four;* and at Piacenza we first begin to hear of hours in their *teens*, and of the day reaching its majority of *twenty-one*. This continues to Naples; for though the French introduced the European mode of counting, the innovation was deemed revolutionary; old dials, with other old pieces of clock-work, have been restored, and to make an appointment at "one in the afternoon," would now be considered *Lèse-Majesté* against the legitimate and canonical hours of the "*social fabric.*"

The pictures of the cathedral have been so minutely described by recent travellers, as to leave nothing to be said on that subject, of which the author of these pages is always desirous to say so little. But a *cupola* painted by GUERCINO, and an *altar-piece* done by *Procaccini*, cannot be passed over in silence; though, of these, there is only to say, that the one can scarcely be seen, though the eye waters and the neck breaks, in the effort to behold it; and that the other is so covered by dust, cobwebs, and filth, that it is impossible not to lament, that it had not taken a trip to *Paris*, with some of its distinguished compeers, who all returned so much the better for their journey.

A celebrated female writer has declared that an aristocracy is a law of nature. Whatever philosophers may think of this notion, it is certain that *the law*, as it has operated on the continent, has produced

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a most fatal modification of society; and if, in its quality of *natural*, it is to remain immutable, Piacenza and some other of the lesser Italian cities will preserve a curious specimen of its influence for the amusement of posterity. We heard much, though we saw but little, of its agency in Piacenza; for our view was taken merely *en passant*. But we learned from the persons we did see there, that its inhabitants were divided into two classes, the nobles and shopkeepers. We saw the latter lounging in their silent and half-empty shops; or talking at their doors to a gossiping priest, a character here by no means rare. The nobles exhibit themselves on their Corso in vehicles, which *they* take to be carriages; and which were so, in the days of Ranuccio and Alexander. The Corso itself is only the gloomy "*strada maestra*," or great street of the town; and through its close and heated atmosphere (which had all the suffocating density of flames extinguished by dirty water) these noble illustrations of divine-righted aristocracy are carried along at a funeral pace, until the shadows of night send them home to Tarocco, in some high and remote apartment of their dismantled palaces:—the church, the corso, and the card-table, making up the sum of their very useful existence. We were assured by a gentleman of Piacenza, that no *dinner* has been given in that ducal city within the memory of man, except by the *Marchese Mandelli*, whose table is always open to those who have none of their own. This gentleman is said to have a considerable share of literary taste and scientific information—which would appear a solecism in the present state of society in his native city, if Piacenza had not produced, and did not possess, *Giordani*: and whatever her nobles

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may think, it is more to her glory to have given birth to this eloquent and patriotic citizen, than even to have produced that clever organ of despotism (the *Wolsey* of his day and country), *Cardinal Alberoni!*

Signore Giordani is one of the few, who in any country has

"*Dared to be honest in the worst of times.*"

Called on to pronounce an oration at the *Accademia delle belle Arti* in Bologna, in 1815, the delicate subject given him was the *restoration of the four Legations* (of which the Bolognese is the principal) *to the Papal See.* This was a golden theme, for the tongue of servility and self interest! In the Institute of Paris, such a subject would have been a stepping-stone to a *privy counsellorship!* In the Academy of *Bologna*, it was made the medium of cold truths, clothed in bitter irony. The oration was condemned by the Holy See as *a libel;* and two explanatory letters from the patriot-orator, the one addressed to the Cardinal-Minister at Rome, and the other to the Cardinal-Legate at Bologna, were considered by the government as an aggravation of the original crime; and were intended to be so by their author.

These productions circulated like wild-fire through upper Italy; and the eagerness with which they were read, and the universal approbation they excited, proved the truth of the author's words, with respect to the opinions of his oration: "Quelli non erano pensieri del solo Oratore, ma del pubblico."[1]

Pliny has asserted that, in his time, men lived in *Piacenza* to the age of a hundred and forty. In

[1] "These were not thoughts confined to the orator, but general and public."—Letters to Cardinal Gonsalvo.

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its *present state*, I never saw a place where one would be more willing to *die*, if there were no other mode of escaping from its dark walls. As, however, in our own case, escape was possible, we left it with due speed for PARMA; and refreshed our senses and spirits with a return to that nature, which, though always lovely, is loveliest to the eye and imagination of a traveller, in the moment that he escapes from one of these *ducal towns*, these petty capitals of petty principalities, which rise so frequently and so formidably, in sadness and desolation, amidst the blooming Paradise of Italian landscape.

THE road from Piacenza to Parma is marked in the Itinerary of all classic travellers as the *Via Flaminia*. Evelyn, Addison, Lalande, Eustace, and a hundred others of inferior note, have said so; and imitative mediocrity will long continue to repeat the learned fact with notes of admiration and commentaries; for the "gentle dulness" that "ever loves a joke," loves classical topography also, and repeats its criticisms with an oracular authority, as though all its citations were as original as they are erudite.

To those, however, who tremble for the springs of light carriages, and shudder at dislocated joints, *Roman pavements—read*, better than they *tread;* and it is much more gracious to such gothic travellers, to learn, at starting, that the road they are about to pass was made under the consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte, than under that of *Lepidus* and *Flaminius*. The road to Parma, however, unites the two-fold advantage, classic and gothic. It is precisely the track opened by the Roman Consuls, and is rendered smooth as a bowling-green by the French government. It

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runs, too, through scenes of perpetual fertility; and every where commands views of the Apennines and their numerous springs, which, taking various names, as *Stirone*, *Laro*, *Parmo*, etc. etc. etc. bathe the soil with their fertilizing moisture.

The corn-fields, which follow each other in unbroken succession, are planted with lofty trees, for the support of vines that hang from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, in rich festoons of fruit and foliage. At their root the melon or the pumpkin creeps, and occupies whatever space remains beneath. Every where, as we passed along, was to be seen the slender Vignajuolo mounted on a ladder, so white and slim that it seemed to have been made of peeled reeds; while girls, in the picturesque dresses of the country, stood below to receive the grapes in wicker baskets. These were images of beauty and of abundance, repeated at every step from Piacenza to Florence; and the prosperity they indicate, gives no false picture of the fortunes of the peasantry, who form perhaps the happiest class of Italian population. But even here, Nature, all lovely as she is, would smile in vain, if placed under such circumstances as operate in Ireland to degrade the labourer, and to ruin the soil. An Irish landlord, an Irish tithe-proctor, an agent of an Irish absentee, a rack-rent, a double hierarchy, and an overwhelming taxation, would exhaust the fertility even of this happy region, would convert industry into a gambling speculation, exchange daily labour for nightly theft and violence, and convert decency and regularity into rags and drunkenness. Against such ruinous combinations of society, Nature, in its amplest bounty, is wholly powerless; for the more abundant her gifts, the more prolific her harvests, the

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deeper is the ruin of the unfortunate cultivator. Surely it is a dreary penalty paid for the enjoyments of foreign scenery, to have the heart dragged back by inevitable comparison at every step, and to see, even in the oppression and misrule of Italian Principalities, a prosperity too forcibly contrasting with the distresses and degradation of the land of one's birth and affections. At every step a conviction is forced upon the mind, either that the boasted Constitution of England is inadequate to the prosperity of society, or that the Irish nation is mocked with its semblance, and has never enjoyed it but under those corruptions, which are ever fatal in proportion to the excellence they strive to simulate.

As we stopped to change horses at CASTEL GUELFO, a name sufficiently indicative of its origin, we alighted to examine the fine old castle which gives the site its appellation, and which was once the residence of the turbulent leaders of the Guelph faction.

CASTEL GUELFO is still in high preservation, and not only habitable, but *inhabited;* as was evident from the green silk draperies that flaunted through one of its old casements, and from the profuse laundry drying on the stunted trees that grew along its filled-up fosse. We were tempted to ask a vine-cutter (who was dining on maccaroni under the shade of a fine old tree near its gates) to whom the castle belonged? he replied laconically, *To the Scot* ("*il Scotto*"). On further investigation at Bologna, we found that "*il Scotto*" was a *Douglas*, a descendant of one of the sons of old "*Bell the Cat*," who had distinguished himself in the civil wars of Italy, and probably won this castle and its lands by his good sword and prowess! In the 16th century the celebrated *Lang-*

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franc, the painter, was page to an *Orazio Scotti*, of Piacenza, *Marquis of Montalbo*, and was severely reprimanded by the Chieftain for having disfigured the walls of his anti-room by drawing figures with a burnt stick, which would now be purchased at any price.

The Douglas, with his rude mountain clan, seated in a Guelph castle in the delicious plains of Lombardy, forms an association at once curious and remote, and peculiar to those adventurous times, for which the imagination can find no parallel in classic story.

The beautiful VAL DI TARO succeeds. The ancient abbey of Firenzuola belongs to the *middle-age* travellers. The site where Sylla defeated the army of Carbo, has the usual interest for the *learned*. Both lie in sylvan scenery, which terminates in a wide-spreading waste round the high fortified walls of *Parma*. These sweeps of devastation (each a little *Campagna*) which lead to the capitals of the petty Principalities, are exceedingly characteristic : they belong to the same story as is told by ponderous portals, armed walls, towers, forts, and drawbridges—images of distrust and of violence. The gates of Parma are guarded by the usual number of soldiers, police-officers, and Doganieri. Its streets are, as usual, dreary, lined with those mouldering edifices, which the French call *masures* (the habitations of the lowly), and with some fine and some ruinous palaces, the dwellings of the great. Almost every other building is a church ; for Parma owed much of its ancient splendour to the Farnesian Pope, Paul the Third, whose descendants made it the seat of their court. But of these churches, though all are rich within, few are finished without—a fact of common occurrence in Italy—for what is done with the public money is always negli-

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gently done ; and though it was the public who usually assisted to build churches, it was individual pomp or piety that decorated the interior.

The miserable little shops, the silent streets of Parma, shew no traces of its ancient commerce, when its market supplied wool to Europe. Now it exhibits alone an hopeless indolence, and a torpid inactivity. A little raw silk, and the cheese, which is found so much better every where than in the district whence it takes its name, form the whole exportation of the Parmesan States ; and the only visible symptoms of internal trade are festoons of *maccaroni*, and the swinging pewter basin which vibrates over the barber's shop, where a chair and a sheet invite the dirty or lazy passenger to repose and purify. The barber of Italian towns is still a character, and differs little from the important personage, who in remoter times gave heroes to comedy, and *intriguants* to novels. His shop alone is sure of custom—where all must shave *sometimes*—and where no one shaves himself; for helplessness is one of the results of oppression ; and activity, discountenanced in all its higher agencies, soon yields to inertness in the lesser duties.

While the barber's shop is the emporium of news, and the mart of trade in the morning, the *café*, after the church, seemed to us to be, in Parma, the principal place of resort to persons of all ranks. These *cafés*, modelled upon the *French*, and about as splendid as such festive *rendez vous* are in a third-rate provincial town in France, are still the gayest things in Parma. As we walked up the main street in the evening, we perceived the congregation of the churches hurrying from the benediction to the coffee-house, and issuing from the altar, to range themselves

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under the awning which shades the front of these little temples of dissipation. To judge by the teeming population, which filled every church in Parma, (and we visited *five* successively; that is, we struggled to get in our heads—and then, for the benefit of a free respiration, struggled to get them out), the mass of *piety* must be ponderous indeed. The churches are evidently the fashionable evening lounge; for though we saw but very few carriages on the corso, and found the theatre empty, the churches were brilliantly illuminated, and the votarists so numerous within, that many, unable to proceed further, knelt in the street, round the doors of entrance, while the benediction was pronouncing. This over-stocking of the market of faith is peculiar to such little capitals as *Parma*, *Piacenza*, and *Modena*, where the petty sovereign gives the ton to exterior forms; and where a sort of pocket Inquisition exists, whose emissaries are vigilant in proportion as their sphere is limited. Parma is extremely Spanish, from being long presided by a Spanish court, and governed by a Spanish influence. The Ex-Duchess (*and Ex-Queen of Etruria*), and her *fair and feeble son* (by right Duke of Parma, but by force obliged to let *Maria Louisa take her turn out of his state*), are both accused of being what, in *Rome*, is termed devout—what elsewhere is called bigoted; and their legitimate subjects are said to remember the piety of the old court, in spite of the silver lamps and new painted Madonnas, which their actual Duchess presents to their churches.

The *Cathedral*, or Duomo of Parma, is one of great antiquity and great celebrity. It is a splendid specimen of the rude magnificence of the rudest times. It is of the true *Italian-gothic*, that is, mixed, and semi-

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barbarous, with nothing of the exquisite beauty of the pure Gothic of old English architecture. Griffins and lions guard its porticos, cockatrices and serpents deform its architraves. Yet, still the first view of the vast interior is very fine and imposing. The high dark columns, the cloistral galleries, and, above all, the walls enriched by the pencil of *Mazzuolo*,[1] and a cupola painted by Correggio (accused indirectly of causing his death), give it great interest. While we were straining our eyes to gaze on this cupola, we were joined by the sacristan, and a monk of the adjoining convent, who, each anxious for the honour and the rewards of a Cicerone, disturbed our contemplation, more than they assisted our curiosity, by their disputes on the subject of "*Nostro Correggio*" and "*Nostro Parmigiano*." Still we were far from relinquishing their offered services; for to such accidental acquaintances we sometimes owed much amusement, and frequently some curious information,

[1] This is not the *Francesco* Mazzuolo called "*the Child of the Graces*," and alluded to in the following passage of Boschini :—"Vorrei chiamarlo figlio delle Grazie, quel Parmigianino." Francesco, the chief of his family and school, painted little for his native city, and nothing for the Duomo, where the chefs-d'œuvre of his pupil and relation are preserved. Of the patronage of the great, in these days of boasted patronage, Correggio and Parmigianino are melancholy illustrations. The latter, not having finished a picture for the church of the *Steccata* by the time expected, was thrown into a dungeon by the Farnese, as Tasso was by the d'Este. When liberated, he fled from Parma, having first disfigured as many of his noble pictures as he could get at; and having just lived long enough to finish his famous "Annunciation" (to shew Parma what he could do), he died of a broken heart. The death of Correggio, too well known to repeat, was still more melancholy.

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not to be had in the saloons of palaces or the studies of the learned.

The cupola of the Duomo of Parma, well known throughout Europe by engravings, to be found in the portfolio of every collector, is fast yielding to time and damp; and those tints, so warm and vital that Giulio Romano could scarcely be persuaded they were not the fleshy tissues of nature itself, are rapidly fading into mildew. Fortunately, the famous altar-piece of this church has escaped a similar fate, by being removed to the picture-gallery.

Over the *Orchestra* of the church, are two holy families; not, however, composed, as is usual in Italian pictures, of a stupid-looking Joseph with a hammer stuck in his girdle, a crowned Virgin, a radiated Bambino, with saints, cows, hay-racks, and all the treasures of the East, and all the litter of a stable; but of such families as love and virtue sometimes assemble, under the domestic roof of ordinary humanity. They are said to be the families of *Correggio*, and of *Girolamo Mazzuolo*.

There are also two frescos of singular attraction, on either side the great entrance. These are two pillars, painted in such strong relief that the light seems reflected from their salient surfaces; and from behind each starts the head of a man, who seems in the playful act of surprising his companion. These truly beautiful heads are the portraits of Correggio and Mazzuolo, done by each other—"*per ischerzo*," as the monk told us; that is, "*in fun*." Of this disposition to fun, even in the churches, we saw many instances in Italy, where the feelings and imaginations of the painters seem to seek relief from the horrors they were hired to paint, in such gay careless

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representations as enrich the portals of the *Duomo* of *Parma*. Our monk added (and I make him accountable for the anecdote, which he gave as a tradition of his convent), that *Corregio* had surprised *Mazzuolo* with his picture, who, not to be outdone, surprised Corregio with his. He said they were both struck off at a heat—"fatto d'una pennellata! colpo da maestro!" He pointed out also to our observation, a St. Francis in an ecstasy before the Magdalen —a fine picture by Mazzuolo: but St. Francis was too handsome for a saint, and the Magdalen too fresh for a penitent.

The BAPTISTERY stands apart from the Duomo, and is still more curious. It dates from 1112; and its circular walls are covered with contemporary sculpture and paintings. The arts in that period were rather *re-creating* than reviving; and even the Greek monstrosities of the *bassi tempi* seem to have given no models to these rude efforts. The subjects are all from the church mythology of that day, when much apocryphal tradition was afloat, and when scriptural history was little resorted to. In these exhibitions, the Virgin is always painted like a large female baboon feeding her young. The eyes meet, the nose is long, the lower part of the face retreats, the complexion is ebony, and the expression a mixture of ferocity and cunning. All these attempts at representing the human countenance in saints and martyrs, are equally frightful. Whether the types were traditional, or whether religion was thus *purposely* depicted in images of terror, to strike fear in the ignorant and the timid, it may now be difficult to discover. The *system* has remained down to a late day, though such means of propagating it were not adopted by the *Leonardo da*

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Vincis, the *Raphaels*, and the *Correggios*. Had Bossuet been a painter, his saints and virgins would have resembled those which now scare the spectator on the walls of the Baptistery of Parma.[1]

The church of San Giovanni Evangelista is one of the finest in Parma. In one of its chapels (the chapel of the Four Virgins) there is a charming picture of *Saint Lucia*, looking at her *own eyes*, which swim like gold-fish, in a crystal vase that she holds in her beautiful hands. St. Lucia was, probably, an Irish Saint!—at all events, her eyes must have been very naughty eyes, to have required their being pulled out for the good of her soul!

There is another picture, extremely curious for its reference to the church policy so universally adopted when power was its sole basis, and destruction one of its principal means. This picture represents Saint Paul destroying the beautiful statue of Diana of Ephesus—a hint not suffered to lie idle. The statue is perfection, and is worthy of the chisel of Praxiteles.

While we were looking at this picture, we heard a distant chant, which gradually strengthened, as a procession of the monks of Saint Benedict (whose convent is attached to the church) glided in by a lateral door, and took their place in the choir, when the evening service began with all its splendid and picturesque ceremonies.

[1] It matters not *to what* we liken God (says Bossuet), *provided he* frightens us (*pourvû qu'il nous effraie*); and he adds, "tremblons donc, chrétiens, tremblons devant lui, à chaque moment." This has always been the religion of *the Church*, whatever name it has taken. The religion of *Christ* was not founded on terror, but on "*Peace and good-will to all men!*"

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The GREAT THEATRE of Parma was once among the wonders of Italy. It was built by the sumptuous Farnese, adjoining the palace, and was capable of containing fourteen thousand persons. It has not, however, been used since the beginning of the last century, and is not even open for inspection. The little theatre, where operas were performing when we were at Parma, offered a striking contrast to this Ducal edifice. It was extremely small, mean, filthy, ill-lighted, and shaped like a double square, long and narrow. We were present at the performance of the popular piece of *Paul and Virginia*, with the beautiful music of *Guglielmi;* but there was but a scanty audience, a circumstance accounted for by the wretchedness of the performance. Here, as in almost all the Italian cities (*Milan* and *Naples* excepted), the choruses were filled up by tradesmen, who, for about ten-pence a night, after they lay by their leather-aprons, assume the costume of the dramatic wardrobe. They execute the music of Rossini, Mozart, etc. coarsely indeed, and vociferously, but not inaccurately. We were struck by a box, gaudily and vulgarly decorated, and surmounted with an imperial crown, with four miserable candles stuck before it, almost the only lights that broke through the almost utter darkness of the theatre. This was the box of the Ex-Empress of France; and this theatre is almost her only recreation, when she is at Parma; but she resides principally at her villa, and only visits her capital during the carnival.

THE PALACE, raised by the Farnese and finished by the Spanish Dukes of Parma, is a cumbrous assemblage of ill-assorted buildings. It is of no order of architecture, and looks old without being antique.

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The rooms and corridors, which are numerous, are dark and incommodious; the furniture is mean and mouldering; the attendants few and shabby; and no where could any semblance be traced of a royal palace, but in the guards mounted at the entrance, and in a straggling soldier here and there pacing the gloomy anti-rooms—what a contrast to the palace of the Tuileries! This palace, however, was once famous for its gallery, and its splendid collections. It contained four hundred pictures, which were deemed masterpieces; for the Farnese were, in this instance, true Italians. But all these treasures, with the cabinet of natural history and antiquities, were most shamefully and unjustly carried off by the Infant Don Carlos, when he was promoted to the throne of Naples; so that the *legitimate robber* left little for the *illegitimate plunderers* to seize on in Parma. In this Palace was established a royal academy by the Infant Don Ferdinand, Duke of Parma, who presided himself at its sittings. In such palaces should all royal academies be established; and by such presidents, as Don Ferdinand of Parma, should they always be ruled. The first act of this Prince's reign was, to drive from his councils the only man bold enough to tell him truths, his father's faithful and disinterested minister, *Du-Tillot;* for in spite of the tuition of *Condillac*, the royal academician lived and died a despot and a bigot.[1]

[1] Ferdinand ascended the throne of Parma in 1765. His sister was the late Dowager Queen of Spain, who was induced, by piety and the Prince of Peace, to retire to Rome, where she lately died in the odour of sanctity. Her daughter Maria Louisa, married Louis, the son of the *Duke Ferdinand*, who was Duke of Parma when the French invaded

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We were about to quit the palace after a cursory inspection, when the Cicerone (who, though he spoke Italian, struck us to be a Frenchman) asked us if we had any curiosity to see the *garde-meuble*. Supposing it to be that in which, we had heard, some fine furniture and Gobelin tapestry had been deposited fifty years back, for a palace which had been projected but never built, we followed him to a sort of lumber-room in the attic story, where, instead of the old-fashioned furniture of the Infantas, stood the whole splendid paraphernalia of the *Parisian* dressing-room of the Ex-Empress of France, exquisite for its beauty and splendid for its materials. What appeared of solid and burnished gold, was, in fact, of silver-gilt; even the massive toilet-tables, the beautiful Greek tripods, surcharged with vases and basins, were of *or-moulu;* and the immense full-length mirror, which so often had reflected its mistress in her imperial robes, when about to preside over a court where Kings and Queens made up her circle, were all of this expensive material. It was extremely curious to observe, that over these objects of a fairy splendour an air of domesticity was visible, belonging to a far better rank of life than that filled by

Italy, and whom they made a King of ETRURIA. This *Maria Louisa* is the Ex-Duchess of Parma, Ex-Queen of Etruria, and actual Duchess of Lucca, mother to the Prince whom Monsieur Decazes intended to be King of the Republicans of South America. This note is intended to clear up the mysteries of royal changes and royal genealogies of the present day, evidently modelled upon the style of "*This is the house that Jack built,*" justly celebrated for its clearness and accuracy of recapitulation, and containing matter quite as important to society, as the existence of these Ex-Dukes, Ex-Kings, and actual nonentities.

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this once sumptuous Queen and Empress. The mirror was surmounted with a group, beautifully sculptured, representing the Empress at her toilet in conversation with Napoleon, who leaned over the back of her chair; the child was on her knee. The portraits were faithful, and the antique and sharply cut features of BONAPARTE's truly Italian head, were strongly contrasted to the genuine Austrian face of Maria Louisa, with its long but heavy visage, thick lips, and projecting eye. Close by the toilet was the cradle of the Ex-King of Rome, presented to the Empress by "her good city of Paris." It was of mother-of-pearl, inlaid with gold. The quilt was of white satin, and the bed of eider-down. Other little articles of the splendid *layette* of this infant, so cradled in luxury, and so sung by the Chateaubriands and other poet-laureates of the day, were scattered around the cradle. At its feet stood a little dog, apparently alive. It was a gift of Napoleon to his wife; a great favourite both of mother and child; and having died in Italy, it was thus preserved, with other remembrances of their former greatness.

On every side of this vast apartment were piles of red-morocco cases gilt, and inscribed with the gorgeous title of "*Atours de sa Majesté Impériale et Royale l'Impératrice.*" Some were marked for cachemires, others for a demi-toilette, and others again for a grand toilette; giving impressions of splendour, such as might be conceived of the wardrobe of a Sultana in the Arabian Tales. They were now—empty; and it would be difficult to say what might be the object of thus exposing these apartments for public inspection, unless it were to put additional money into the pockets of the servants: for they were not

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shewn until we had paid for the rest of the Palace; and they were, as our *valet-de-place* assured us, things apart, and to be paid for separately.

When the French invaded Italy, the Parmesan forces of twelve hundred men were not calculated to make much resistance. The then reigning Duke Ludovico (or Louis) did not make any; and he fell, with his little State, into the mouth of conquest, and was gulped down at a swallow. In the re-action which followed the first successes of the French army, the Pope sent St. Peter and St. Paul [1] to rally every son of the church in her cause, and in that of legitimacy. The pious Don Ludovico of Parma obeyed the summons; and uniting with his country-neighbour the Sovereign of Modena, boldly joined the coalition of greater potentates. But when Austria was beaten back, step by step, in spite of St. Peter and St. Paul, when the King of Sardinia was shut up with his insurgent troops in his city of Turin, and when all the chiefs of the coalition hastened to negotiate with Bonaparte, foremost in the race of conciliation was Don Ludovico; who, not satisfied with enforced contributions, yielded up without a struggle whatever treasures of art his predecessors had not carried off to Naples. On his death [2] in 1803,

[1] To support and encourage the coalition, he sent to the Emperor of Germany a medal, bearing the images of these Saints; and recommended him and his allies "*to go forth to combat under the command of these two great captains of the church.*"

[2] For the education of this Prince, who lived and died unknown, Condillac wrote sixteen volumes. But for those who, by their position, are removed from all the natural relations of society, there can be no education, save that of the sycophants by whom they are surrounded.

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his widow and infant son were taken under the special protection of *Napoleon*. Though deprived of their States of Parma, other States were erected for them; and for a time the Duchess of Parma, with *Florence* for her seat of government, reigned Queen of *Etruria*, while her brother, the King of Spain, was a prisoner at *Valencey*, near Paris, and her father had turned monk at Rome. Such were the chances and changes of this transitory world in those strange times, which are destined to startle the credence of posterity!

It would be difficult to say anything of the government of a State which *has none*, and which does not appear to have ever had any. The Farnese, and their successors, the *Infantas*, ruled till the revolution, by their own sovereign and arbitrary will. The council of the Duke was the supreme tribunal of the State. It could reform or revoke the sentences of the ordinary judges; and liberty, property, and life, were all at its disposal.—What Parma was before the Revolution—such it is *now*, except that it has changed masters, and become a fief of Austria.[1] For the Emperor's daughter, with the title of Duchess of Parma, is a mere cypher. The acting minister of the Emperor is Count Neiperg, who resides with her Majesty,[2] with (I believe) the title of Grand Chamberlain.

[1] "Le mot de Patrie est à-peu-près illusoire dans un pays comme l'Europe, où il est égal pour le bonheur d'être à un maître ou à un autre."—MONTESQUIEU.

[2] All the *Majesties* made by *Bonaparte* have stuck fast to their titles. This Austrian *Arch-Duchess* has no other claim to this high-sounding epithet, but that it was given her by her husband.

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The printing press of Bodoni, which has given to Europe specimens of typography scarcely inferior to any of the productions of modern art; and the gallery of pictures lately arranged, which contains some of the chefs-d'œuvre of Correggio, are the objects, in Parma, best worth the attention of the foreign visitant. This State has had the honour of producing the able and learned physician Tommasini. Her Abate Velo is among the most elegant prose writers of Italy; and Signora Bandelletta, a lady of great acquirements, is esteemed a very distinguished *improvisatrice*. Parma has still some remains of those *accademie*, which no town or village of Italy was without during the sixteenth century; which in no degree forwarded the cause of literature, but were prolific hot-beds of pedantry and pretension, and sworn foes to that originality which drew down their persecution upon Tasso. It is scarcely necessary to mention the well-known academy of the *Innominati*, which owes its *nameless* name to Tasso's line,

"Innominata ma famosa schiera."

The literary coteries which succeeded it, have partaken but little of its celebrity, though held in the palaces of princes who distribute prizes, such as are about (it is said) to encourage the talent of Britain, in new royal literary institutions, to clip genius to a legitimate standard, and to plunge the literature of the age in a common sink of servility and prostitution.

At one short post from Parma, the little village of Saint Ilario places the traveller beyond the Parmesan confines, and within the frontier of the sovereign of

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Modena, or, as the Italians contemptuously call his Highness, "*il Duchino*," *the little Duke*. This event is notified by an unusual display of military force; besides the ordinary civil administration of power and impediment. His Imperial Highness *Francesco* the Fourth is a very warlike Prince;[1] and though, by rising early, he might quit his own States to breakfast with the Duchess of Parma, and return in good time for dinner at Modena,[2] yet he keeps up a military armament so formidable, that his *Ducato* is known by no other name at present in Italy, than that of "*Il Regno de' Dragoni*." The emperor, his—

"Cousin of Buckingham, that sage grave man,"

may one day find his account in this disposition of his kinsman, whose little State, in the heart of the Peninsula, is a *passe-partout*.

The first frontier city of the Modenese that presents itself, is Reggio; or in the language of the antiquarian, Regium Lepidi, Forum Lepidi (sounds most musical, important, and big with associations to erudite ears). Oh! much injured *Maughirow!* neglected *Magherafelt!* how have your indigenous merits been given to oblivion, by the fatality of a

[1] A gentleman of our acquaintance, in his tour through this pocket principality, amused himself by sketching a ruin which attracted his attention by its picturesque site. Shortly afterwards he was pursued by military arrest, and brought to the head-quarters of the police, on a charge of espionage, *and making plans of the fortresses of the country*. On his remonstrating against this piece of official impertinence, he was gravely answered by the question, "Do you not know that Modena is a government of dragoons?"

[2] Guicciardini and Machiavelli both trace the miseries of Italy to her want of unity, and her subdivisions into principalities.

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geographical position! Did your ruins now strew, and your mire now defile an *Italian* Dukedom, instead of an Irish district, the learned would pause over your hovels, and your very pigs would be objects of classic interest; you would be considered as an historic feature in the land; and escaping from the mute inglorious destiny that now awaits you, your glories would be reiterated by the Addisons and Eustaces of future ages, and your fame would be given to the deathless echoes of imitative tourists. Such at least is the fortune of that city, which, however well it "looks on the map" and the guide-book, very strictly resembles you in realities of extent, aspect, filth, and poverty!

But there is a glory attached to the melancholy ruins of Reggio, greater than any which the associations of antiquity have bestowed upon it. A gentleman of Ferrara, in the service of Duke Hercules d'Este the First, was made by his prince governor of Reggio and Modena; and having become enamoured of a beautiful girl of Reggio, he married her. The first fruit of this marriage was *Ludovico Ariosto!* In Reggio, his childhood "lisped in numbers." There he composed his little drama of "Thisbe," acted by his sisters and brothers, and the children of the town; as yet unknown to that fame, which condemned him to the fatal patronage of the d'Este—a patronage which blasted all it overshadowed.

At one post from Reggio, the castle and fortress of RUBIERA spread their ruins far and darkly; and its double but dismantled walls enclose a cluster of filthy cabins worthy of the population; which seemed to consist of about fifty beggars, one barber, a Franciscan monk begging at the barber's door, ten dra-

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goons, and four custom-house officers. In a word, Rubiera, the third city in the Modenese dominions, appeared the very metropolis of mendicity! Yet the sun that was drawing up noxious vapours from the heaps of putrid matter that corrupted in its solitary streets, was the same sun that bestowed life and beauty on all without its walls—the same sun that warmed the brilliant imagination of Correggio, shedding a genial glow over the happy elements which made up his being—for close to Rubiera stands the village of Correggio, the humble birth-place and residence of *Antonio Allegri*, who has given to its insignificance an interest which no classic termination to its obscure name could have bestowed on it.

The variance which exists between the governments of Italy and its soil and clime, is in perpetual evidence before the traveller's eye, as he rolls rapidly on from State to State, through fruitful fields and teeming orchards. Wherever nature appears, there shines out the beneficence of Providence; wherever men are congregated, there starts forth the wickedness of systems, which render that beneficence unavailable. Ruined villages, or gloomy cities, are contrasted unceasingly by skies always bright, and a soil always rich in harvests. The vineyards and cornfields which skirt the road from Reggio to Modena, terminate as usual in a wasted plain, which spreads its dreariness before the well-guarded gates of the Ducal capital. As we stopped to have our passports examined,[1] we perceived many a wary sentinel peering about our carriage, and many a monk (his shoulders laden with a filled sack) passing the gates unexamined.

[1] This ceremony was repeated six times within about five-and-twenty miles of posting.

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The CITY of MODENA has a very handsome and cleanly aspect. Its porticos, affording a covered way to the foot passenger, are extremely picturesque: that of the COLLEGIO is particularly so. Modena has been much embellished within the last forty years, and its new improvements (chiefly confined to the main streets) have divided it into the new and old city, "*Città Nuova e Vecchia.*" The Ducal Palace, a very imperfect but sumptuous building, has only been restored to its regal destination since the return of the Duke. During the occupation of the French, it was converted into public offices, and principally devoted to the *Institute* of the Engineers, a sort of polytechnic academy. But though once more the seat of sovereignty, it would be vain to seek for its formerly celebrated gallery of pictures. The DUCHINO, who loved pictures, but loved money more, sold one hundred of the *Capi-d'opera* of the splendid gallery then subsisting, to Augustus King of Poland, for the sum of sixty thousand pounds sterling: among these was the famous "*Notte di Correggio*," a picture which the Duchino should have preserved, even if he had pawned his coronet to have kept it.[1] What remained of this collection the French carried off; and the *Commission of Kings*, who so justly recovered their own losses, have not returned one picture belonging to the *Duchino*, in spite of his "Kingdom of Dragoons."

[1] This picture is also said to have caused the death of Correggio. The price, about twenty-five British pounds, was paid him in copper, and the fatigue of carrying this weight home in a very hot day, occasioned a pleurisy. Des Brosses, in his "Lettres sur l'Italie," and others, deny the fact; and the story of Correggio's dying from the fatigue of painting the cupola of the cathedral, is generally considered as equally fabulous.

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The churches of Modena are little worth visiting, though the Church reigns there omnipotent. La Biblioteca Modenese was once of great celebrity for its manuscripts and rare editions, and is said still to be sufficiently rich in

"All such books as ne'er were read."

The French, in place of its ancient and monastic University, established a *Lyceum*, which had not yet been re-modelled when we visited Modena. The theatre, said to be built on the plan of an amphitheatre, we did not visit.

[1] The reigning Duke of Modena, Reggio, and Mirandola, Francesco the Fourth, has succeeded in right of his mother, Beatrice d'Este, widow to the late Archduke of Austria, Ferdinand, Ex-Governor of Milan. He is married to the daughter of the King of Sardinia, his cousin or niece. These are the intermarriages which so closely knit the chain of legitimate alliance, and at the same time produce such a rapid degeneration in families, and fill with disease and mental infirmity some of the principal reigning houses of Europe.

The Duke of Modena is a *legitimate* in all the force of the term; power is concentrated within his tiny State, upon the same principle as it exists in Algiers, or Austria. The liberty, property, and lives of his handful of vassals are entirely at his disposal; and the Emperor of Russia, who has the same power

[1] This branch of the family d'Este, though supported by the Emperors, has never been acknowledged by the Papal See as legitimate; and Alphonso the Second, who died about 1597, is looked upon by the Italians as the last of the family. On his death, Clement the Eighth resumed his pretensions to Ferrara, which was seized on by his nephew Aldobrandini, and re-united to the domains of its old mistress, the Church.

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over myriads of slaves (by courtesy called subjects), is not more absolute than this lord of a few acres; who, as far as extent of domains goes, has no more right to be "*haut et puissant Prince*," than many private gentlemen of good landed property in England.[1]

Of the French regime nothing is retained in the administration of MODENA, but the system of finance —a system which has obtained universal approbation from all the Potentates of Europe. The monasteries are all restored:[2] the little garrisons are all crowded; and monks and soldiers govern the Dukedom, through the bigotry and fears of its restored chief. A sort of miniature inquisition is established, to watch over the performance of religious duties; and it is said that more than one relaxed devotee has been publicly rebuked by the Duchino for eating meat on a Friday, and not attending with daily regularity at mass.

Modena has produced some few distinguished lite-

[1] In 1819, a Bolognese gentleman, of more wit than discretion, being on a visit at Modena, spoke with a freedom on the subject of the Modenese Government which attracted the attention of the Chef de Police, who delivered him a mandate from the Duke to quit his dominions in *twenty-four* hours. The gentleman, to shew his deference to his Imperial Highness's will, returned for answer, that he would be out of his dominions in four hours; and actually was better than his word by ten minutes. This is something like *Arlechino's* irony, who, being given a *candle* by an enraged minister of a kingdom like the *Modenese*—is told, that if he is not out of the States before that candle is burnt, his life shall pay the forfeit. *Arlechino* cuts the candle in two, and keeping only one half, replies—"Mi basta quella!"—"That's enough."

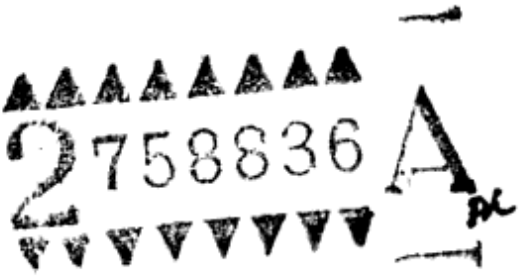
[2] When we left Italy, it was reported that the Grand Inquisitor, who had fled from Spain on the breaking out of the Revolution, had found an asylum with the Duke of Modena, refused him by the Pope.

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rary characters: Muratori, the Historian; Tassoni, the Poet; and Spalanzani, the Naturalist, are among her proudest boasts. For genius, however perverted and oppressed in Italy, has still haunted the ruins of her ancient shrines; and rays of intellectual lustre have played over the gloom of that saddened land, like the lightnings of a summer night; the more brilliant, the denser the clouds through which they penetrate.

Modena was the asylum chosen by Brutus after the assassination of Cæsar.

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